Memoires ~~VI~~

Against a background of Fire-
OK — — — — — — — Clapp-
for II

for History passes like falling rocks
III R. 7

Explain use of moneys derived from
tours - — New York personalities
III page ~~X~~ IV introduction Hoover IV

#1

By September of 1939,
Stalin and Hitler had divided
Poland and Lithuania between them.
The Polish Government in Exile in
London, appealed once again to
Hoover for help. He and his
colleagues, now twenty years
older than they were in
the First world war,
organized the Commission
for Polish Relief; was the only woman
among the ~~Mrs. Vernon Kellogg~~
10 officers of the new
organization. ~~was [illegible]~~.

P.T.O.

2. 2 years after father's death Mother's chief contribution to this effort was to raise private contributions in the United States, a task she performed supremely well. The Polish Government in London handed over about $1,000,000 to Hoover plus about $3,000,000 in gold deposited by Poland in the Bank of Rumania - However when Churchill & the blockade succeeded Chamberlain ~~the~~ further meager ~~sho~~ relief - food + medicine for 2 yrs. relief depended on whether the British blockade could be relaxed for relief shipments. The Church" page 9 1941

The church 1978

Truman became
President on april 12 '45

He believed in relief -
+ had demonstrated this
as Senator

H. H. + Sec. of agriculture
Anderson -

Mother learns from the
tactics of Hoover's
relief -

Hoover II p 92 Food for the small democracies

" In this tragic world there are a multitude of military fronts and home fronts. But if civilization is to be saved, there must be another front behind these fronts. That is, the front of human decency. That front is the front of ideals, of aspirations, of religious faith and humane purpose. It is the front of honor among nations and men, of sacrifice, of kindliness, of helpfulness, of fair play and sportsmanship. It is the front of justice and of compassion. It is the front of saving human life and suffering."

T.B. - Children - comes 1st with famine.

The weakness of Hoover (Roosevelt) acting thru committees

see war I - H.H.

III

March 28, 1946 -

H. H. + Hugh Gibson arrived in Warsaw.

The government of Poland, with one exception, was communist.

Ambassador was Arthur Bliss Lane.

IV page 143 - TP 1

et sequitur

Gibson + Pate

page 144

page 146 - The dinner in the midst of starvation

By September of had 1939
Stalin + Hitler, divided
Poland + Lithuania
between them - The Polish
Government in Exile
called on Hoover
of the 11 ~~members of~~ officers The
commission Charlotte was the
Mother was the only woman
member of the Commission
for Polish Relief, Inc.
Sept. 25, 1939 / The British
Poland as well as naval blockade
the other small invaded
democracies appealed
to Hoover again in '39
to build up supplies and
protective agreements
Hoover goes over to a world
effort under Truman - Mother
takes on the Poles under
Paderewski

type notes for Memoirs Polonais

My mother might have ~~imagined~~ supposed that, ~~during~~ with her labors during the First World, she had performed war her share of ~~organized~~ ~~the labor~~ carrying out relief efforts ~~during the First World War.~~

Now, two years after father's death, she was ~~called on~~ once more called upon to join

~~bottom of~~

During the ~~famines~~ page xiii

An American Epic - Vol - IV

P.T.O.

Hospital –

Very few people die from insufficient food; because ~~malnutrition~~ famine lowers resistance; they die from disease

Br. Blockade for 4 years after the war began

(43)

1945 – Under Truman the blockade was lifted –

Truman believed in relief – had demonstrated this as Senator –

United Nations Relief + Rehabilitation Administration

UNRRA —

Largest part of food supplies went/going to Ukraine - + the Communist puppet states of Poland, Czecho - + Yugo -

Combined Food Board

Food panic in '46

Disease goes with malnutrition

It was American
compassion that saved
the lives of an 1,800,000,000
human beings in the
2 wars — my parents
Enmeshed in this effort —

Turn
page 90 — 97 food for
read all this
the Small Democracies —

1941 pressures
on governments in exile —

Hoover:
re Ukraine + the
Communist areas —
— a split here?
Mothers' commitment

page 70 also

London: The Center
for the Governments
in exile —

The Story of the Man Who

Studied mining in California and became a great mining engineer.

Reorganized the mining industry of China.

Developed a new profession; making good mines out of bad, and bankrupt mining concerns solvent.

Showed such a remarkable capacity for administration that he was called upon to save starving Europe.

Kept the food intended for the Belgians from the Germans.

Organized the C. R. B., and solved the problem of "secours."

HERBERT HOOVER

The Man and His Work

By

VERNON KELLOGG

Member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium and formerly Professor of Zoology in the University of California

This is an Appleton Book

NO MAN can have reached the position in the public eye, can have had such influence in the councils of our own government and the fate of other governments, can have been so conspicuously effective in public service as has Herbert Hoover, without exciting a wide public interest in his personality, his fundamental attitude toward his great problems and his methods of solving them. This American, who has had to live in the whole world and yet has remained more truly and representatively American than too many of us who have never crossed an ocean or national boundary line, is an object of absorbing interest today among the people of his native land. He is hardly less interesting to millions in other lands. He has carried the American point of view, the American manner, the Americans qualities of heart and mind to the far corners of the earth. He has no less revealed again, as other great American have done before him, these American attributes to America itself.

HERBERT HOOVER—The Man and His Work

A SPIRITED biographical sketch of a man whose name is known to all the world as the savior of Belgium, the Food Administrator of America, and the Director-General of Relief in Europe. Many millions of Europeans revere the name of Hoover, dispenser of relief from famine; many millions of Americans admire him as a great administrator; yet his personality remains strangely little known either at home or abroad. Few know what Hoover actually is as a human individual, what are the secrets of his success as a leader of men and women, what are the inner details of his methods as initiator and director of great organizations, and what his life had been before he burst into public view at the outbreak of the war as the director of relief in invaded Belgium.

The story of the boy without any pull, but blessed with sufficient pluck and push to compensate for this lack, is told by a man who has kept in touch with Hoover for a large part of his life. Vernon Kellogg traces Herbert Hoover's picturesque early career from his orphaned childhood, through his Quaker schooling and his college days in California, to his achievements as a mining engineer in Australia and China, and his settlement in London as a consulting engineer of world-wide reputation. Here Hoover was ready for the call that came with the outbreak of the war in Europe, and the story continues with the dramatic record of his work in Belgium and occupied France, his administration of the food resources of the United States to feed both America and our Allies, and his organization of relief in the devastated and famine-stricken areas of Europe liberated by the signing of the armistice The book gives the intimate details in the life of this great man. It tells of his colossal accomplishments in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. The almost superhuman executive and administrative ability of Hoover both as boy and man is shown on every page. An amazingly full biography is packed into one small volume.

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The Complete Life Story of the Man Who Saved Nations and Civilizations By His Superhuman Efforts

Why and How HERBERT HOOVER

Ran away from home and grandfather Miles.

Resisted the 75c. table d'hote.

Passed his college entrance examination in English in his senior year.

Won the girl in the geology department at his university.

Learned to typewrite in four days to get a start in the mining world.

Grew a beard at twenty-two to look thirty-two.

Rode on horseback in China while his sedan chair was carried in empty state.

Made good a $1,000,000 defalcation without being bound by law.

Took a risk of several hundred thousand dollars on American honesty.

Solved the problem of pigs, producers, and packers.

Received a white rabbit from the grateful Belgian children.

The Man Who Kept Faith Against All Odds

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The Man and His Work

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The Story of the Man Who

Studied mining in California and became a great mining engineer.

Reorganized the mining industry of China.

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T-396

85 HOOKER, Thomas. *A Survey of the Summe of Church-Discipline. Wherein, The Way of the Churches of New-England is warranted out of the Word...* 4to, original vellum. London: John Bellamy, 1648. 1500.00

First Edition of the author's masterpiece, a major American literary work of the 17th century, with poetical tributes by Samuel Stone of Hartford, John Cotton of Boston and Ezekial Rogers of Rowley, Mass. A more desirable association copy could hardly be imagined; it belonged to Charles Chauncy, second President of Harvard and Samuel Sewall, merchant, magistrate and diarist; in 1840 it belonged to Henry Barnard, noted American educator, revivor of popular education. At top of title-page is the signature "Chauncy's"; at top of A2 is "Saml. Sewall. Augt. 16, 1728"; on front cover "H. Barnard 1840." There are five brief marginal notes and two scorings in Sewall's hand. A rear fly-leaf is covered by a florid ownership inscription of Samuel Myles, rector of King's Chapel, Boston, who laid the corner-stone of Christ Church, Boston and died in 1728. Two holes in blank portion of title-page were caused by the long-ago inking-out of a name. *Wing* H 2658. *Sabin* 32860.

86 [HOOVER, Herbert]. KELLOGG, Vernon & TAYLOR, Alonzo E. *The Food Problem.* With a Preface by Herbert Hoover. 12mo, orig. cloth. New York, 1917. 45.00

First edition of an important work on an ever-present problem. Signed on title-page by all three authors. Corner clipped from first two leaves and clippings tipped to blanks.

87 [HORNE, Richard Hengist]. *The Goulburn Vineyard Proprietary; being a company formed for the cultivation of the vine, and the making of wines, on the banks of the Goulburn River.* Leaflet, folio, 4 pp. Melbourne [1860]. 85.00

An apparently unknown writing of the author of *Orion,* who was "Hon. Sec." of the company of which this is the prospectus. This is accompanied by the envelope signed by Horne and addressed by him to William Makepeace Thackeray. Also here is Horne's covering letter to Thackeray saying that he was too personally involved to write an article about in *The Cornhill Magazine* but that maybe someone else would write about it.

88 HOUGHTON, Claude. *I am Jonathan Scrivener.* 8vo, orig. cloth. London [1930]. 45.00

First Edition. With this intimate presentation inscription, "Paul Bewer in friendship Claude Houghton February 1930." Below this is "Inscribed, two years later, for Richard

Love
Blanche

pers, 21 p. Lewiston, Idaho: The Author, 1887. 75.00

First (and almost certainly only) Edition. An early sample of Idaho Muse, printed by The Telephone Printing House, M'Minnville, Oregon. Presentation copy from one poet to another, "To Mr. E. C. Stedman, with every good wish of the Author." With the Stedman bookplate.

GEBHART TRUCHSESS VON WALDBURG'S COPIES

92 [INCUNABULA]. MARGARITA DECRETALIUM. *Annotationes Margaritarum Decretalium.* [Sebastian Brand, ed.]. Gothic type, (final blank lacking) 42 11, 52-54 lines & headlines, double columns, capital spaces blank except for guide letters. Lightly browned throughout, few light stains, 3 small wormholes in lower margins. Basel: Nicolaus Kesler [ca. 1490]. Editio princeps. *Hain* *10755. *Stillwell* M 228; 7 copies. Bound with:

MARTINUS POLONUS. *Margarita Decreti seu Tabula Martiniana decreti.* Gothic type, 106 11. (final blank lacking), 52 lines, double columns. Little light browning & few stains. Strassburg (Georg Husner?] 1493. 2 vols. in 1, folio, marbled boards, rebacked. 200.00

Hain *10847. *Stillwell* M284; 5 copies.

With the ownership signature of Gebhart Trucksess von Waldburg, elector & archbishop of Cologne (1547-1601). The *Britannica* remarks unkindly, "Gebhard was a drunken and licentious man, who owes his prominence to his surroundings rather than to his abilities."

93 [JERROLD, Douglas]. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.* By "Punch." With illustrations, by Leech. 12mo, orig. printed wrappers, 42 pp. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1845. 45.00

The International First Edition, containing the first ten "Lectures." This was Jerrold's most celebrated work, although the *D. N. B.* says, "It has been reprinted and translated times without number, but Jerrold was undesirous of being estimated simply as a 'wit' or a farcical writer." Presentation copy from Margaret Fuller [Ossoli]: "G. W. Kuhn from S. M. F." With this are two variant copies of the Second dition, containing the first fifteen "Lectures," one with the William Taylor and the other E. Winchester imprint, both New York. The complete edition was published in London in 1846.

94 [JOHNSTONE, Charles]. *The Reverie: or, A Flight to the Paradise of Fools.* 2 vols., 12mo, contemporary calf. London, 1763. 45.00

The Story of Hoover

By Vernon Kellogg

III

CHINA, LONDON AND THE REST OF THE WORLD

Lou Henry, the girl of the geology class, afterward Mrs. Hoover.

Hoover in 1903, at twenty-nine, with a world reputation as mining engineer.

This is the third of five articles in which Vernon Kellogg—one of Hoover's closest personal friends and active assistant in all his war undertakings—tells what sort of man Hoover is, the romantic story of the years of constructive work that lay back of his world-famous war achievements, and the secrets of his more and more notable success as a leader of men and women. The preceding articles described his boyhood struggles, his college days and his spectacular youthful success as a mining engineer. The next will deal with his work in organizing the famous Belgian Relief.

WHEN Chang Yen Mow, the new head of the new Department of Mines of the new Chinese Government, began to look about for a foreigner who should know much about mines and be honest, and who would therefore be a fit man to occupy the new post of Director-General of Mines, he bethought himself of an English group of mining men with whom he had once had some business relations. The principal expert adviser of this group had been the man who was now the head of the great London mining firm for which Herbert Hoover was working, and working very successfully, in West Australia. Chang applied to this group for a recommendation of a suitable man for him. Herbert Hoover was named and Chang Yen Mow, acting on the recommendation, offered the place to the youthful Quaker engineer, and the competent and confident young man of twenty-four, always ready for the newer, bigger thing, promptly accepted it.

On to a Bigger Job

IN TWO weeks after the cable offer and answer, a feverish fortnight devoted to a rapid clearing up of things in Australia, Hoover was on his way to London, to report personally to his employers about their own affairs as well as to get some information about the new undertaking. He wanted to find out before he got to China, if he could, something of what would be expected of a Director-General of Mines of the Chinese Empire. Perhaps he had in mind the possible necessity of "getting up" a little special knowledge about Chinese mines and mining ways before he tackled his new job, just as he had got up enough physiology in twenty-four hours to help get him into Stanford University, and enough typewriting in a week-end to fit him for entrance into Louis Janin's office in San Francisco.

So after two weeks in the metropolis, eight or nine days on the Atlantic, two or three in New York, and five on the transcontinental trains, he found himself again in California and ready to make from there his second start to the far-away lands from which his loudest calls seemed to come—ready, that is, except for one thing.

He was now, let us remember, at this beginning of the year 1899, not yet twenty-five years old, not that by half a year, indeed, and a half year could mean, as we have already seen, a great deal in Herbert Hoover's life. And he was a boy-man with a record of achievement already behind him, and a position already in his hands of much responsibility and opportunity. So he declared that the time had now come for the carrying out of the decision he had made in his college days of three years before. It was the little matter, you will promptly guess, and guess correctly, of marrying the girl of the geology department.

He arrived in San Francisco the first of February, 1899. He spent the next few days in Monterey, "the old Pacific capital" of Stevenson's charming sketch, but of chief interest to Hoover as the place where Lou Henry lived. And here he was married at noon of Friday, February tenth. At two o'clock they left for San Francisco, and at noon the next day sailed for the empire of China.

Into the sleepy, half Mexican, historic town on the curving sands of the shores of the blue Bay of Monterey this swift, breathlessly swift, boy-engineer had come from distant Australia, by way of Marseilles and London, had clutched up the beautiful daughter of the respected town banker, and was now carrying her off to distant China, where she was to live in all the state becoming the wife of the Director-General of Mines of the Celestial Empire.

The Honeymoon

IT WAS a bit too much for the old Pacific capital, which, of course, would hardly know—because she did not tell it—that the sudden appearance of the meteor bridegroom had been preceded by astronomical warnings to the prospective bride, of the nature of electric messages that came first from Australia, and then from other places along the yet unseen meteor's path. So there are solemn residents there to-day who shake their heads seriously when you remind them of this incident, and are inclined to suggest that nobody could be completely married in any such time and manner. Anyway, it wasn't quite fair to the town, which tries to maintain old Mexican traditions that go back to Spain of a full assortment of festivities incident to any proper marrying.

The hurrying couple at least had time for breath-taking—and honeymoon—when once on board ship. For it is a month's voyaging from San Francisco to China, or at least was then. They had for seat-mates at table Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, and wife, which was the beginning of a friendship that still endures. And there were, for other interesting companions, a secretary of our legation at Peking and his wife, and a quaint missionary pair who may or may not have survived the Boxer massacres.

The work in China was at first rather simple. Mines, of course, there were, and had been for uncounted centuries. But what was needed by the new department was some sort of survey of the mineral resources and mining possibilities of the empire, and a tentative framing of a code

The smelter of the Kyshtin mines in Central Russia, one of the great industrial enterprises reorganized by Hoover, who historic establishment upon which a suffering and hopeless laboring population

of mining laws, so that the new development of the mines of the country which Chang hoped to initiate could be carried on to best advantage, and in such a way that private enterprise could participate in it.

For centuries the mines had been crown property, and the ruler had simply let them out directly or through the viceroys, for either a stipulated annual rental or for as much "squeeze" as could be wrung from the lessees in any of several various ways. And there had to be some rental or squeeze for each of the many officials that could get within arm's length of the mining business. The tenure of the use of the mines by the lessees was usually simply the period of the continued satisfaction of the lessor.

The Chinese Mines

ALL this had not made for any extensive new opening up of the country's resources, or for the scientific development of the mines already long known. One could not afford to put much capital into prospecting or into modernizing the mining methods when each improvement simply meant either more rent or squeeze, or the giving up of the mine. So the ores were mined and the metals extracted from them by the miners according to the methods of their ancestors as far back as history or tradition went, and it was all done under a set of mining laws as primitive as the mining methods themselves.

There were enormous possibilities of improvement. It would have been hard for any mining engineer to do anything at all to the situation without improving it. For Hoover, with his technical education in metallurgical processes, his experience in handling various and difficult mining situations and his genius for organizing and systematizing, the opportunity was simply unique. He plunged into the work of examining and planning and codifying with the zest of a naturalist in an unexplored jungle. In the daytime he made his examinations; at night he studied the mining laws of all time and all the world.

He built up a staff as rapidly as it could be put together and correlated with the tasks before it. He had sent in advance for two of his most able and dependable associates in Western Australia, Agnew, a mill expert, and Newberry, a metallurgist, son of a distinguished geologist and mineralogist, and both of them devoted to "the Chief." That was Hoover's *sobriquet* among his early mining associates; just as it was later in his various offices; and as it was still later among the members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and the Food Administration and the American Relief Administration. He has just naturally been "the Chief" among his coworkers and associates from the beginning. It is significant.

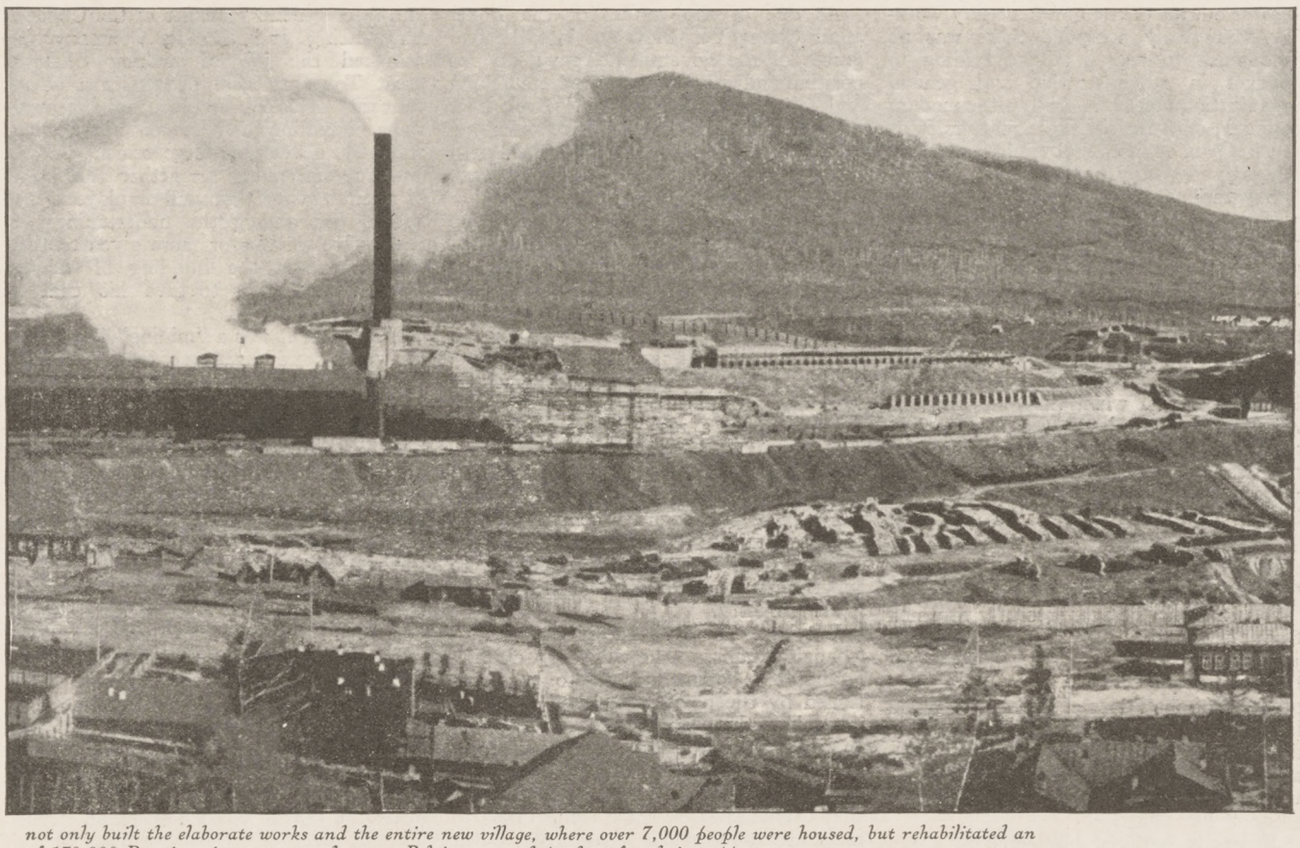
His Caucasian staff of perhaps a dozen was greatly overshadowed in number by his Chinese staff, composed chiefly of semi-technical assistants, draftsmen, surveyors' assistants, interpreters, etc. A few of the Chinese helpers had had foreign training; there was one from Yale, for example, and another from Rose Polytechnic; this latter so devoted to American baseball that he was greatly disappointed in the new Director of Mines when he found the latter was not a baseball player. But he thought better of him when he learned that the director had at least managed his college team.

The staff had its headquarters in Tientsin, where were also the principal laboratories for the mineralogists, assayers and chemists. Some of the men gave their time to the technical work, and others were engaged in collecting and correlating everything that had been published in the foreign languages about the geology and mines of China, while Chinese scholars hunted down and translated into English all that had been printed in the Chinese literature.

Lord High Director

BUT the director and most of his immediate experienced assistants were chiefly occupied with the exploring expeditions into the interior, and the examination of the old mines and new prospects. Especially did some immediate attention have to be given to the mines already being actually worked, for the Minister let it be known that he expected the new director to pay the way of the department as soon as possible from the increased proceeds of the mines which were to arise from the magic touch of the foreign experts.

These expeditions were elaborate affairs, contrasting strangely with Hoover's earlier experiences in America and Australia. The Chinese majordomo in charge insisted that the make-up and appearance of the outfit should reflect the high estate of the Director of Mines, so that every movement involved the organization of a veritable caravan of ponies, mules, carts, men on foot, and sedan-chairs carried by coolies. These chairs were for the director and his wife, who, however, would not use them, preferring saddle-horses. But the proud manager of the expedition insisted that they be carried along empty, to show the admiring populace that, even if the strange foreign potentates amazingly preferred to ride in a rather common way on horseback, they



not only built the elaborate works and the entire new village, where over 7,000 people were housed, but rehabilitated an of 170,000 Russians in an area as large as Belgium were dependent for their support.

could at least *afford* to have sedan-chairs.

Imagine a prospecting outfit in the California Sierras or the Western Australian bush with sedan-chairs! And there were cooks and valets and cot beds and folding chairs and tents and bed curtains and charcoal stoves and an array of pans and pots like Oscar's in the Waldorf kitchens, and often a cavalry guard, superfluous but insistent, and always hungry, of twenty-five to fifty men. Whether the expedition found any mines or not it was at least an impressive object-lesson to the Celestial myriads that the new Imperial Department of Mines knew how to hunt for them in proper style. When some foreigner asked one of the interpreters of the cavalcade why such an elaborate outfit was considered necessary, the answer was: "Mr. Hoover is such important man to my country we can not let him die for want of small things."

Social Life in Tientsin

A SIMILAR state had to be lived up to in the director's home in Tientsin. The house was a large, four-square, wide-verandaed, palace affair, in which a dozen to fifteen servants, carefully distinguished as "No. 1 Boy," "No. 2 Boy," and so on down the line, waited, according to their own immemorial traditions, on the director and his wife. These servants had curious ways, and a curious language in the odd pidgin English that enabled the door-boy to announce that "The number one topside foreign devil joss man have makee come," when the English bishop called, and the table-boy to announce a dish of duckling as "One piecee duck peeps," or of chicken as "One piecee looster."

The social scale among the few foreign residents was very precisely defined, and the social life of the foreign colony highly conventionalized, so that the unassuming, practical-minded young engineer of the high title and social position, who was terribly bored, as he is to-day, by social rigmarole, and who was thought rather queer by the conventional-minded small diplomats and miscellaneous foreign residents because, as one of them put it, "He always seems to be *thinking*," was glad to be out of all this as much as possible and on the road, even if it had to be with the ludicrous caravan of state.

Some of the results expected from this expensive miner were rather startling. For instance, age-long rumor had it that the emperor's hunting-park at Jehol overlay immensely valuable gold deposits. The Minister intimated to the director that he would like to know the real facts about this as soon as possible. As the park lay in a little-explored region of southern Manchuria and was a place of much historical as well as geological interest, the director decided to make a personal examination of it. After the expedition had been out several days, he was told that on the next they would come in sight of the great royal park. Accordingly on the next day the guide of the caravan took him, with one or two of the Caucasian members of his staff and an interpreter, off from the road the grand retinue was following, and by winding paths up to a hill-top which commanded a superb prospect.

"There," said the interpreter, with a wave of his hand toward the stretching prospect of beautiful valleys, low broad hills and mountainside, "there is the hunting-park of Jehol." Then turning complacently to the Director of Mines, he asked simply: "Is there gold underneath it?" And interpreter and guide, and, later, even more important officials, were stupefied to learn that the wonderful imported man who knew all about gold could not say offhand, from his vantage-point, miles away, whether there was gold under the park or not. And, more disturbing still, that he probably could not say anything certain about it at all without actually tramping over the sacred soil and perhaps sacrilegiously digging into it.

Chinese Inefficiency

SUCH occasionally necessary confessions of incompetence made a little trouble, but only a little. However much he under men lacked knowledge about minerals and mines, and how to find out about them, the head of the department, Chang, knew enough to know that if his young director confessed inability to meet certain demands it was because there was more wrong with the demands than with the engineer.

But the real fly in the ointment soon began to make itself visible. It was not a disillusionment on the part of the Chinese officials in connection with their foreign expert, but a disillusionment on his part in regard to his real position and opportunities for accomplishing something for China. He began more and more clearly to realize that he could investigate and advise as much as he liked, but that he could really do, in his understanding of doing, comparatively little. The modern West can not make over the immemorial East in a day or even a year.

Gradually the young engineer came to realize that while his examinations and reports were all very welcome, and whatever he could suggest for improvement in technical detail, resulting in immediate

greater output of the mines already working, was gladly accepted, there was no willingness to accept advice leading to changes in administrative and general organization matters. And to the modern engineer, efficiency in these matters is as much a part of successful mining as skilled digging and good metallurgy.

Suggestions looking toward getting more work out of the men, or cutting down the payrolls by removing the thirty per cent. of the names on them that seemed to have no bodily attachments, were frowned on. These things interfered with squeeze, and squeeze was a traditional part of Chinese mining. Foreign advisers and helpers were all very well when they found gold, but not so well when they found graft. A crisis was visible in the offing. But this particular crisis did not arrive, for another larger and more serious one came more swiftly, and arrived almost unheralded. It was the Boxer Uprising.

The Hoovers and the Boxers

THE outbreak found Hoover at Tientsin in his "palace," recently returned from Peking with Mrs. Hoover, and both just recovering from severe attacks of influenza. If opportunity for thorough organizing of the mines of China had failed him, he now had full scope for organizing a military defense of his home and wife and his many employees, foreign and native, for Tientsin, for a month, was the scene of hot fighting.

It was a besieged household in a beleaguered city. Hoover could have got out with his wife and few Caucasian assistants at the beginning of the trouble, but he would not desert his few hundred Chinese helpers and their families, and his wife would not desert him. So they stayed on together through all the rifle and shell fire and conflagrations of the Tientsin siege, building and defending barricades of rice and sugar sacks, organizing food and water supplies, and cheerfully "carrying on" in the face of certain death, and worse, if the outnumbering fanatic Boxers happened to win.

But there were occasional lighter incidents amid the many grave ones of the fighting weeks. Mrs. Hoover tells one, her favorite story of those days, in something like the following words:

"We had a cow, famous and influential in the community, which cow was the mother of a promising calf. One day the cow was stolen, and Mr. Hoover set out to find her. But his first attempt was fruitless. Then he had an inspiration. He took out the tiny calf one night and by the light of a lantern led the little orphan, bleating for its mother, about the streets in the safer part of town. Finally, as they passed in front of the barracks of the German contingent of the international defending army, there came, from within, an answering moo, and Mr. Hoover, addressing the sentry, demanded his cow. The sentry made no move to comply, but, summoning all his *Wörterbuch* English, countered with the inquiry: 'Is that the calf of the cow inside?' Upon receiving an affirmative reply to his Ollendorff question, he calmly declared: 'Also, then, calf outside must join itself to cow inside.' And thereupon, by aid of a suggestive manipulation of his bayonet, he confiscated the calf, and sent Mr. Hoover home empty-handed."

As one of the results of the Boxer affair Chang Yen Mow got into the bad graces of the government, gave up his position and was forced to flee from Peking and take refuge in Tientsin. Even here he was dragged out of his palace and stood up before a firing squad, and escaped with his life only through vigorous interference by his Director of Mines.

As a result of this, and also because he thought that he might save from confiscation a valuable coal-mining property at Tongshan, about eighty miles from Tientsin, he offered to transfer this property outright to Hoover's name. Hoover refused to accept the gift, but agreed to go to Europe and organize a company to finance the working of Chang's mines, and pay the old Chinaman a reasonable share of the profits. Chang gladly agreed, and Hoover, the Boxer Rebellion now quelled and Tientsin freed from siege, went to London, organized an English company with certain Russian and especially Belgian participation, and returned to China to superintend the real development of the great property.

But he found a change in the spirit of Chang's dreams. The wily old Celestial, finding that China was not to be partitioned by the powers that had defended it against the Boxers, and that private property was not to be confiscated, now proposed to break his contract so willingly made. And there seemed little hope that Chinese justice would compel him to recognize his previous agreements. But there was something in the persistent, indomitable pressure of the young American who had given his word to his English and Belgian backers, and in the assisting pressure of a quiet but firm young Belgian, named de Wouters, who had come back with Hoover, which did finally compel the old Chinaman, after much trouble and delay, to live up to his contract.

And then the situation, with kaleidoscopic picturesqueness, took on another hue, and Hoover found himself defending Chang's interests from the overzealous attempts of some of his foreign backers to get more out of the mines than was their fair share. In the course of this struggle he became acquainted with another Belgian, named Emile Francqui, of keen mind and great personal force, who, together with de Wouters, were, strangely enough, later to be chief and first assistant executives, respectively, of the great Belgian Comité National during the long hard days of the German Occupation. It was with these men among all the Belgians that Hoover was to have most to do in connection with his work as initiator and director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

A Real Job at Last

BUT we are now, in the story of Herbert Hoover, only in the year 1900, and the Belgian Relief did not begin until 1914. And Hoover was still to have many experiences as engineer and man of affairs, before he was to meet his Belgian acquaintances again under the dramatic conditions produced by the World War.

He had now his opportunity really to do something in China in line with his own ideas of doing things in connection with mines, and not with those of Chinese mining tradition. As consulting engineer and later general manager of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company he attacked the job of making Chang's great Tongshan coal properties a going concern. This job involved building railways, handling a fleet of ocean-going steamers, developing large cement works, and superintending altogether the work of about twenty thousand employees. A special one among the undertakings of the twelve months or more given to this enterprise was the building of Ching Wang Tow harbor to give his coal a proper sea outlet.

Altogether it was a "mining" job of all the variety and hugeness of extent that the twenty-seven-year-old miner and organizer found most to his liking. And despite obstacles and complications due both to his Chinese and Caucasian company associates, he did it successfully, enjoyed it immensely, and got from it much education and experience. But he was ready, after about a year of it, to turn his attention to the rest of the world.

In 1902, and now twenty-eight years old, he returned to London as a junior partner in the great English firm with which he had been earlier associated as its star field man in West Australia. But though with an actual headquarters office in London, he spent comparatively little time there. He was still the firm's chief engineer and principal field expert, although now with the standing of partner instead of that of salaried assistant. Upon him fell much of the responsibility of the great firm's actual mining operations in the field as distinguished from its financial operations in the "city."

But in the various short periods of work in London that intervened between his many flights to the various parts of the world where the mining interests of his firm called him, he learned much of the ways of "mining" as it is conducted in the world's greatest center of mine finance. But most of his work for his firm coincided with his own real preferences. He probably spent little more than a tenth of his time in London, and this was also true in his later career when he had given up his connection with the firm and was wholly "on his own" as independent consulting engineer and mine-organizer.

Hoover Honesty

AND this explains what has often puzzled many of the people who came to know him and his household in London. He and it were so little "English." His home in London seemed always to be a bit of transplanted America, and, in particular, a bit of transplanted California. As a matter of fact, in all his period of London and wide world connections there were but two that did not see him and his family in America, and few that did not include a stay in California. He maintained offices in New York and San Francisco and had no slightest temptation ever to become a real expatriate.

But this is getting ahead of the story. There is one outstanding happening in his London experience that insistently demands telling. It is the happening that meant for him the greatest setback in his otherwise almost monotonously successful career. And yet, although this happening meant temporary financial ruin for him, it was, in its way, only another

success, a success of revealing significance to those who would like to know the real man that Herbert Hoover is.

After one of his returns to London, he discovered a defalcation of staggering proportions. By the issuance and sale of false stock and by other means the firm, or its creditors and clients, had been committed to a loss of over a million dollars. Technically the operations of the defaulter were of such a character that the firm could not be held legally liable. But the junior partner swept the technicalities aside with a single gesture. He announced that they would make good all of the obligations incurred by the defaulter. This meant the immediate loss of his own personal fortune, and it meant a serious difference of opinion with the absent head of the firm, whose frantic cables came, however, too late to overrule the decision of the junior partner.

Then ensued the long, bitter struggle, most of it falling on the junior partner with the Quaker conscience, to make good the losses without actually putting the firm out of business. For going on with the business was essential to the making good. It was a grueling four years' struggle, but with success at the end of it. And then the Quaker engineer, now grown forever out of youth to the man who had experienced the down as well as the up in life, gave up his connection with the firm and launched on that career of independent and self-responsible activity which has been his ever since. This was in 1908. Herbert Hoover was now thirty-four years old, and he could probably be called the leading consulting mining engineer in the world.

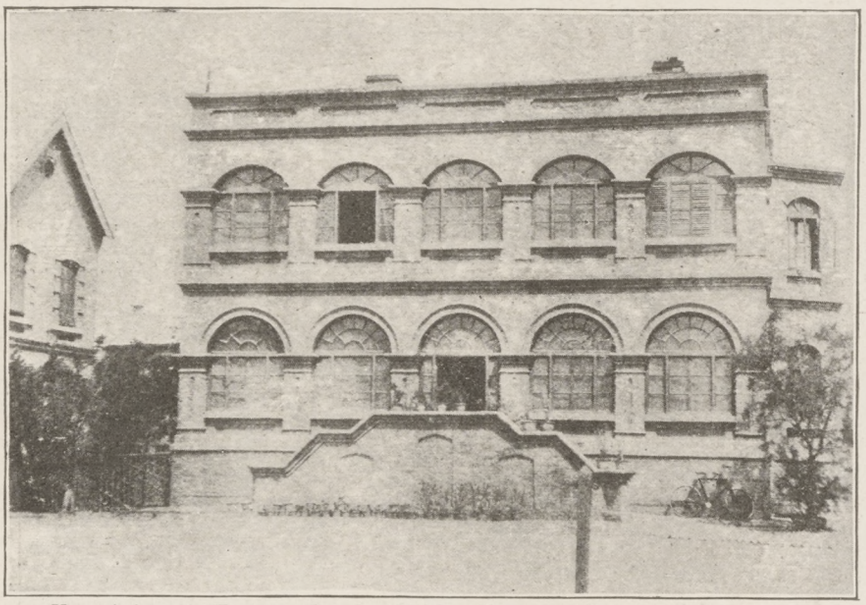
His work soon took him back to Australia, the land of his first notable success, but this time into South Australia instead of West Australia. Here he took personal charge of a large constructive undertaking in connection with the rehabilitation of the famous Broken Hill Mines. These mines were in the inhospitable wastes of the Great Stony Desert, four or five hundred miles north of Adelaide, the port city. By his technical and organizing ability he brought to life these two or three abandoned mines and added to them some adjoining lower-grade mines, converting the whole group from a state of great but unrealized possibilities into one of highly profitable actualities.

An important factor in this achievement was his origination and successful development of a process for extracting the zinc from ores that had already been treated for the other metals and then cast aside as worthless residues.

Noted Achievements

HE ALSO introduced new metallurgical processes for the profitable handling of the low-grade sulfid ores that constituted most of the mineral body of the mines, and this brought them from a state of dormancy to one of throbbing life. Indeed, this work in South Australia did much to help prove what has long been one of his cardinal beliefs, namely, that the safe backbone of mining lies in the handling of large bodies of low-grade ores.

All this successful work in South Australia occupied but seven months. Back in London again, he gathered about him a remarkable staff of skilled young mining engineers, thirty-five or forty of them, indeed, not on salary or fixed appointment, but men eager to attach themselves to him for the sake of working with him or for him in connection with the ever-increasing number of his large enterprises in the way of reorganization and rehabilitation of mines scattered all over the world. He became the managing director or chief consulting engineer of a score of mining companies, and the simple association of his name with a mining enterprise gave investors and other engineers a perfect confidence in its success and its honest handling.



Hoover's house in Tientsin, where he and Mrs. Hoover were besieged and bombarded for a month during the Boxer Rebellion.

Two of his largest undertakings were in Russia, one at Kyshtim, in the Urals, the other at Irtish, on the Siberian plains near Manchuria. The Kyshtim property was a great but run-down historic establishment, on an estate of an area almost equal to that of all Belgium. One hundred and seventy thousand people lived on the estate, all dependent on the mining establishment for their support. The ores were of iron and copper, but the mines were so far from anywhere that not only did these ores have to be smelted at the mine mouths, but factories had to be erected to manufacture the metal into products suitable for profitable transportation. When Hoover took over the bankrupt properties he found himself not only with mining and manufacturing problems to solve, but with what was practically a relief problem to face. For the underpaid workmen and their unfortunate families were in a state of great misery. He succeeded not only in modernizing and rehabilitating the material part of the great establishment, but at the same time in rescuing and revivifying a suffering and hopeless laboring population of helpless Russians.

The Irtish properties were near the Manchurian border, a thousand miles up the Irtish River from Omsk, a mere remote bleak spot on the wild, bare Siberian steppes. But at this spot lay extensive deposits of zinc, iron, lead, copper and coal, all together. He had first of all to build three hundred and fifty miles of railroad to make the spot at all accessible. And the actual "mining" operations included everything, from digging out and smelting the ores to manufacturing all sorts of things from metal door-knobs to steels rails and even steamboats to ply on the Irtish River. He put a great sum of English, Canadian and American money into the work of building up a great establishment, which was just on a paying basis when the war broke out. It is all now in the hands of the Bolsheviki, with a most dubious outlook for the recovery of any of the millions put into it.

His Greatest Mining Victory

OTHER large operations under his direction were in Colorado, Mexico, Korea, the Malay Straits Settlement, South Africa, and India (Burma). The Burma undertaking has been, in its outcome at least, and indeed in many other respects, Hoover's greatest victory in mining engineering and organization. It is to-day the greatest silver-lead mine in the world, although it started from as near to nothing as a mine could be and yet be called a mine. It took him and his associates five years to transform some deserted works in the heart of a jungle into the foremost producer of its kind in all the world. This mine is far away in the north of Burma almost on the Chinese border. They had first to build eighty miles of railroad through the jungle and over two ranges of mountains, a sufficient feat of engineering in itself, and then to create and organize at the end of this line everything pertaining to a great mining plant. Thirty thousand men were employed in establishing the mine.

Altogether Hoover and his associates had in their employment, in the various company undertakings under way in 1914, about one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, and the annual mineral output of the mines being handled by them was worth as much as the total annual output of all the mines in California. And almost all of these successful mines had been made out of unsuccessful ones. For Hoover practically developed a new profession in connection with mining, a profession of making good mines out of bad ones, of making bankrupt mining

Herbert, Jr., and Allan Hoover and their inseparable companion, "Rags."

concerns solvent, not by manipulation on the stock exchange, but by work in the earth, in the mills, in the mine offices.

He works with materials, not pieces of paper. It takes him from three to five years to bring a dead mine to life; the mine must have mineral in it, to be sure, to start with, but he does all the rest. That little matter of having mineral in it is the whole thing, you may think. But if you do, you must think again. The history of mining is more a history of how mines with mineral in them have not succeeded in becoming mines where the mineral could be profitably got out of them, than of how such mines have succeeded. A successful mine is infinitely more than a hole in the ground with mineral at its bottom. It is railroads and steamers, mills, housing for men, men themselves, organization, system, skill, brains, all-around human capacity. Herbert Hoover is a great miner because he is—I say it deliberately and not from any blind hero-worship—a great man.

His Energetic American Family

IF HE is, he can do more than mine greatly; he can do other things greatly. Well, he can, and he has done them. We come to that part of his story now, the part that begins when the World War began, when the world saw with amazement that grew into ever greater amazement an unknown miner, that is, unknown except to other miners, calmly do things that only great men can do. But we who know now the story of the boy and the man of the years before the war are not so much amazed. We know that he is the kind of man and one with the kind of experience, the kind of world education, who with opportunity can do things the world calls great and be the great man. But just for a few minutes before we begin with August, 1914, the time the world began a new epoch in its history and Herbert Hoover a new chapter in his work, let us have a glimpse of this man outside of his mines and his offices. Let us see him with his family, with his books, if he has any, and with his friends, of whom he has many.

His two children, Herbert and Allan, were born in 1903 and 1907, respectively. Living first in apartments near Hyde Park, the Hoovers felt that they and the boys and the dog Rags needed more room, or perhaps better, different kind of room, room for an energetic family of Americans to live in western American fashion, even during the time they had to be in London, and so they found farther west, in a short street just off Kensington High Street, and close to Kensington Gardens, a roomy old house with a garden with real trees in it, and some grass and flower-beds.

It had been built long before by somebody who liked room, and then rebuilt, or at least made over and added to, by Moncure Conway, the Alpinist and author. It was called "The Red House," a name that became in the succeeding years more and more widely known to Americans living in, coming to or passing through London, for it became a house of much American foregathering. Its hospitality became coextensive with its size and comfort, and although it was not one of the few "great houses" in which Americans could visit in London and still feel in some degree on American soil, such as Dorchester House, when Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid had it during Mr. Reid's ambassadorship, the Red House was pleasant refuge to uncounted temporary American expatriates, a little "fed up" with foreign ways.

I knew it first in 1912 when I was doing some work in the British Museum library. The bedroom to which my wife and I were shown was inhabited already by a happy and very vocal family of little Javanese seed birds and green parrakeets, a part of the boys' menagerie which had to find refuge from the other animals already housed in their adjoining rooms. Out in the garden were pigeons fluttering in and out of a cote and hens solemnly inspecting the newly seeded flower-beds. A big yellow Persian cat, and a smaller silver Siamese one, regularly attended breakfast, and Rags irregularly attended everything. The cats were Mr. Hoover's favorites. He liked to have one on his lap as he talked.

There were book-shelves in all of the rooms, and I noted that the "master"—for the servants, who were not American, would call him that—never went up to bed without a book in his hand. I came later to know how fixed this night-reading habit had become, for in the Belgian Relief years, when we had frequently to cross the perilous North Sea together on our way from Thames-mouth to Holland or back in one of the little Dutch boats, which used to run across twice a week until most of the boats had been blown up by floating mines, Hoover used always to fix an electric pocket lamp or a stub of a candle to the edge of his bunk and read for a while after turning in. He has had little time for reading in the daytime, but yet he has read enormously. It is this night-reading that explains it.

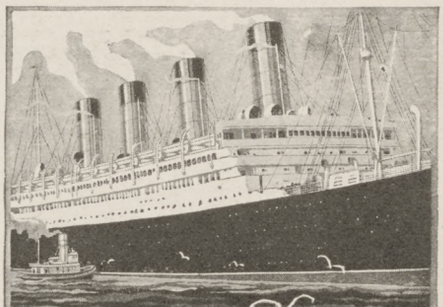
He Knows Books

THE shelves in the Red House contained many books about geology and mining and metallurgy. But they contained many others as well. Especially were they burdened with books on economics and political science. And they bore lighter loads of stories. "Sherlock Holmes" was there *in extenso*. The books on civics and economics and the theories of finance were well-thumbed and some of them margined with roughly pencilled notes. I should say they had been studied.

A frequent evening visitor, who came by preference when there had been no guests at dinner, was a well-known careful brilliant student of finance and economics, formerly editor of the best-known English financial weekly, and now editor of a very liberal, not to say radical, weekly of his own. He and Hoover held long disquisitions together, each having clear-cut ideas of his own and glad to try them out on the keen intelligence of the other. As a mere biologist, whose little knowledge was more of the domestic economy of the four and six footed inhabitants of earth than of the social science and politics of the bi-pedal lords of creation, my rôle was that of fascinated listener, for the debate was an enthralling exhibition of reasoning and argument.

Although he likes books and even likes writing, Hoover makes no claims to authorship himself. Nevertheless he has found time to put something of his knowledge, based on first-hand experience of the fundamentals and details of mining geology

(*Continued on page 126*)



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The STORY of HOOVER

(*Continued from page 38*)

and mining methods and organization, into a book which, under the title of "Principles of Mining," has been a classic for students of mining engineering since its appearance in 1909. The book is a condensation of a course of lectures given by the author partly in Stanford and partly in Columbia University. Although it contains an unusual amount of original matter and old knowledge originally treated for the kind of book it professes to be, namely a compact manual of approved mining practise, the author's preface is a model of modest appraisement of his work. One of its paragraphs simply demands quotation:

The bulk of the material presented in this book is the common heritage of the profession, and if any may think there is insufficient reference to previous writers, let him endeavor to find to whom the origin of our methods should be credited. The science has grown by small contributions of experience since, or before, those unnamed Egyptian engineers, whose works prove their knowledge of many fundamentals of mine-engineering sixty-eight hundred years ago. If I have contributed one sentence to the accumulated knowledge of a thousand generations of engineers, or have thrown one new ray of light on the work, I shall have done my share.

In the later chapters of the book Hoover, having devoted the earlier chapters to technical methods, treats of the administrative and financial phases of mining. The last chapter is devoted to the "character, training and obligations of the mining-engineering profession," in which he sets up a standard of professional ethics for the engineer of the very highest degree and reveals clearly his own genuinely philanthropic attitude toward his fellow men. In the discussion of mining administration there is a concise but illuminating treatment of the subject of labor-unions. After discussing contract work and bonus systems, he says:

There is another phase of the labor question which must be considered, and that is the general relations of employer and employed. As corporations have grown, so likewise have the labor-unions. In general, they are normal and proper antidotes for unlimited capitalistic organization.

Labor-unions usually pass through two phases. First, the inertia of the unorganized labor is too often stirred only by demagogic means. After organization, through these and other agencies, the lack of balance in the leaders often makes for injustice in demands, and for violence to obtain them and disregard of agreements entered upon. As time goes on, men become educated in regard to the rights of their employers and to the reflection of these rights in ultimate benefit to labor itself. Then the men, as well as the intelligent employer, endeavor to safeguard both interests. When this stage arrives, violence disappears in favor of negotiation on economic principles, and the unions achieve their greatest real gains.

Given a union with leaders who can control the members, and who are disposed to approach differences in a business spirit, there are few sounder positions for the employer, for agreements honorably carried out dismiss the constant harassments of possible strikes. Such unions exist in dozens of trades in this country, and they are entitled to greater recognition. The time when the employer could ride roughshod over his labor is disappearing with the doctrine of "*laissez-faire*," on which it was founded. The sooner the fact is recognized, the better for the employer. The sooner some miners' unions develop from the first into the second stage, the more speedily will their organizations secure general respect and influence.

The crying need of labor-unions, and of some employers as well, is education on a fundamental of economics too long disregarded by all classes and especially by the academic economist. When the latter abandon the theory that wages are the result of supply and demand, and recognize that in these days of international flow of labor, commodities and capital, the real controlling factor in wages is efficiency, then such an educational campaign may become possible. Then will the employer and employee find a common ground on which each can benefit.

There lives no engineer who has not seen insensate dispute as to wages where the real difficulty was inefficiency. No administrator begrudges a division with his men of the increased profit arising from increased efficiency. But every administrator begrudges the wage level demanded by labor-unions, whose policy is decreased efficiency, in the false belief that they are providing for more labor.

Three years before publishing the "Principles of Mining" Hoover had collaborated with a group of mining authors in the production of a book called "Economics of Mining." And three years later, that is in 1912, he privately published, in sumptuous form, with scrupulously exact reproduction of all of its curious old woodcuts, an English translation of Agricola's "*De Re Metalica*," the first great treatise on mining and metallurgy originally published in Latin in 1556, only one hundred years after Gutenberg had printed his first book. "*De Re Metallica*" was the standard manual of mining and metallurgy for one hundred and eighty years. Georgius Agricola, the author, was really one Georg Bauer, a German of Saxony, who, following the custom of his time, used for pen-name the literal Latin equivalents of the words of his German name.

Working for Recreation

THIS translation, with its copious important added notes of editorial commentary, was the joint work of Hoover and his wife—it was Mrs. Hoover, indeed, who began it—and occupied most of their spare time, especially their evenings—and sometimes nights—and Sundays through nearly five years. They had been for some time collecting and delving in old books on China and the Far East and ancient treatises on early mining and metallurgical processes, and had accumulated an unusual collection of such works, ransacking the old bookshops of London and the Continent in their quest.

In 1902, Mrs. Hoover, while looking up some early geology prints in the British Museum library, stumbled on to Agricola, and becoming fascinated by it, reported her find to her husband. By invoking the services of one of their friends among the old book-dealers they soon owned a copy. Caught especially by the many curious and only half understandable pictures in it they began to translate bits from it here and there, especially the explanations of the pictures, and in a little while they were lost. Nothing would satisfy them short of

She had taken his hat and coat and hung them up. Now as he moved slowly toward the sitting-room she stopped him. "Dad," she said timidly.

He looked up and met her fresh young eyes. He had never seen them more brilliant. "Well, Nance?"

"Fiske is—in there."

"Eh?"

"He—he came up to tell me. Don't you want to ask him to dinner? I think he's a little tired, too."

"Ask him to dinner?" he choked.

"Oh, Dad, why not?" she pleaded. "The fight is all over, isn't it?"

Yes, the fight was all over. He knew that, and yet even now it was a difficult thing to admit. In the silent hall the old clock in the corner made itself heard. He turned, and faced it a moment in defiance. The little second-hand moved briskly on, utterly indifferent to his frown.

He heard his daughter's voice again—the voice of youth.

"PLEASE," she whispered. "He's waiting."

Hazleton smiled grimly. Ralston was not waiting. He was coming down the home-stretch as fast as his legs—the legs of youth—would carry him. He could almost hear Ralston's rapid footsteps—almost catch the sound of his quick breathing. It was he himself who was waiting, who from this time on *must* wait, for if he didn't—if he started running—it would only bring him the faster to the final goal. And that would not spell Victory but Defeat. The penalty for winning that last race was the loss of everything. For the sake of the eager eyes waiting for his answer he must put that off as long as possible.

Hazleton squared his shoulders. He took a sharp breath and gripped his jaws.

"Come," he said to the girl. "We—we will get Fiske, and go in to dinner."

She moved toward him like a fawn, and he felt her kisses on his lips—kisses that were like the breath of spring; kisses that sent his thoughts back thirty years; kisses that quickened his blood as he led her, now grown suddenly shy, into the next room, where Ralston sprang forward as across the tape.

The Movies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

War took its way across the screen;
And the week's work in east and west
Was placed between
This season's styles in hats and gowns
And panoramas of strange towns;
And, for the rest,
Cartoons and jest—
And then a little tale of love
Almost too real for thinking of.
These things I scarcely saw; no line
Of grief, or rapture gay and fine
I read. I only felt your rough
Unconscious shoulder touching mine.

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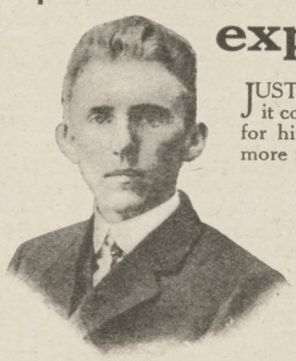

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making a complete translation. It became an obsession. It was at first their recreation; then, because it went very slowly, it seemed likely to become their life avocation.

They found an early German translation, which, however, helped them little. The translator had apparently known little of mining and not too much of Latin. They went to Saxony, to the home of Agricola, hoping to get clues to the difficult things in the book by seeing the region and mines which had been under his eyes while writing it, and finding traditions of the mining methods of his time. But it was as if a sponge had been passed over Agricola and his days.

Fire had swept over the towns he had known, and all the ancient records were gone. The towns, rebuilt, and the mines of which he had written were there, but of him and of the ancient methods he wrote about there was hardly record or even tradition.

They went to Freiberg, where has long existed the greatest German school of mines, the greatest mining school in the world, indeed, until the American schools were developed—probably the Germans would not admit even this qualification—and there they found no more to help them than in Agricola's own towns. In fact, the Freiberg professors seemed rather irritated by the advent of these searchers for ancient mining history, for, as the savants explained, the Freiberg methods and machines were all the most modern in the world; there were "no left-overs, no worn-out rubbish of those inefficient ages" around Germany's great school of mines.

So the Hoovers, unrewarded by their pilgrimage to Germany for help in their attempt to resuscitate the Saxon Agricola, went back to London. But they kept on mining in the big tome, and finally in the fifth year of their devoted spare-time labors they had before them a completed translation.

So what with looking after his mining enterprises, entertaining friends in the Red House, translating Agricola and motoring on occasional Sundays or less occasional whole week-ends, the days when he was not in America or Russia or Burma or Korea or elsewhere in the world where mines are, went on.

And then came the sudden interruption. August, 1914, came, and since then Herbert Hoover has done other things, things the world has looked on with amazement and praise and gratitude.

The May instalment of ***The Story of Hoover*** *will give the account of his remarkable war-time services in the relief of Belgium.*

Watchers

By Bernard Raymund

Beside the lane the Lombardies
Stand and look
Over the tops of the other trees
Over the brook,
Over the fields of grazing sheep
Beyond the hedge
To the line of purple hills asleep
At the land's edge.
Oh watchers when a carefree wind
Passes by
Do you long to leave the farm behind,
Take wing and fly?

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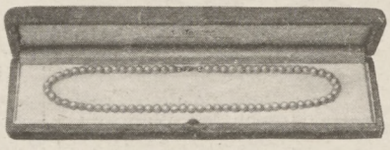

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NEVER SAY DIE

(*Continued from page 75*)

Nevertheless, he would do it. He pulled the paper out of the crevice between the window-sashes, opened the window and looked down. He saw the back stoop and there was a dirty mop beside it; there was an ash-can, and there were two garbage-cans there. And there was a starved cat that sat and looked up at him. He had a tremor and drew back and covered his face with his hands as he thought of that cat—that knowing cat, that loathsome, that obscene cat.

He sat down on the edge of the bed to collect his strength and summon his resolution. The cockroach had crawled to the head of the bed and seemed to wish to partake of his thoughts.

"Damn you, Old Archibald Hammil!" he cried. And he scooped the cockroach into his hand with a sudden sweep and flung it out of the window. The insect fell without perceptible discomfort, and at once began to climb up the outside wall again, making for the window.

The door opened and Mrs. Hinkley entered, her face cleft with a grin, and a tray in her hands.

"Mr. Gooley," she said, setting it on the wash-stand, "I'll bet you ain't had nothing to eat to-day!"

ON THE tray was a bowl of soup, a half loaf of bread with a long keen bread-knife, a pat of butter, a boiled egg and a cup of coffee.

"No, nor yesterday, either," said Mr. Gooley, and he looked at the soup and at the long keen bread-knife.

"Here's something else I want to show you, Mr. Gooley," said the landlady, dodging out of the door and back in again instantly. She bore in her hands this time a surprising length of flexible gas-tubing, and a small nickel-plated pearl-handled revolver.

"You see that there gas-tubing?" she said. "That is what that blondined party in the next room had onto her gas-plate—the nerve of her! Strung from the gas-jet clear across the room to the window-sill. And when I throwed her out, Mr. Gooley, she wouldn't pay her rent, and I took this here revolver to part pay it. What kind of a woman is it, Mr. Gooley, that has a revolver in her room, and a loaded one, too?"

Just then the door-bell rang in the dim lower regions, and she left the room to answer it.

And Mr. Gooley sat and looked at the knife, with which he might so easily stab himself, and at the gas-cord with which he might so easily hang himself, and at the loaded revolver with which he might so easily shoot himself.

He looked also at the bowl of soup.

He had the strength to reflect—a meal is a meal. But *after* that meal, what? Penniless, broken in health, friendless, a failure—why prolong it for another twenty-four hours? A meal would prolong it, but that was all a meal *would* do—and after that would come the suffering and the despair and the end to be faced all over again.

Was he man enough to take the pistol and do it now?

Or did true manhood lie the other way?

Suppose—

you are offered a wonderful job—good pay, a real future and pleasant, interesting work.

Suppose—

this job keeps you healthy and happy, outdoors in the fresh air and sunlight.

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you can earn all the money you want, work as many hours a day as you like, and take off as many days as you please, with no one to order you around.

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Isn't that the kind of a job you want?

Well, take your pencil, cross out every "suppose" in this ad. There is no supposition about what remains. It is a fact.

I am actually offering you this job right now!

I can prove to you that on this very job, many other men and women, situated just like yourself, are earning $25.00—$50.00—$100.00 a year in spare time, and $2,000.00 to $4,000.00 for full time. I can give you their names and addresses, and even show you their pictures.

To get started, all they did was to sign a coupon like the one below, and send it in to us promptly. You do the same, and before the end of another month, you will be looking back on the day you read this ad as one of the luckiest days in your life, because very soon you will be earning from $100.00 to $4,000.00 a year, according to the time you can give to the work.

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Ten years ago (in "The Fortune Hunter").

To-day.

The Two Barrymores

By Alexander Woollcott

THE phrase "the two Barrymores" summons the thought of the famous brothers joining forces in such plays as "The Jest;" but consider this time not Lionel and John Barrymore, but rather Jack and John, the one actor with the two careers; on the one hand the aimless comedian, who drifted idly through so many trashy farces in seasons past, and on the other the commanding figure that holds to-day the most interesting position in the English-speaking theatre,

It has been no mere automatic coming of age. Rather it was a sudden dramatic change wrought overnight, a decision made quietly to claim his inheritance and registered in a single evening. That evening was April 4, 1916, when the young vagabond of the Drew-Barrymore clan held a spellbound and wondering audience through the agonies of Galsworthy's "Justice." It was when this play was followed by a program of steadily mounting ambition, culminating in his bold adventure this year into Shakespearian tragedy, that there became apparent to all playgoers an extraordinary design being woven into the fabric of a player's life.

The surprise of it still hangs in the air. Who, when Mansfield died and all the country speculated vaguely as to whence his successor would come, ever dreamed it would be taken by the negligent and facetious farceur then wandering idly from play to play? Who that in 1911 saw Barrymore embroidering in an obscenely witless opiate called "Uncle Sam" would have ventured to predict that within nine years the ash-barrels would proclaim:

JOHN BARRYMORE
in
"Richard the Third,"
Seats Eight Weeks in Advance

and that straightway an eager box-office line would form as though for a musical comedy?

Yet it came to pass. Richard, until the star's illness, was a huge success. The mystery is not that this actor of resourceful mind, winged imagination, and a genius for the theatre should now be doing the work for which so few are fitted. The mystery is that, through fifteen wasteful years, he waited until his thirties before he even began.

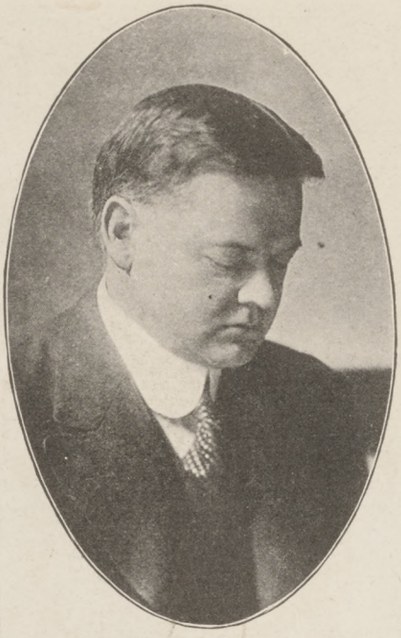
The explanation of that mystery is guesswork here. Probably Barrymore began with a certain horror of and contempt for the actor's calling. After dabbling as a newspaper cartoonist, he drifted on to the stage from sheer inertia, secretly laughing at the pompous vanity of the craft, utterly unable to keep a straight face while mounting a lighted platform and proclaiming to the groundlings he had just left: "Behold me!" A real shyness, a certain pessimism, a crippling sense of humor, a horror at even seeming to take himself seriously—these determine his lackadaisical career, the while his irrepressible mind outran his work and conceived the bigger and finer things that ought to be done by some one.

It needed some one outside himself to discern his possibilities and take seriously one who constitutionally could not take himself so. That part was assumed by the playwright Edward Sheldon who, in a forgotten road venture observed a flash of this unutilized art, saw a great light and went to work on the program that has placed Barrymore in his present position. It was Sheldon who selected "Justice" as preparing the way for the four subsequent productions in the very texts of which he has had a hand.

"Justice" was chosen because it was without a vestige of laughter, without a single excuse for a smile. They dreaded for the comedian, who was turning tragedian in an evening, the fate of that solemn temperance lecturer at whom the audience laughed heartily under the impression that he was Mark Twain. There was no laughter at "Justice." The bridge was crossed. It now lies far behind.

Everybody's Magazine June 1920

The Story of Hoover



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Herbert Hoover.

By

Vernon Kellogg

V

FOOD ARBITER OF AMERICA AND EUROPE

Photo copyrighted by Bachrach

Mrs. Hoover.

HERBERT HOOVER was thrust into four distinct crises after America went into the war. They were world crises—tests upon which hung the welfare of millions of human beings. The first crisis came when America went into the war.

Put yourself in Hoover's place when the President called him back from the Belgian relief work to be the Food Administrator of the United States. Here were a hundred million people unaccustomed to government interference with their personal affairs; above all, of their affairs of stomach and pocketbook, their affairs of personal habit and private business. What would you think of your chance to last as a new kind of government official, set up in defiance of all American precedent and tradition of personal liberty, to say how much and what kinds of food the people were to eat and how the business affairs of millers and bakers, commission men and wholesale grocers and all food manufacturers were to be run?

The stomach and private business of Americans are the seats of unusually many and delicate nerve-endings. To hit the American household in the stomach and the American business man in his pocketbook is to invite a prompt, violent and painful reaction. Yet this is what President Wilson asked Hoover to do and to face.

A Democratic Food Dictator

HOOVER realized the full possibilities of the situation. He had seen the rapid succession of the food dictators in each of the European countries. Their average duration of life—as food dictators—was a little less than six months. "I don't want to be food dictator for the American people," he said plaintively a few days after the President had announced what he wanted him to do. "The man who accepts such a job will lie on the barbed wire of the first line of intrenchments."

But besides trying to put yourself in Hoover's place, try also to put yourself again in your own place in those great days of America's entrance into the war, and you will get another, and a less terrifying, view of the situation. Remember your feelings of those days as a perfervid patriotic American, not only ready but eager to play your part in your country's cause. Some of you could carry arms; some could lend sons to the khaki ranks and daughters to the Red Cross uniform. Some could go to Washington for a dollar a year. Yet many could, for one sufficient reason or another, do none of these things. But all could dig trenches at home right through the kitchen and dining-room. You could help save food if food was to help win the war. You could help some one who knew remodel temporarily the whole food business and food use of the country to the great advantage of America and the Allies in their struggle for victory.

Well, Hoover put himself both in your place and in his own place. And he thought that the food of America could be administered—not dictated—successfully if he would try to do it in a way consonant with the genius of the American people. Hoover had had in his Belgian relief work an experience with the heart of America. He knew he could rely on it. He also believed he could rely on the brain of America.

The first thing to do was to tell the American people what ought to be done. He showed them the needs and the way to meet them, and asked them to follow him. He asked them to make the fundamental decisions. America's decision in regard to food and its uses during the war was, therefore, absolutely democratic. While the food controllers of European countries relied on orders, the American Food Administrator trusted in an appeal to the people.

Aside from your voluntary action and mine in regard to the use of food during the war, there finally, however, arose a necessity for issuing regulations in regard to trade and manufacturing processes. Business has its fixed and set customs. The minute it departs from these customs it is no longer business. And there came times when Hoover saw that it would be necessary for business to desert its customs in order to further success in the war.

Hoover and the Business Men

BUT with business men he acted as he had acted with the general public. He held conference after conference in Washington with groups of business men. He consulted with them as to what ought to be done by them if America was to do her best in the war. He told them what fixed customs of business it seemed to him it would be necessary for them to break. He had a way of painting a picture to business men that had two sides. One side showed their own self-interest. The other side showed the welfare of America in the war.

There was no choice. The American business men in large part, like everybody else in America, turned the self-interest side of Hoover's picture to the wall and lived in their business by the picture of America triumphant in the war. Hoover laid all his cards on the table. Almost always he won. The business men had faith in his fairness, and his knowledge and resourcefulness won them. He knew he was playing with dynamite. He laughed, for instance, at a cartoon of black Matilda in the kitchen. Over her oven it said:

"Mistah Hoovah goin' to show me how to cook cawn-pone? Well, I reckin not."

Hoover knew that business men might have Matilda's feeling about any action of his which might seem unjustly to interfere with their business.

I remember a group of large buyers and sellers of grain, men who dealt on the grain exchange of the Middle West, who came to Washington, not at his request, but on their own determination to have it out with this man who was threatening to interfere seriously with their affairs; indeed, who threatened to put many of them out of business for the period of the war. They came with big sticks. They met in the morning for conference with the object of their wrath. Then they went off and met in the afternoon together. They came

the next morning for another conference. And they met again alone to pass some resolutions.

The resolutions commended the Food Administrator for the regulations he was about to put into force, and recommended that they be made more drastic than he had originally suggested!

It is true that as time went on there were individuals in various parts of the country who endeavored to beat the game—there were such persons in almost every sphere of activity and in every country during the war. The same people who made reluctant gifts to the American Red Cross tried to evade their honest duty in the war and to profit out of food. Hoover found it necessary to have them forced into control by certain regulations. These control measures were very sharp ones at times, and even extended to the point of putting persistent profiteers out of business. The favorite form of penalization for first offenses, however, was to allow such persons to make gifts to the American Red Cross.

In Vienna: the children of the relief.

No Maximum Prices

HOOVER'S friends find him a stanch adherent of progress through individual initiative. Laws that unnecessarily control personal action or that hamper ambition find no assent in his mental make-up. This belief of Hoover's took a striking turn in the regulation of food. He didn't believe in fixing maximum prices. He had seen this principle fail in Europe. Whenever a maximum price was set on certain foods in European countries, that food usually disappeared from the open market and was bartered in secretly by speculators. One of the striking features, therefore, of the American food-control as administered by Hoover, when he found law necessary at all, was the absence of fixed maximum prices.

As a matter of fact, Hoover worked many months without any legal food-control at all. The Food-Control Act was in consideration by the House Committee on Agriculture by April twenty-first, but it was not until four months had passed that the bill became a law. And on that day the President issued an executive order establishing the United States Food Administration and appointing Hoover United States Food Administrator.

"I will take the job," said Hoover, in effect, "with the understanding that I receive no salary and that I be allowed to build up my staff on this same volunteer basis."

President Wilson's official United States Food Administration was in reality only a continuance of Herbert Hoover's unofficial food administration which he had been carrying on ever since America went into the war.

For three months Hoover had conducted his unofficial administration and for five additional months President Wilson's official bureau had been in operation under Hoover, when one day in January of 1918 there arose the second crisis in Hoover's Food Administration experience. On this January day in his office in the hastily-built wooden building in Washington he picked up, among other papers on his desk, a cablegram which was sent by Lord Rhondda, the English food controler.

If you can imagine the excitement which came to the British Cabinet when General Haig sent word during the terrible March drive, "We are fighting with our back to the wall," if you can imagine the tension which was caused in Washington when Lloyd George shouted across the Atlantic "Ships! Ships! We must have more ships!" you can comprehend the sensations which must have gone through the mind of Hoover when he read the message from Lord Rhondda.

England's Appeal

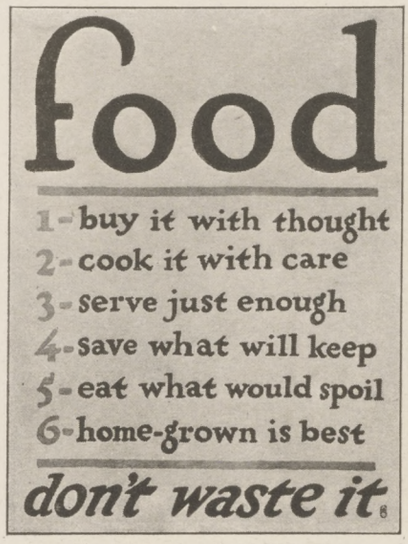
IT WAS a desperate cry for help. It held out a prospect of England and the Allies being starved to their knees and losing the war in spite of all their desperate military efforts. This message ran as follows:

> Unless you are able to send the Allies at least seventy-five million bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I can not take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. No one knows better than I that the American people, regardless of national and individual sacrifice, have so far refused nothing that is needed for the war, but it now lies with America to decide whether or not the Allies in Europe shall have enough bread to hold out until the United States is able to throw its force into the field.

And we in the Food Administration offices in Washington thought that we had been doing all that we could. And the American people thought that they, too, had been doing all that they could. And now came this demand, seemingly almost impossible of fulfilment. Here was the test of the great machine which Hoover had built up. Here was the test of how deeply he had impressed upon the minds of the American people the necessity for sacrifice. If they failed in meeting this demand it would not be their fault. They were willing enough, God knows. But it might have been Hoover's fault. They were looking to Hoover for sound information and for the facts, and if Hoover had failed in giving them these and in showing them not only what ought to be done but how to do it, the blood of the Allies might have been upon his head.

Could his machinery stand the test? We in the Food Administration Bureau didn't know. We asked: "Can Hoover do the impossible?" I know now that Hoover didn't ask this question in regard to himself. What he asked was: "Can the American people do this almost impossible thing?"

A Hoover soup-kitchen for children in Esthonia.



American save-the-food poster.

His cablegram in response to Lord Rhondda's was immediate and simple. It ran:

We will export every grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe that our people will not fail to meet the emergency.

"Every grain saved from normal consumption!" This meant every grain of wheat that could be taken directly from American tables. It meant every grain of wheat which was on its way to American mouths, that could be diverted to ships. This didn't mean wheat taken from surplus supplies in storehouses, for that surplus wheat had already gone to our Allies. We had sent them every grain of it. This desperate cry of Lord Rhondda must be answered by wheat which we Americans in the ordinary course of events would have eaten very shortly. No cry for help that went up in the whole war attracted more attention among the American people than the appeal which Hoover sent out to the public after he received Lord Rhondda's cablegram. President Wilson himself issued a special proclamation to this same end.

America's Response

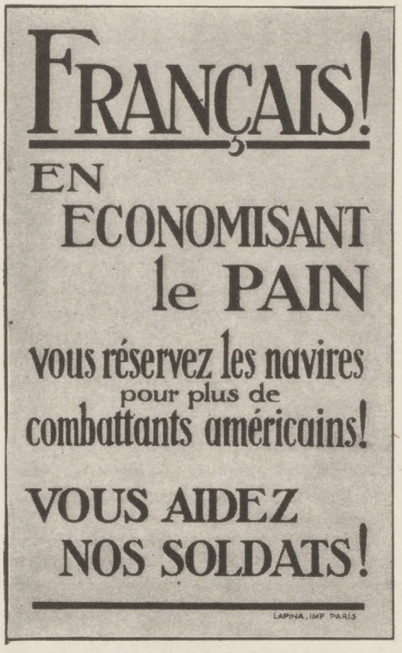
THE response was instantaneous. On every table, in every home, in every neighborhood, on the remotest farms, where wheat was abundant, as well as in the greatest cities where the most luxurious tables were set, the American people saved wheat, grain by grain. These grains were piled up at the Atlantic coast. The piles grew and grew. This food that would otherwise have been on American plates was put on the ships that threaded their way across the submarine-infested Atlantic.

And when all was done that could be done, when we had saved every grain that we could save, *we had sent the Allies, in response to Hoover's request, ten million tons more than the Allies had asked us to send.* And the threatened breakdown of the Allies' effort was averted.

But in all this supreme effort to get food to the Allies, Hoover saw a danger line in America. There was a point beyond which we could not send food to the Allies. He couldn't trust the Allies, who were in a state of panic, to keep their demands moderate. They were willing to spend money without stint to get food. And there came times when they might have overbought in our market and left us in a plight respecting food almost as grave as their own.

To meet this danger Hoover formed a close working alliance with the War Trade and Shipping Boards who controlled exports, so that not a pound of food could be sent out of this country without the consent of the Food Adminstration. The time was not one for the working of the law of supply and demand—it was one for equal distribution of all the wealth and possessions of the Allies. And Hoover developed, after some negotiations with various boards and war agencies, a plan for the pooling of purchases not only for the Allies but for neutrals and our own Army, Navy, Red Cross and the other large welfare organizations in the war.

This Division of Coordination of Purchase oversaw the expenditure of over a billion dollars in food stuffs in the last eight months before the armistice. Through the Food Administration the tangled maze of American business to which we are accustomed in peace time was combed out so that its threads were all straight and



French save-the-food poster.

clear. Every one of these threads centered in Washington. Under the licensing system, which was the sharp teeth of the food-control law, over two hundred and fifty thousand food-handling corporations, firms and individuals were under regulations.

The most important, or at least the most dramatic, control that was exerted by the Food Administration was upon wheat. Congress realized the importance of controlling the wheat supply when in August, 1917, it passed a law guaranteeing a price of two dollars a bushel for the 1918 wheat crop. Congress fixed this price in order to stimulate production. It was intended by Congress to benefit the farmer. Wheat had shown signs of going out of sight a

British save-the-food poster.

month after the war began. It was selling at three dollars and twenty-five cents a bushel in Chicago, and the price of bread was soaring, but the farmer was not getting his benefit. Of this three dollars and twenty-five cents the farmer received, according to the Department of Agriculture, only one dollar and forty-four cents a bushel. The middlemen and profiteers were getting the rest. It was necessary to hit them in the knuckles, to loosen their hold.

The Epic of Wheat

THIS Congressional law put new problems before Hoover. Congress had guaranteed only the 1918 crop. The two-dollar-a-bushel law was passed in August, 1917, when the 1917 crop was coming on the market. The farmers who were getting only one dollar and forty-four cents a bushel for their 1917 crop naturally wondered why, if wheat would be worth two dollars a bushel in 1918, it shouldn't be worth two dollars a bushel in 1917. It immediately became apparent that the farmers must be guaranteed a fair price for their 1917 crop. So President Wilson appointed a committee composed of representatives of leading farmers' and consumers' organizations, together with a number of agricultural experts, to fix on a "fair price" for the 1917 crop.

Hoover had no official part in the delimination of this price. He was not on this committee appointed by President Wilson, and President Wilson later said that Hoover took "no part in the deliberations of the committee" nor "in any way intimated an opinion regarding that price."

The result of the committee's work was that the "fair price" of the 1917 crop was fixed at two dollars and twenty cents a bushel, which was the same price that had been fixed by Congress for the 1918 crop, plus an addition of twenty cents later made by the President.

There was only one thing for Hoover to do after this action by the President's committee, and that was to hold the price of wheat up to this two-dollar-and-twenty-cent level. He established the United States Grain Corporation which could

Captain "Tommy" Gregory (second from left), Hoover's director of relief in South-east Europe, with American, British, French and Italian officers of the Interallied Relief Mission, in Austria.

deal in wheat, either buying or selling to influence the price, and licensed all handlers and millers of wheat, and prohibited dealing in futures. These three steps did the job.

One of the first results was that while the farmer was getting, in the year just before the war, about twenty-seven per cent. of the cost of each loaf of bread for the wheat in it, to which the miller added about six and one-half per cent. and the middlemen and bakers the remaining sixty-six and one-half per cent., and in 1915, after the war began, the respective proportions were thirty per cent., eleven per cent. and fifty-nine per cent., in 1918, after the Food Administrator's control was in force, the farmer got forty per cent., the miller three per cent., and the others fifty-seven per cent. Or, as another illustration, while in 1917, when there was no food control, the difference between the price of the farmers' wheat and the flour made from it was about six dollars per barrel of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, during the period of food control this difference was only about three dollars and a half.

Men who claimed to represent certain agricultural interests in the United States, including some farmers, criticized Hoover for taking these steps. In fact, Hoover felt it necessary at one time to make a statement about what he had done in regard to wheat. In this statement he didn't dodge responsibility, as he might have done by saying: "I didn't fix the price of wheat. It was done by others, and it was only my duty to keep it fixed and carry out the rules which they had made."

Instead Hoover said: "I agree with the contention of some farmers that they would have received five dollars and perhaps ten dollars a bushel for wheat had it not been for the restraint imposed by the government, but I would say to those farmers that they would have been taking money, not only from the blood of our soldiers and from the suffering of the poor sections of our consuming centers, but every farmer in the land would himself have paid fifty times over in national damage resulting from reactions from labor and instability in our population that would have thundered at the farm door sooner or later."

History may well say that the control of wheat during the war was one of the most dramatic incidents of that great contest. How this great reservoir of wheat in America was filled and protected, how streams of wheat went forth from it in steady but properly regulated currents, with almost every grain counted and traced, is a story that belongs to an epic of wheat, the fit third part of the trilogy that Frank Norris began with "The Octopus" and "The Pit," and had at the call of death to leave unwritten.

In Finland: feeding the children.

After Peace

ONE must almost believe that Hoover foresaw the armistice which came in November of 1918, for he was astonishingly well prepared to demobilize his department and to help American business reenter its old ways. To my mind, as I observed him, none of the vindictiveness of war remained in his mind one minute after the Germans had said "Kamerad" to the world. Within twenty-four hours after the armistice of November eleventh, Hoover met his state and federal administrators in final conference.

For Hoover the war was over. He wished the war to be over for them too. America must become her old self again immediately. All autocratic control must cease. Personal liberty, both in business and in individual life, must be restored as rapidly as possible. While the German troops were still marching away from their front, within twenty-four hours after the armistice had been declared, Hoover told his state administrators what he thought of laws that interfered with individual initiative. At this time he said:

"The Food-Control Act will expire at the signing of peace with Germany and as it represents a type of legislation only justified under war conditions, I don't expect to see its renewal. It has proved of vital importance under the economic conditions and psychology of war. I don't consider it as of such usefulness in the economic conditions and psychology of peace. Furthermore it is my belief that the tendency of all such legislation, except in war, is to an overdegree to strike at the roots of individual initiative.

"The law has well justified itself under war conditions. The investigations of

A Hoover soup-kitchen for children in Warsaw.

our economic division clearly demonstrate that during the first year of the Food Administration farm prices steadily increased by fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. on various computations, while wholesale prices decreased from three per cent. to ten per cent., according to the basis of calculation. Thus middlemen's costs and profits were greatly reduced. This was due to the large suppression of profiteering and speculation and to the more orderly trade practises introduced under the law.

"It is my desire that we should all recognize that we have passed a great milestone in the signing of the armistice; that we must get upon the path of peace; that therefore we should begin at once to relax the regulation and control measures of the Food Administration at every point where they do not open a possibility of profiteering and speculation. This we can not and will not permit so far as our abilities extend until the last day that we have authority under the law.

"When we entered upon this work eighteen months ago, our trades were rampant with speculation and profiteering. This grew mainly from the utterly insensate raids of Europe on our commodities. But the major necessity for law in repression of speculative activities is to my mind rapidly passing. It is our duty, however, to exert ourselves in every direction to so handle our food during reconstruction as to protect our producers and our consumers and to assure our trades from chaos and panic."

Behind the Curtain of War

I HAVE described the crisis in which Hoover first became Food Administrator, and also the crisis in which he enabled Americans to divert wheat from their own tables and mouths to the Allies. And now we come to the third crisis, which to my mind is the most dramatic of them all. For years the curtain of war had hung between us and our enemies. The armistice raised this curtain to a small degree, just enough for us to catch glimpses and sounds of horrible things. Behind that curtain was an inferno of human suffering, of starving women and children, of disordered minds and disorganized mass-thinking. Behind this curtain was the maddest and most disheveled world that this civilization has perhaps ever known.

Help must be given immediately. The new states which we had helped to create—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia—and the liberated peoples such as the Armenians, were our moral creditors for food. It was our duty to make life tolerable for these free peoples immediately. And it was our duty to relieve whatever suffering we found among our former enemies, after we had put our friends on their feet.

The European Allies were in almost as bad a way as our former enemies. They had no food to spare, and little money with which to purchase it. America had all the food, all the strength, and almost all the money. The Allies turned to America to meet this great situation.

Hoover and the A. R. A.

TEN days after the armistice, President Wilson asked Herbert Hoover to go to Europe to direct the participation of the United States in the relief of the liberated countries. The President didn't have to think twice in selecting Hoover for this job. No man knew the European situation, especially the terrible situation behind the curtain of war, better than Hoover, for in the Belgian days he had been behind this curtain. And no man realized more clearly than he that these people must be relieved of suffering before the peace and stability of the world could be restored. All Europe to him, after the armistice was signed, was one great field of misery, its people one great mass of suffering humanity, appealing to the world, and especially to rich, strong America, for help.

Hoover went to Paris. He immediately saw that he must have representatives in every part of Europe. He drew upon his associates in Belgian Relief and American Food Administration and upon the American army in France for these. With an ability for selecting the right man for the right place that was almost uncanny, Hoover reached into the army and out of two millions of Americans at hand selected some eight hundred men, who in reality were part of the very cream of efficient American business and administrative life.

The vanguard of these men were toeing the mark in nervous preparedness for effort when the war curtain was finally raised and the word was given by the Allies to go into former enemy country with help and food. These Americans, like runners at the tape, jumped, when the word was given, into Germany, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Turkey, Armenia, Finland, and many other parts of Europe to see what they could do to save human life. The Supreme Economic Council, which was made up of representatives of the Allies of America, sat in Paris reviewing European conditions, and very shortly they chose Hoover to administrate their participation in the revictualing and the rehabilitation of Europe. Hoover became a sort of Marshal Foch of the Allied Relief Administration.

It was an unspeakably, indescribably tangled world which Hoover's men found in the country which had been occupied by the enemy. Although, theoretically, with the Peace Conference officials at Paris there were no defined frontiers, until the Peace Conference had described and declared them, nevertheless by the laws of human nature there were already actual frontiers between the new peoples and the old that bristled with guns and men and barbed wire and hate and distrust. The money of one country was of no value in the adjoining land. People of one country wouldn't permit either their locomotives or their freight-cars to go into other countries. The war fury seemed to be as deeply imbedded in the minds of the new peoples as it had been in the minds of the old, and the conditions were so bad that the task of securing a free circulation of food and a free system of buying and selling and of efficient distribution seemed almost hopeless.

Hoover had some money to work with. The American Congress, expressing the sympathy of the American people, appropriated one hundred million dollars as a working fund for the American Relief Administration in Europe. The British provided a relief fund of sixty million dollars. The United States Treasury made monthly loans of several million dollars each to Roumania, Servia and Czecho-Slovakia. President Wilson started Hoover off with a contribution of five million dollars from the special Presidential fund, and Hoover used this latter sum to get his work under way while waiting for the Congressional appropriation. Italy and France also helped out, either in money or provisions or shipping or by other means.

Untangling Europe

WITH the coordination of the Allied governments, with a financial support from Congress, and with a control of shipping which placed in the Administrator's hands the greatest fleet of ships that had ever been under the disposal of one organization, Hoover set about untangling the almost hopelessly tangled situation in Central Europe.

There was evercontinuing war in certain parts of Europe. Armistice meant something real on the west and Austro-Italian fronts, but it meant little to eastern Europe. There was a score of very lively little wars going on at one time over there. Poland alone was fighting with four different adversaries, one at each corner of her land. The whole thing was literally international anarchy.

(*Continued on page 86*)

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tid-bits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Prof. Anderson's creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3369

The STORY of HOOVER

(*Continued from page 36*)

Hoover's first men in central Europe were scouts, men whom he had selected to survey the situation and inform him. Already in early December Dr. Alonzo Taylor and I were listening for Hoover in Berne to the pitiful plea of representatives of starving Vienna. By January Hoover was well informed as to the problems in various parts of Europe, and his missions were in Trieste, Belgrade, Vienna, Prague, Budapesth and Warsaw, and they were not only investigating, but they were even beginning to deliver food.

In February, Dr. Taylor and I were reporting the German situation from Berlin. It was a splendid thing to be an American representative of Hoover's administration in those wonderful days. Hoover's name was known over Europe; it was one to charm with. When word spread through the suffering countries that Hoover had taken charge of feeding the hungry, the word acted like magic in restoring hope to despairing millions.

When the first food mission to Poland, making its way in the first week of January, 1919, with difficulty and discomfort because of demoralized transportation conditions, had reached that part of its journey north of Vienna which brought it into Czecho-Slovakia, our train was halted at a station gaily decorated with flags and bunting, among which the American colors were conspicuous. A band was playing vigorously something that sounded like the "Star Spangled Banner," and a group of top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen were the front figures in a great crowd that covered the station platform. I was somewhat dismayed by these evident preparations for a reception, for we were not going to try to help Czecho-Slovakia, but Poland. I told my interpreter to hurry off the train and explain the situation.

He returned with one of the gentlemen of high hat and long coat, who said in broken French: "Well, anyway, you are the food mission, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "But we are going to Warsaw. We are only passing through your country; we can not do anything for you."

"But," he persisted, "you are the Americans, aren't you?"

"Yes, we are the Americans."

"Well, then, it's all right." He turned and waved his hand at the band, which responded with increased endeavor to play the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the crowd cheered and waved home-made American flags. And we were received and addressed and given curious things to drink, and a little food—a very little food. We gave them some Red Cross prisoner packages which we carried along for our own maintainance, and then we were sent on into Poland with more cheers and hearty God-speeds.

Hoover's Maps

ALL this time Hoover stayed in Paris with his eye on two of the most remarkable maps that were prepared, I presume, during the entire war. One was a map of the seven seas of the world. The other was a map of Europe showing all the new half-formed and unfrontiered nations

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The R & V Knight chassis and body are of masterful design and construction, as carefully built as the motor—characterized by those refinements in equipment which lift the car from the commonplace.

Until 1910 the car made by this company was known as the Moline; from 1910 to 1913 as the Moline-Dreadnaught; from 1913 to 1919 as the Moline-Knight; and it has now been christened the R & V Knight.

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4 Passenger Sport—2 Passenger Roadster

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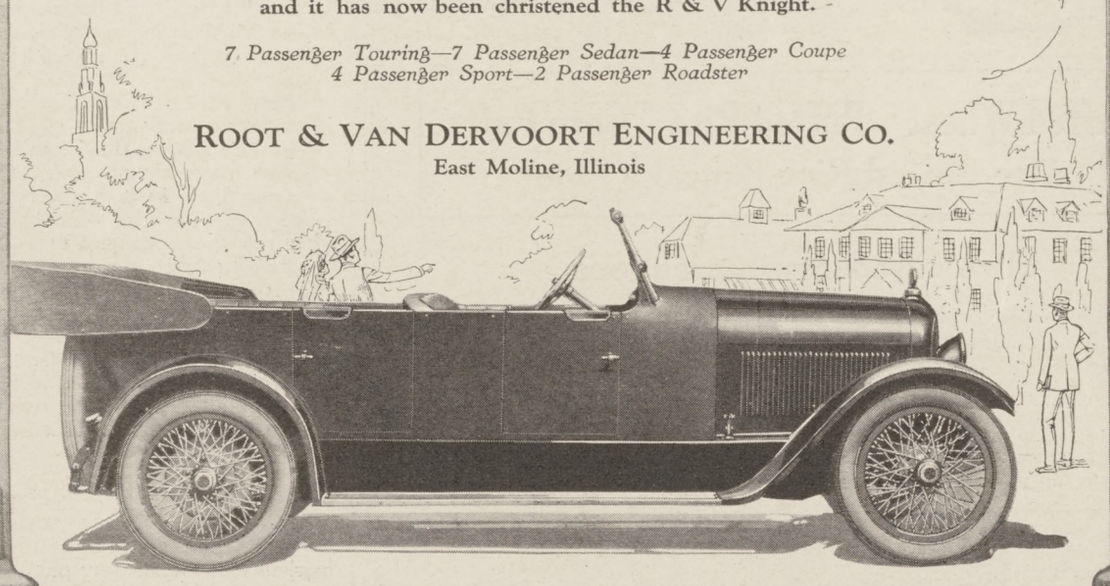

which had been born in the war. The sea map, which hung on the wall of the Food Administration headquarters in the Crillon Hotel in Paris, was dotted with tiny flags—many hundreds of them. Flags of one color showed loaded ships bearing help to suffering millions. Flags of another color showed empty ships returning to America or Canada or South America or China or Japan or Australia or anywhere else in the world where food could be obtained to be reloaded with help for Europe.

Hoover in these days seemed to have his fingers on the remote ends of the earth. He saw not only the dangers of the whole great general situation, but the amount of detail which he carried in his head, minute detail, small facts about food situations or political or military situations in this far-away corner or that, was fatiguingly vast.

"What is the hungriest spot that you've found?" some one asked Hoover as he sat in a chair in the Crillon barber-shop in Paris.

"Armenia," he said without hesitation.

"How hungry are they?" asked the interrogator.

"As hungry as people can get," said Hoover. "They are eating human flesh."

"Cannibalism?" he was asked.

"No, cannibalism is the last step," said Hoover simply; "they haven't gone quite that far in Armenia. They have been eating their dead."

"What is the most difficult agricultural region in Europe?" Hoover was asked one day.

"Northern Finland, I believe," he said. "That part of the world is all flat rock. Black earth blows into small basins in this rock and forms little areas only a few feet in circumference. The Finnish farmers plow up these little areas with sticks, because steel tools would be spoiled on the rock. They do their harrowing with pine trees from which the branches have been partly cut away, for the same reason. Every blade of wheat is hand-tended. Finnish farmers have several of these little wheat gardens. And then the danger of crop failure is so great that after the crop is planted the Finnish farmers go into the woods and take bark from the trees to grind into flour so that if the wheat crop fails their families may have bread of bark during the long winter."

Playing the World

NONE of the thousand stories that came to Hoover from his men in Europe seemed to escape his mind. He listened to them all with extreme interest and seemed to remember them all.

I recall how he was affected by a story from Finland which showed that even while the northern Finns were eating bread made out of bark of trees they were observing the codes of civilization. For instance, the poor people, when they went into the woods to get bark, would take this bark only from dead trees, respecting the rights of the forest owners. Bread made from the inner bark of pine-trees contains a modicum of food value, but isn't pleasant to look upon. On the other hand, bread made from the wood of birch-trees, not the bark, is a very pretty bread, white and attractive, but contains no nutritive substance. Hoover found it very amazing that this white bread made of birch sawdust, but without food value, brought

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more money in the Finnish towns than the rough but valuable bread made out of pine bark.

With the accumulation of all these reports and stories and information about food habits and agriculture from every part of Europe, I suppose it is safe to say that Hoover knew more about the food situation in Europe than has ever before been gathered together in one human head. In his office in Paris, with his fingers on buttons of the mighty machine which he had created, Hoover and his staff did dramatic things.

If the port of Trieste got blocked and food was not permitted to go to the north by that port, Hoover merely pushed a button and out in mid-ocean ships which were heading for the Mediterranean turned north toward the Arctic Circle and came into Baltic and even German ports, and the northern peoples had their food without delay.

Hoover and his men always played two strings, if not more. They were always prepared not only for existing conditions but for anything that might happen, for any change of politics or government or any military exigencies that might arise.

"I'm Working for Hoover"

THE spirit which Hoover put into his wi ling American men in Europe was one of resource and independence. He had so carefully selected his men that in many instances they acted first and told Hoover about it afterward. One of Hoover's rules was that his Army men, although they wore the uniform of the American Army, were not to use military titles. This uniform, only a few weeks before symbol of America's military might, became under Hoover's use of it changed into a symbol of human sympathy and help. And it won its way for Hoover's men through all wire entanglements and obstacles engendered by hate, suspicion and international greed.

The self-reliance which Hoover instilled in his men in Europe brought out a record of fine American deeds. I was in Vienna when the first train of American relief food came in from the south. The Italians were attempting to send in some supplies, but so far all the trains which had started north had been blocked at some border point. The train of American food was in charge of two snappy doughboys, a corporal and a private. When it reached the frontier blockade, the corporal was told that he could go no farther. He asked why.

"Trains are not moving just now," he was answered. "But this train is moving," he said. He called to his private. "Give me my gun," he ordered. With revolver in hand he climbed into the engine and said to the engineer, "Now you go on." And the train went on. When I asked him in Vienna if he had been worried at the border about the customs and military regulations, he answered with a cheerful smile:

"Not a worry. Hoover's men at Trieste told me to take the train through and it was up to me to take her. These wop kings and generals don't count with me. I'm working for Hoover."

But it soon became only too apparent that a new crisis was arising. Wherever suffering was greatest, anarchy and the overthrow of government seemed most

Scene in one of the Hercules Powder Company's packing houses.

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With the increase in the country's population, new agricultural lands are required to sustain it, and these are being secured by reclaiming our vast areas of stump and swamp land. Hercules Dynamite is being used extensively in developing these sources of food supply that have hitherto lain dormant and unproductive.

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In many sections of the country, our Agricultural Service Men are demonstrating the use of explosives to land owners and contractors. If you desire further information, write the Agricultural Department of the Company at Wilmington, Delaware. "Progressive Cultivation", a 68-page booklet, gives full information about the use of explosives for agricultural purposes.

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high German official in a town some miles away. They told their story shortly: "You fellows want potatoes. We know where there are lots of them. You've got more coal than you can use. We'll fix up a deal by which you can trade your coal for potatoes. We want to talk to your coal miners," they concluded.

The German officer had common sense. Instead of sending the American officers to the somewhat inaccessible mines, he asked the mine-owners to come some miles across country to meet the Americans. In one short conference the Americans fixed up the deal. The mine-owners said they would furnish the coal. The German officer said he would permit the trains to pass. The Poles had already said that they would send back the potatoes. The Americans gave their word of honor that the Poles would do this. The transfer was made. The system was established. For months after these American officers had left this district these German mine-owners and the farmers of Poland exchanged coal for potatoes at a fair rate which they had fixed upon between themselves.

Easter Cakes

THE patience and tact used by these Hoover men at times in carrying out Hoover's desires that the hungry should be fed at all costs were supreme. I have in mind an instance in the town of Lodz. A Hoover man in Lodz received a telephone message asking him to hurry to the town of Pabinitz, twenty miles away. The mayor and the board of aldermen, he was told, were besieged in the railroad station by thousands of citizens who wanted to kill them. When the man in American uniform stepped off the train at Pabinitz an hour later, the crowd cheered him and made a pathway to the railroad station. He entered the station and found the mayor and aldermen herded together fearing for their lives. "What's the matter?" he said.

"You've got us into trouble," said the mayor. "You said you were going to send us white flour. Our people always have white cakes at Easter in peace-time and we promised that they should have their white cakes this year. But to-day, when your flour came from Lodz, we found it wasn't white, and now the people want to kill us."

"Where is the flour?" asked the officer.

"No use looking at it," said the mayor. "Here is the bill of lading. It says 'five thousand pounds of dark flour.'"

"But I want to see the flour," said the officer. "Have you opened it yet?"

"No," said the mayor, "the crowd heard about the bill of lading from the station-master and then they went crazy."

"Why don't you come down to the warehouse and look at it?" asked the officer.

"Oh, we'll go down if you'll come with us," said the mayor.

The food man led them out through the crowd, which made way for them. They jumped into an automobile and went down to where the food-cars were standing. The American opened the door, hauled out a sack of flour, and looked at the label.

It was snow-white American flour, from Minneapolis!

"You're in no trouble; I guess I can go back to Lodz," said the officer. The mayor returned to the station square, made a speech to the crowd, the aldermen came out of hiding, everbody gave three cheers for the American officer, and the Pabinitz folks returned to their homes to get ready to celebrate Easter with white cakes.

This toleration of American food men was often put to severe tests. Sometimes the people in one district, after they had been well fed, would fail to realize that the people in some near-by district were hungry and needed food. One American food man, for instance, received an order in the town of Cracow to load thirty cars with pork, lard, corned beef and cottonseed oil, the latter to be used by the Hebrews for kosher cooking. These cars were to go to the town of Lemberg where people were starving. But the American man couldn't get the Cracow railroad men excited about the need for haste. The yard men couldn't get around to loading the cars. For three days he tried to interest them in the venture without success. Finally, one day he took off his American army coat and in his army breeches and leather leggings began the task of loading the cars himself. He succeeded in getting fifteen men, which, of course, was only a handful for the task.

A Cracow railroad official of high standing, who knew the American officer, saw him working in the yards and said to him: "Why is it necessary for you do do this hauling and lifting?"

"Because I can't get enough men to do the job," he said.

This official made a speech to the railroad men in the yard, and the entire yard crew became enthusiastic and he soon had all thirty cars on the way to Lemberg. "I was a soldier in the war," said one of the railroad men, "and when I saw an army officer working with day laborers I felt ashamed of myself. I knew then that he must want the job done."

However slowly things might go in Paris, however deliberate the statesmen might be in reaching their political conclusions, Hoover, who was on the firing-line in the war against Bolshevism, realized that time was the essence of strength in the great combat. He urged haste. He continually pointed out the dangers of new revolutions and of new unsettlements. The statesmen might sit in Paris and make their wise declarations, but Hoover's men out on the firing-line saw these declarations count for naught among the persons with whom they were dealing.

Hoover's men had been able to commandeer the telegraph lines throughout Central Europe and connect them with American Army Headquarters at Coblenz and connect there with Paris. At a time when the statesmen-councillors themselves were unable to communicate freely with many parts of Europe, Hoover was talking between Paris and Vienna, exchanging messages in five minutes. The jealous contending small nations might establish censorships between themselves, they might even refuse to permit their wires to be connected with the wires of other nations, but when Hoover's food men made the connections there was no censorship and no refusal.

Hoover's Eye on the Children of Europe

IN THE midst of his solving of the many complicated political and military problems, Hoover always kept his eye on the children of Europe. His experience in

Does He Know Feet Or Only Shoes?

Ask yourself that question before you entrust your feet to a salesman to have them fitted with shoes. Whether he knows *feet* or not may be the point upon which your present and future foot comfort and efficiency will depend. Just as it is possible for a stupid or ignorant clerk in a drug store to make serious mistakes which a pharmacist would never make, it is possible for an unscientific shoe fitter to cripple a foot and cause endless suffering through lack of that knowledge of foot anatomy and foot needs which is the equipment of all

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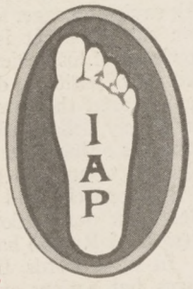
Free Examinations and Advice

to their patrons regarding the care of their feet, the prevention of foot troubles and the correction of such foot discomforts as may already exist. Such preventive and corrective measures are always of a simple nature, consisting of the scientific choice of shoes and the use of such simple mechanical devices in the shoes as may be required for the correction of the particular trouble. Neither style nor appearance of the shoes is ever sacrificed, nor are any larger sizes required.



DOES HE WEAR THIS BUTTON?

This profession of Practipedics is a comparatively new one, being an outgrowth of the last few years, but it has developed wonderfully as its place in the scheme of things became increasingly evident. Now, there are 25,000 people in the United States and Canada who have either graduated in Practipedics or are taking that course. They will be found in the better class of shoe and department stores everywhere, and millions of people already owe them gratitude for their deliverance from torturing foot troubles or for the prevention of such troubles.

Now, the members of this profession have banded together in this Association for the purpose of further improving their usefulness by the exchange of experiences and for the purpose of

Letting the Public Know

about the advantages it will gain by insisting upon the services of a graduate Practipedist—preferably a member of this Association, wearing the button illustrated herewith and displaying his or her Certificate of Membership—in the shoe store or shoe department patronized. If you do not know what stores in your locality are prepared to render this free service to their customers, we will be pleased to send you a list of them upon receipt of your request. You are *entitled* to foot comfort.

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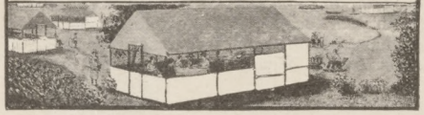

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Belgium and northern France had taught him how necessary was the special care of children. While he was working with the funds which had been put at his disposal by the various governments, he saw that the children everywhere were especially well fed.

And when at the end of his great task the governmental funds were either exhausted or withdrawn, Hoover with the foresight which is one of his most marked characteristics, was in a position to continue feeding two and a half million children of Central and Eastern Europe daily. To this day these children are being thus fed.

Seven and a half million dollars of money from the original congressional appropriation was devoted by Hoover to the special feeding of undernourished children from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Additions to this charity have been made by the eastern European governments themselves and by nationals of these eastern countries who live in the United States. Hoover is determined that the racial deterioration which grew out of the Thirty Years' War and out of the Napoleonic wars must be avoided as far as possible and at all costs, in connection with the great war which has just been concluded.

The children who are the immediately coming generation and who will be the producers of the ones to follow must be cared for. During his relief work Hoover has kept his object in mind, and now that the official duties of the American Relief Administration have ended, Hoover is still spending most of his time and energy in feeding these two and a half million undernourished children of Central Europe.

Hoover became, in a word, general economic and life-saving manager for the eastern European countries. It is from my personal knowledge of his achievements in this extraordinary position during the first eight months after the Armistice that I have declared my belief earlier in this account that it was owing more to Hoover and his work than to any other single influence that utter anarchy and chaos and complete Bolshevik domination in eastern Europe (west of Russia) had been so far averted. In other words, Hoover not only saved lives, but nations and civilizations, by his superhuman efforts. The political results of his work were but incidental to his life-saving activities, but from an historical and international point of view they were even more important.

Altogether twenty countries received supplies of food and clothing under Hoover's general control acting as Director-General of Relief for the Supreme Economic Council. The total amount of these supplies delivered from December 1, 1918, to December 31, 1919, was about four and a quarter million tons, of a total approximate value of one billion dollars.

The twenty countries sharing in the supplies included Belgium and northern France (through the C. R. B.), the Baltic states of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, a small part of Russia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, German Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greater Servia, Turkey, Armenia, Italy, and the neutrals, Denmark and Holland.

A New Weapon Against Bolshevism

IT WAS inevitable that the power which Hoover exerted through the distribution of food should have its influence in holding back Bolshevism. This ham-bone was the mightiest weapon against anarchy that could be swung. Hoover made a rule that food could go only into regions where it could be safeguarded and controlled. That was a smash against Bolshevism. Bela Kun, the Bolshevist dictator of Hungary for a time, when he scorned the advances of all other messengers, graciously received Hoover's American food men and went so far as to permit them to wear uniforms in Budapest. He was able to play a winning game in Hungary against the Peace Conference and the Supreme Council at Paris, but he was outplayed by soft-voiced, square-jawed Captain "Tommy" Gregory, Hoover's general director for Southeast Europe. And it was this same California lawyer in khaki, turned food man, who, when the communist Kun had passed and the pendulum had swung as dangerously far in the other direction, allowing the audacious Hapsburg, Archduke Joseph, to slip into power, had done most to unseat him.

Gregory, by means of the commandeering of telegraph wires, was able to keep Hoover advised of all the news not only promptly but in good Americanese. His laconic but fully descriptive message to Paris announcing the archduke's passing read: "August 24th. Archie went through the hoop at 8 P.M. to-day."

Governments in Central and Eastern Europe that were not orderly and that were contrary to the wishes of the people had little power when they came into contact with the power of Hoover's ham-bone.

I say again, and many men in the governments of eastern Europe and even in the mighty councils at Paris have said, that Hoover saved Eastern Europe from anarchy and held Bolshevism to its original frontier, and that meant saving Western Europe too.

Then Hoover came back to America to be an American private citizen again. That is what he is now.

The story of Hoover—as far as I can write it to-day—is that of an American who saw a particular kind of service he could render his country and humanity in a great crisis. He rendered it, and in so doing he most truly helped make the world safe for democracy and human ideals. It would only be fair to add to his Belgian citation the larger one of Citizen of the World and Friend of All the People. But he would only be embarrassed if any one attempted to do it now. We can safely leave the matter to history.

"THE Little God of Hunches," by Arthur Crabb, is one of the nine short stories in the July EVERYBODY'S. Sam Hicks, whose queer quirks EVERYBODY'S readers are beginning to know intimately, misses his guess at last. It's the other man who has a hunch this time, and Sam who doesn't believe in it. He gaily helps work it out just the same, being interested in lovers as usual, and again furnishes Mr. Crabb with a delightful story, one of the cleverest he has ever written.

Sousa and His Band 1919-1920

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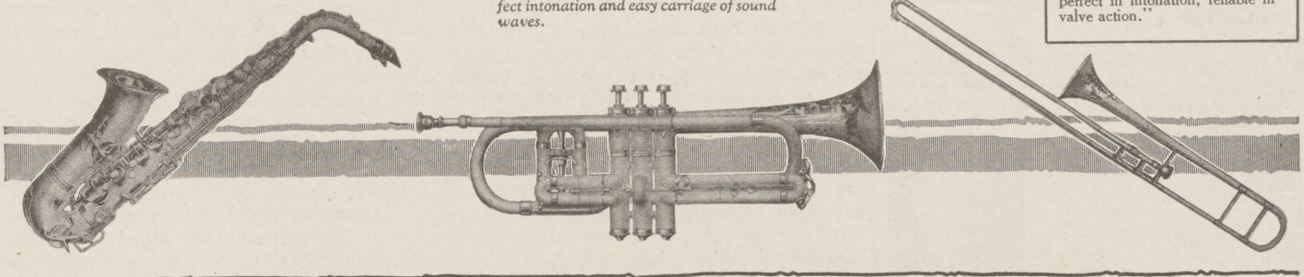
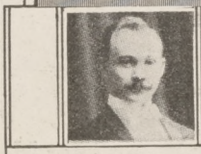
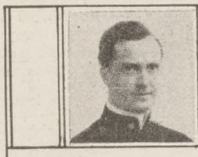




Ernest Pechin, Cornet Virtuoso, Soloist with Innes' and Conway's Concert Bands, pronounced the greatest living Cornetist by both bandmasters. "I find the C. G. Conn, Ltd. Victor Cornet most wonderful in every respect, easiest blowing, most perfect in tune, richest in tonal quality. No other cornet can compare with it."



Ralph E. Corey, Trombone Virtuoso, Soloist with Sousa's Band. "I attribute the success of my career in very great measure to the use of the Conn Trombone, which possesses everything a performer could hope for. I could not possibly do the work on any other make of instrument that I find easily rendered on the Conn."

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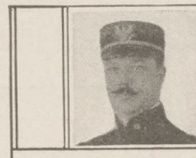

John J. Perfetto, Euphonium Virtuoso and Soloist of Sousa's Band. "The Euphonium manufactured by C. G. Conn, Ltd. stands in a class by itself, far superior to any others I have ever tried, easy to play, rich and powerful in tone, perfect in intonation, reliable in valve action."

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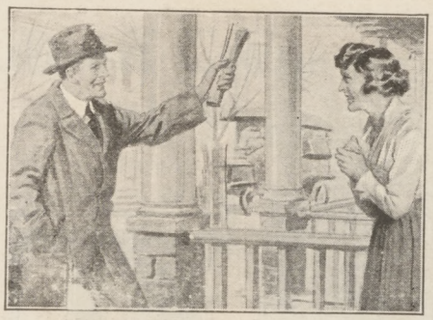

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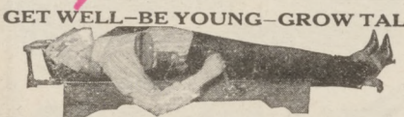

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imminent, and before long we were facing an enemy who was as tangible and real and dangerous as the German army had been. This enemy was Bolshevism. Here arose Hoover's fourth crisis. It devolved upon him and his men, including the representatives of Allied countries, to feed the people and keep them as contented and quiet as possible until the statesmen in Europe had completed their own effort to restore order.

The menace of Bolshevism held out the prospect that all the starving portions of Europe would shortly be flooded with literal anarchy while red and howling death ran over all. Bolshevist Russia, just over the eastern borders, was constantly threatening to come across and engulf them. Russian agents were working everywhere among the people. There were everywhere the sinister signs of the swift advance of the frontiers of Bolshevism.

A Modern Samson

IN PARIS the eminent statesmen and famous generals of the Peace Conference and the Supreme Council sat and debated. They sent out occasional ultimata ordering fighting to cease, ordering the retirement from a far-advanced frontier, and ordering this and that, none of which was obeyed. Interallied economic and military commissions came and looked on and conferred and returned, but nobody stopped fighting, and the conferences settled nothing. The Allies were in no position—this need be no secret now—to send adequate forces to enforce their orders. An Interallied Military Mission of four generals of America, Great Britain, France and Italy started by special train from Cracow to Lemberg to carry personally an order to the Lithuanians and Poles to stop fighting. The train was shelled by the Ruthenians east of Przemysl and the generals came back. Eastern Europe expected the Great Powers to do something about this, but nothing happened; the great men in Paris took no action and the discount of Peace Conference orders became still more marked. Somebody had to do something that counted. So Hoover did it. It wasn't only lives that had to be saved; it was nations. It wasn't only starvation that had to be fought; it was approaching anarchy, it was Bolshevism.

I used to think of the Relief Administration at that time as a Samson wielding not the jawbone of an ass but the thigh-bone of a hog. This thigh-bone was not bare of meat and muscle. It was padded with fat, and in further preparation it had been smoked to a nice, rich, fragrant brown. With this weapon in one hand and with a handshake in the other and a smile on their faces, Hoover's doughboys and navy gobs and officers started out to slay the greater giant of discontent.

The first historical slaughter with this weapon that I am able to discover happened in Danzig. Hoover had rushed food to Europe from America even before he had the money to pay for it. Within a few weeks after the armistice had been signed American food ships began arriving in Danzig, which at that time was a center of German antagonism to Poland. Hoover's men tried to get stevedores to unload the ships. The stevedores went out to the docks, but they wouldn't work. They wanted to hold a debate about money. An American disappeared into the hold of a ship. He shortly reappeared with a hog's padded thigh-bone in each hand. The Germans gazed for a moment or two at the doughboy's weapon and before twenty-four hours had passed the ship had been unloaded without a strike.

In Montenegro, one day, word came to a town where the American Relief Administration men were quartered that a revolution was on foot and that the revolutionists were approaching the town. Two of the food men with motor-cycles loaded up the cars with some of their "weapons" and dashed out to meet the revolutionists. They returned an hour or two later with their side-cars filled with revolvers, rifles and several machine guns. "We just traded ham for guns," they explained. In the area where Jews predominated it was necessary to distribute oils instead of lard for cooking purposes. A vast quantity of fat in this form was sent to those whose religious scruples did not permit them to eat pork.

It would have been impossible, even for a Harriman, to have untangled the railroad situation in Central Europe as it existed because, as I have pointed out, the people of one country wouldn't permit their cars or locomotives to go into another country, fearing that they would not be returned. Hoover ended this condition by asking the Economic Council to take charge of all the railroads in Austria-Hungary and in the new countries which had been created by the war. Before many days had passed the entire railroad system in central Europe was under Hoover's control.

Hoover's men moved locomotives about from one country to another as they pleased, and they took cars where they found them and moved them wherever they were needed. As long as locomotives and cars were in control of the Relief Administration the various nations could not object, and in this way the free circulation of food was brought about. Some of the blood-clots of hate in the commercial veins of Central Europe were purged away.

Hoover often found in one place a surplus of certain supplies with an almost fatal lack of others. Although these supplies could not be bought for money, they might often be traded for necessities in another part of Europe, provided barriers could be removed. Hoover therefore set in motion a system of barter without the use of money between various portions of the countries involved.

Potatoes for Coal

ONE instance of how Hoover's idea of barter worked out runs as follows:

There was a barrier of hate and distrust between Germany and Poland. The town of Posen in Poland had potatoes but no coal. The potatoes couldn't be moved without coal. Across the border in Beuthen, Germany, there was coal in plenty, but the people were hungry. Two Americans jumped into an automobile and started across the German line. The Polish people threw flowers at them as they started on their errand of mercy. But the German soldiers arrested them at the frontier.

"What are you two American officers doing in Germany?" asked a brusk Prussian. "Trying to get you fellows to trade coal for potatoes," said the Americans. The Americans were led before a

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Secretary Kellogg

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$4.609 made in Mousoiri by Mr. Hoover for Commision Reliefof Food Administration.In coaporating with Research Council Dr. Barrows spoke of raising a fund for the children of England, Europs, and Siberia. After that the council held a meeting to talk over the plan, and it was soon adopted. DR. Barrows when he heard that ordered men to go to England arrange things there and get the men interested in the fund. That was most important.Other men went to siberia, andEurope.All soon Or more or less quickly became interested in the fund. Then came aset of delagates to manage the fund.the council set to workon reading papers from the three differ ent territories. Hoover raised$12,645 for the fund by putting taxes on certain foods.

Secretary Kellogg.

Written by Jean Kellogg age 10
in her daddy's Office
in the winter of 1920

1

cision in the contest filed against his election in 1924. Of the remaining three, Senator Blaine took his seat in the Senate at the beginning of the present session of Congress, Senator LaFollette was elected in 1925, and Senator McMasters in 1924.

Compare the list of chairmen for the present Congress with that for the same committees at the beginning of the Sixty-Seventh Congress—the first Congress of the Harding administration. When that reign of normalcy began: Senator Lodge of Massachusetts was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations; Senator Nelson of Minnesota was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary; Senator Colt of Rhode Island was chairman of the Committee on Immigration; Senator Smoot of Utah was chairman of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys; Senator McLean of Connecticut was chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency; and Senator Spencer of Missouri was chairman of the Committee on Claims. The elder Senator LaFollette was chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, the lone Progressive among those then heading these Committees.

The stability of the Progressive movement indicated by the facts heretofore briefly sketched, is now recognized in the Senate. It is not unusual for a resolution providing for the creation of a special committee to specify that it shall be "composed of three Republicans, including one Progressive Republican, and two Democrats." During the interim between the Sixty-Ninth and the Seventieth Congresses several of the Progressive senators formed an informal conference of their own to discuss anticipated legislation. This may be the forerunner of a definite Progressive organization in Congress.

The Progressives hold the balance of power in the Senate today. But that advantage is not particularly valuable because on fundamental issues, particularly economic issues, the Democrats are very likely to combine with the conservative Republicans rather than allow Progressive principles to be enacted into law. However there are some students of public affairs who believe that the present situation may contain the germ of a drastic re-alignment of parties involving the discarding of outworn shibboleths and a division as between conservatism and Progressivism: that is, a distinction with a difference.

HERBERT HOOVER AS WOMEN SEE HIM

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

HOW Cardinal Mercier knew men! During the course of a very memorable interview he said to me:

> Mr. Hoover—Ah, there is a man!—a man the world needs, for it needs synthetic vision. The masses are crying for understanding and constructive help, and yet one after another program fails because those who launch them lack the capacity for the circumferential view and for correlation which Belgium's friend has. He is one of the few men living today whose imagination visions the whole, and who, having seen the goal, can create the mechanism necessary to its attainment and drive to it.

Thus one of the greatest spirits of our time put his divining finger on what distinguishes Herbert Hoover from other men.

His effort seems often but to begin where that of another might end. In all the colossal European war and post-war work, for instance, which the Cardinal had followed, and especially strikingly in that in disrupted eastern Europe, we saw him carry on his beneficent counter-war against hunger, disease and cold. But he did more; he at once began paralleling it with a far-reaching work of economic reconstruction. He saw not only the lives of millions of people threatened, but that nations and even civilizations would go down unless courage and at least a measure of self-sufficiency could be soon restored in the tottering human groups. Ports must be opened, railways rehabilitated, credits advanced, trade and employment made possible. All his business and engineering experience he put at the service of his creative imagination as he constructed his vast humanitarian machine.

It seemed to rise as if by magic, so quickly did staffs and officers and their administrative network cover an imperiled area. In the end the lines stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from the Atlantic to the Volga; from ten to twelve billion dollars had been handled and scores of millions of lives saved. And there was magic in all this. It represented the biggest "big business" the world had yet seen—honest business, sound economics, sound sociology, sound statesmanship, skilled scientific method, tender sympathy with human pain wherever found; but without the welding fire of the creative imagination, Europe would not have been succored as it was. It was there that the magic lay.

I have been asked to write about Herbert Hoover, the man and his world importance, and I find that I have begun at the end, for I believe that when the final estimate of his work is made the emphasis will be placed where the great Cardinal put it. But I should like to leave such appraisal a moment, for a more intimate look at Mr. Hoover as he appears to his friends and neighbors in peace time.

Though in a sense he can count on no period of peace ("Oh, Monsieur Hoover, ce spécialiste dans les calamités publiques," said an ambassador recently arrived in Washington) for his is apt to be the first aid sought now in any catastrophic circumstance. In fact,

the picture uppermost in my mind at this time is of an evening during a breathing spell in his most recent relief undertaking.

The worst flood crisis in our memory had passed. Mr. Hoover had returned from the waste of mud and water and cattle camps and human camps to report the situation and set in motion machinery for further work, and incidentally to check up in his own rather exacting Department of Commerce. We dined with him that first evening. The small table was set on the veranda looking from the rear of the comfortable red brick house on part of Washington's early forest, for the Hoovers have guarded practically all the trees they found on their land.

Below the veranda balustrade in long outer flower-boxes blossomed twenty-four varieties of gourds. The Secretary had planted the seeds before he was called to the flood area (Mrs. Hoover in rivalry setting out corn and tomatoes and beans in the outlying ones) and he had returned to find the first globes forming. He made a humorously meticulous tour of farm inspection before we sat down, walking quietly—he moves quietly, though he always gives the impression of power—tall, very broad-shouldered, his head not lifted but rather lowered as from the habit of thought, his hair, at fifty-four, slightly greying; on one side his adored first grandchild, two-year old Peggy Ann, who so deliciously, at times so comically, resembles him; on the other his dog. His blue eyes vividly reflected happiness in this return to the back porch; he preferred gourd blossoms to all rare blooms, and the gourds themselves to all known farm products. This was necessary compensation farming, offsetting the tribulations of his actual agricultural enterprise in California. Next season he would double the planting!

Then to table—disturbing a little the wrens in their gourd houses at the tops of the veranda columns which had also chosen that hour for their dining. Familiar Leon was putting on the soup plates. Everything had been leading up to this moment. As we sat down we were intensely ready for the tragic, dramatic story, for the big figures, the great plan.

"Do you know anything about quilts?" asked our host. "There's a group of colored flood victims down in Mississippi who can make handsome ones and a white woman who is trying to organize their talents into a supporting industry. We ought to make it possible for that white woman and those colored women to do this. They don't need charity, only constructive help. Couldn't a woman, or several women here, who want to do something about this flood, get behind them?" And he pictured the sanitary central workroom already achieved and the hope of the colored women as they stitched the Rose of Sharon quilts and the Crown of Thorns quilts, until each of us listeners cried "Quilts for all!"

Then he turned from the detail to the whole, painting on a vast canvas, with powerful strokes, the flood picture. Hours were given to problems of finance and engineering, to tracing effects to causes. Who in our country makes so clear, so comprehensive, so thrillingly suggestive a report as the present Secretary of Commerce? But before we left, he returned to the quilts, outlining a plan for securing a market for them. Incidentally, I discovered that he had himself bought enough to make possible an initial "quilt tea" where interest might be kindled. These were already on their way north.

In this simple, characteristic incident, carrying that quality of his that we call his humanness, lies one answer to the question I have several times heard asked, "Why do women find in Herbert Hoover a great leader?"

When in 1917 the United States Food Administration faced its Atlas task, Herbert Hoover said, "We must rely on the women of America to see it through." Without futile talk about women's capacities versus those of men, he assumed that they were equal to the biggest undertaking upon which American women had yet embarked. And he proceeded to lay it out. We remember how.

First of all, women, as well as men, must see the whole before their imagination is fired, for without that quickening, effort dies. He pictured the goal, invented the symbol, the slogan—which of us did not hang up the little window card showing that we had our "visitor in the house"? He drew a straight path, a shining path, between the patriotically manipulated ingredients of a kitchen pot and that line of misery—the bread line of the world. And this was no sentimental stimulus; his peripheral view held always the objective, saw always the vast and complicated organization operating at the tin cup end, before the outstretched hands of children. Therefore, he aureoled the cheated garbage can.

Such pauses as those over the detail of the quilt in the overwhelming flood pattern, or over the Food Administration kitchen apron (it must be the most effective possible, and the proof that it was is its place in the market today) or to interpret the importance of a least act of housekeeping in the vast mosaic of human effort, have their part in the explanation of why he won a loyal and lasting support among women. There is tragic inhibition in adult as well as in child life. His instinct sensed this and he made it possible for the most isolated woman suffering from her conviction of the futility of her apparently petty and unrelated task, to feel her shoulder against that planetary wheel that was grinding the grain of the world's bread. Or, by means of another symbol or logical exposition, he connected her far hilltop or sage-brush plot with a first-line trench. And he freed her from the feeling of frustration as he reiterated that truth (which incidentally his own work has so brilliantly illustrated) that men or women can reveal as much greatness in the amelioration of war's results as in the conduct of war itself.

This type of direction he has given so far as he has

had time to, to our present Better Homes movement and to the work of the American Child Health Association, in both of which he is so genuinely interested. And it will undoubtedly offer the same thrilling experience in service whenever he calls women to work—or men.

And just here I should like to pause. One of the saddest things in our multifarious activity is to see—as we often do—interest awakened, some person undertake with enthusiasm a certain piece of work and demonstrate capacity, and then, once the immediate task is finished, to find him or her dropping back, often with discouragement, into inactivity. The aid hardly knows what he has done, does not see where it leads. Over and over this has happened because after a specific accomplishment the director felt no responsibility for educative review or evaluation. Energy that might have been held for further service has been lost. There has been much social waste here.

Because of Mr. Hoover's habit of such review many people in Europe as well as in our own country enjoy the happiness of increased and increasing usefulness. As I write I read from one of his reports of the Mississippi disaster:

> Some 200 organizations have been involved in the relief operations, the Red Cross taking the major burden. A multitude of organizations have shown devotion and a fine spirit of coöperation and great efficiency in action—the result of all of which is the better care of disaster. This whole relief operation marks a more distinct step in progress in our national sense of responsibility, in effectiveness in saving life and in the mitigation of suffering, than is found ever before in our history.

This happens to be but part of a general statement. Were there time I could list innumerable instances of specific analysis and comment.

I confess to being less interested in Mr. Hoover's having, early in life, reconstructed wrecked mining enterprises across the world, in his having saved so-and-so many millions of people from starvation, in his having steadied these or those nations, helped restore flood-ravaged territories, or built up a department of commerce that has invigorated and stabilized the nation's business—I am less interested in these achievements in themselves, however important, than in what has happened to the ideals and the happiness in work in the men and women with whom and through whom he has accomplished them. For with his kind of leadership, that will to put them through, and that developed capacity that put them through, should be passed on in our social training, insuring future effort and future happiness, and thus add to the nation's true wealth.

I have been asked often, sometimes with annoyance, what is the secret of the extraordinary personal attachment of those who work with Mr. Hoover to their "Chief." Part of it certainly lies here. He takes time to look backward, while he at the same time stimulates a forward-looking attitude, a feeling of continuity in action—one thing but leads to another. In our day of cynicism and disillusionment, is not what we most need to believe, this—that there is always something very much worth doing, and that we can do it? We are grateful to, we attach ourselves to, the man who by example and pronouncement encourages this attitude in ourselves.

Obviously this is no complete explanation, nor could there be one. There are intangibles in such relationships that escape tabulation. However, quite as obviously, certain things are clear. This man whom many see only as building up vast, strongly centralized organizations, some think of as engaged chiefly in decentralizing them. No sooner is the general scheme assured, than the work of relegation begins. Such relegation may be accomplished by one man in one way, by another in another. The way Mr. Hoover does it, that particular gesture of confidence with which he turns over responsibility and control, is apt to win what some call exaggerated devotion and loyalty.

And here is another point. The assistant may have thought of his chief as a superman in brain and skill, as supremely meriting preferment and reward. He sees him brush both aside, while reducing his personal needs to their simplest forms. And what is more stirring, he soon realizes the great dependence, personally, of this person of extraordinary powers, on his group of helpers. Through conferences, through discussion, through confidences, he clarifies his own thought, sharpens his idea. He follows while he leads. It is quite natural that out of the soil of such realization should flower an unusual relationship.

It is amusing to those who know him, to hear the Secretary of Commerce criticized as inexpressive, ungenial. I know of no one who leans more heavily on the companionship of friends and collaborators. His house is open to them. One of them said, as we talked of this, "He makes it necessary for us to defend him against our sense of possession!" There may be debate in the little study with its fire and "smokes" for those who want them, or just quiet talk and gaiety, for he likes good stories and a laugh, and at times the Secretary may turn to his desk and jot down something while the talk continues or the radio or victrola makes music. Whenever he is free he wants his friends about him.

One may ask what these last paragraphs have to do with the question of Mr. Hoover's world importance. Much, I believe. I go back, as I do again and again through the days, to things the Cardinal said: "What the world most needs today is a great leader . . . ." How often he repeated that! To ask what kind of leader Mr. Hoover is, then, is pertinent.

But I must turn from the attempt at a partial answer to that question, to ask another: What beliefs are determining factors in this leadership? One, at least, I think I can indicate.

Hoover believes—and with the passionate intensity of youth—that certain things are worth doing. And

he believes simply and honestly in the capacity of the American people to do them. And that they will do them voluntarily, once they are convinced they should be done. His Credo begins here. Turn again to his work as Food Administrator facing the necessity of unprecedented coöperation and regulation in the use of food. Europe had faced that problem and many of us have seen the bewildering series of spectrum-hued coupons and permits it issued to cover the minutiae of each day's living. They represented the same kind of direction that gave orders to the army. Mr. Hoover saw that system working in Europe; he knew that it would not work here. He knew his United States, that the life principle of democracy is voluntary effort. The government's gigantic system of control must rest on that foundation, otherwise it would have no strength in it. The people who had willed the democracy were capable of self-direction, self-elected sacrifice.

Was he right? Is he right? Let the pages of what is now the history of the United States Food Administration answer. And remember that when ten years ago he put the matter up to our people he had comparatively little authority, little power.

All of which means that Mr. Hoover believes in our democracy as an effective working form of government. There has been much debate of this thesis—not all feel as the Secretary of Commerce does. But all must admit that if improvement or change are needed, they will come because of someone's belief that such improvement is possible and that our people are capable of bringing it about. His positive faith makes him important, not only to us but to the world.

CONVENT NIGHT

By EREC CERE

THERE were thirty-two beds in the dormitory at Saint Genevieve's, four rows of eight alcoves, each separated from its neighbors by full-length, white duck curtains strung on oaken frames lifted seven feet off the floor. Our tiny cubicles were sacred to privacy, small squares shut in by linen walls, every one a castle.

A pale blue chair, Virgin's blue, a pale blue dressing table (but without a mirror) an iron bed painted pale blue, with a ruffled lawn cover in pale blue—thirty-two strongholds, each safe, secure, one's own still retreat. There were no mirrors in the convent except two from-floor-to-ceiling ones in the parlor. We scarcely saw these, however, the frames were too exciting: fat, vine-engirdled cupids with out-puffed cheeks chased each other about those imprisoning rectangles, forever running, never getting anywhere, but fearfully intent upon a mimic haste.

The long stretch of the dormitory, its enormous height from dazzling waxed floor to white, white ceiling made one, even an eight-year-old girl tall for her age, breathless with distances. The room was great in generosity: as if big enough to lose them in itself, it opened its wide, hospitable Gothic windows to the crumpled chain of eleven Alleghany peaks which on west and south and east jealously fenced us about.

There was so much air to breathe, up among those hills. There was so much to see on mountains where color walked, a peripatetic. Never was that paletted horizon still. The very light was diffused, shattered as through a spectrum—sometimes leaves were red, much too young to know the frost; bouldered mountain slopes turned from orange to turquoise in a wink.

On some mornings in early spring as we peeked at the dawn while dressing, our lungs ached with the lively floods of air which rushed at us to be breathed, our eyes ached with the magnificence of the sky and the hills, our hearts ached at our speechlessness before such a liberal earth.

But at night after the wicks were turned down to a glimmer which shed shadows instead of light, dreads or pleasures haunted my alcove and stayed there until the last star had gone.

Walls are such pitiless enemies. What strength is the strength of an eight-year-old against a mighty six-sided phalanx which, through a silence on ear for a sound, advances steadily, steadily. The silence seems almost to ring with sound, as if remembering it, as if wishful of but not quite daring to be an echo, a silence like that in the cup of an old bell that has lost its clapper. Steadily, steadily, come the walls, not like enemies now, certainly not like friends. Small, smaller grows the cube which closes in the air and me.

Shut off are we from the world—so were the holy hermits. Saint Anthony was shut off from the world in the desert. Saint John the Baptist was in the desert too. He ate locusts and wild honey. Wild bees living in wild places make wild honey. One day Major came in covered with burs and wild honey, he had been eating it. Sister Léocadie and I pretended it was such a job to wash him off. Inside, really, all three of us laughed—Major laughed with his mouth a tiny bit. Another time we washed Major for fleas. I must write my father asking if ever he has used creosote. Millions of little fleas came tumbling out. They looked like the puzzling dots which one is asked to count, sometimes.

My! Major is a dog who knows more about good manners than many children do. I must tell my father in that letter that the other day Major ate half of my banana. Of course, he did it to please me because anyone knows that dogs do not naturally like bananas. Another day he ate a piece of my dill pickle; but he spat it out when he thought I wasn't looking. Oh!

PHOTO. BY BACHRACH

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

Mrs. Hoover

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

ABOUT thirty years ago a lithe, blithe young woman arrived in a desert mining settlement, choked with dust and lack of water. Roads—where were they? Housing, sanitation? Of a most primitive sort. Shade trees, gardens—how could there be any, in a world of sand and sun? She looked out on the barren disharmony with eager blue eyes. What great things were doing here, as man pitted his own against Nature's forces, until she yielded her ancient treasure of gold. What stimulus in nearness to the energies winning this battle. How interesting the possibility of achieving here at least a modicum of comfort in living conditions. Perhaps there were, after all, some drops of water daily to be spared, to which some species of plant would thirstily respond. A few women, earlier arrived, had children. There would be opportunity to work and play with them—horseback rides with a train of youngsters over these great flat sandy stretches—there was potential joy.

About a year and a half ago a lithe, blithe woman passed through a high-grilled gateway into the green-swarded, tree-embowered beauty of the national executive inclosure, in the midst of which is set, in soft white loveliness, the Executive Mansion. From the rhythmic pillars of its central portico spread friendly wings at either side. She surveyed this scene, rich in harmonies of Nature's and of man's contributing, with eager blue eyes. How wonderful to be able to touch the subtle, potent influences that have flowered up through a people's developing and were here caught and held where, in a sense, that people might look at itself as in a mirror—see there what it aspired to be! Sometimes the nation got discouraged with itself; but it was, after all, always better than the sum total of its daily effort, just as an individual was. And this "better" in a very real, though intangible, way it expressed in its national home, in the actual building and in what happened there.

How interesting that within these historic walls, despite the artificial forms inherent in the setting up of a governmental structure, living could be kept simple, natural, true, as the people would have it! . . .

The Student of Humanity

A WOMAN whose husband's profession carried her to parched Kalgoorlie; or to remote reaches of Russia; or to Tientsin in the throes of a Boxer Rebellion, where bullets whistled gayly through her windows and shells tore their way from the back of the house out through the front door, might be expected to develop a hesitant, critical attitude of approach. Mrs. Hoover never has. Challenges to courage of every description she has encountered. She bore her children where she could. Some women cannot take their babies from Washington to New York without getting them out of order. She often had to pick her two boys up at a moment's notice and head for a frontier outpost. She made no fuss about it, and mostly they kept well. Before her first-born was three years old, he had been around the world three times. There was a day in China when the young mining engineer pushed desperately along eighty miles of railroad carrying his unconscious wife from Peking, where there was temporarily no doctor, to Tientsin, where somebody might be able to save her life. But none of these experiences have lessened the force of Mrs. Hoover's presumption that there is something interesting in every situation.

In law a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. So with Mrs. Hoover. She presumes that a person, a village, *is* interesting, has something to give her, where many would demand that the place or the person first prove this. Which means that she accepts the whole of life's offering; therefore her life is exceedingly rich.

The biologist would classify her as gregarious! Her presumption in favor of people, her human interest, lead her beyond the individual to the many; she likes human contacts. Indeed, one usually sees her in the midst of a group. In California girlhood days she delighted the round-up of neighborhood children with successive installments of some invented serial; in college, she was the life of excursions and collective enterprises; later she helped develop university clubs, community and national and international organizations. Much as she loves mountains and sea, streams and trees, people are the most interesting part of her world. Because they give her something, something she prizes. Because, instinctively, utterly naturally and undeliberately, she wants to give them something. The quirks and queernesses of people do not trouble her. On the contrary, she has the artist's delight in them as the flavor of personality and character. This is the kind of interest which makes any cross-section village or town gathering, with its doctors' and pastors' wives, its teachers and shopkeepers and mothers and workers in every field, infinitely richer in meaning than any social group all of a type could be. It is an interest which, when carried further, has produced the great epic stories of our people.

A White House usher, ripe in four decades of experience, said, "I have been stirred by the revelation of the past year. I am the one who accompanies, day after day, the hundreds and thousands who are presented to the First Lady. I thought of her as an unusually intelligent and unusually trained person who would meet this continuously inflowing tide of citizens in an executive, effective way. But little by little I came to realize that capacity and training were not the major factors in the situation. The striking, moving factor was that despite this physically wearying, apparently never-ending line of invading humanity, here was just a simple, human woman who *wanted* to see every one of these people."

WHEN LOU HOOVER WAS TWENTY-ONE AND A BRIDE IN FAR-OFF CHINA

The First Lady is not essentially different from other women. She has what other women have, but in different proportions. Nor does living in the White House mean to her a new set of attitudes and interests. It merely gives her a unique opportunity to expand those she has always had. So she welcomes it, likes it.

Now beyond Mrs. Hoover's fundamental attitude of favorable presumption, what is her make-up? Had a painter truly painted her, what would shine from her portrait as we approached it from across the room? First, from her face, with its lovely oval line, broad forehead, generously spaced blue eyes, and lips set for a smile, certainly this spirit of good will. Then from the whole straight, vibrant pose of her, vitality.

The Friend

HER outstanding characteristic is a peculiar mental and physical vitality, a bubbling, outpouring vitality, a physical and mental tirelessness. This is something we cannot, by our own willing, acquire; it is something brought to fortunate ones in the stream of inheritance. And it is quite apart from brain capacity. One person may have a good brain and keep it busy; another may have a similar brain, but tire easily, not use it much. X debates all night, Y wearies in two hours. Ask the scientist whence this vitality comes, and he replies, "We don't know—it is due to a certain arrangement of chromosomes and genes, but the true whence and why of it are mystery still."

Sometimes this endowment of intense vitality concentratedly turns inward, as it has, for instance, in Madame Curie. In the lonely attic room of her student days, in the later cold, leaky lean-to shed where with sublime patience she broke through, one by one, the walls that had from the beginning of knowledge shut from us the light and power of radium, in the laboratory, in her pursuit of truth since then—always she has shut herself away from the outside world.

Or such vitality may reach outward as it does in Madame Curie's sister, Doctor Dluska, a physician, director of a large sanatorium, today the almost incredibly active executive secretary of the committee that has achieved the concrete realization of her sister's dream of a radium laboratory and cancer hospital for Warsaw. Partly because of Doctor Dluska's outward-streaming vitality, the gram of radium which American women last year gave Madame Curie will soon be put to its beneficent uses in Poland.

Mrs. Hoover's type of vitality is that of Madame Curie's sister.

Her marvelously enriching gift—for it enables her to do much more than others less fortunately endowed—is not manifested in abstruse debating, yet she is keenly intelligent and her knowledge covers wide fields. Though she would be interested in some problem of economics if the President were discussing it, her chief reaction would be to see that the persons responsible for its solution were taken care of, made comfortable and happy.

Her vitality centers on human interest, on people, their sorrows and joys; but she is always more apt to see the humor than the bitterness in things—her laugh is hearty and infectious. It is manifested in amazing activity,

Dish Gardening

By PATTEN BEARD

The Garden of Lan Fang was built in a dull-blue Japanese dish. It reproduces a real garden with tiny fence and gate, green trees, garden pool, stepping-stones and lanterns.

The Pathway, a dish picture of a rocky meadow.

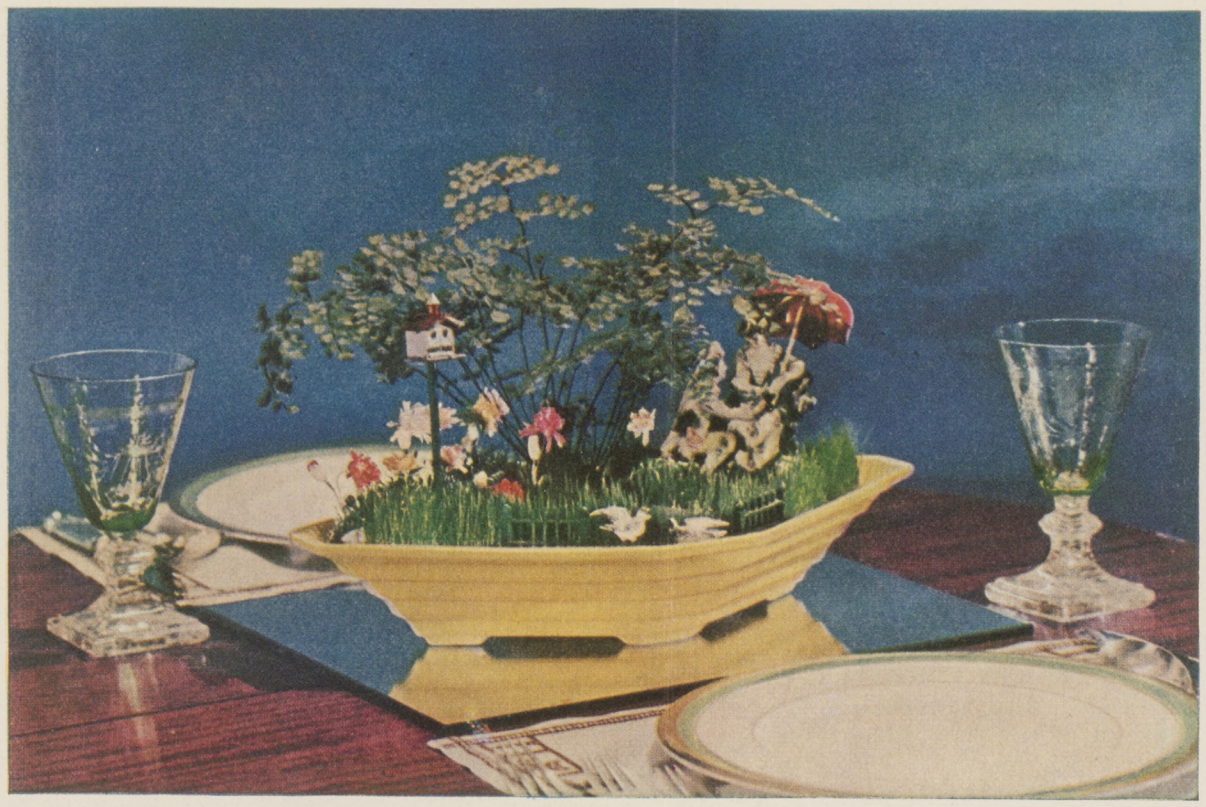
THE practice of making dish pictures is centuries old. It originated in Japan. There it is an art governed by schools and formulas of construction and plant culture which we busy Westerners have no desire to follow, even had we the poetic and artistic background of that wonderful nation of artists whose diminutive landscape pictures in metal or pottery bowls have been copied everywhere by those who love to bring Nature indoors in barren winter months to make decorative plant interest in the home.

For many years we have had the so-called Japanese dish garden in its commercial form, but this is not true to its Eastern origin and is often monotonous and uninteresting. It is made to sell and made by those who are commercial. In it the same plants repeat endlessly the jumbled

(Continued on Page 210)

Other articles on Gardens will be found on pages 205 to 209.

Photographed in Natural Color by Nickolas Muray



The Lovesome Spot was designed for use at a shower-luncheon party. A golden English pottery dish was used, with maidenhair fern for shrubbery, pool and bird house for accent. A path of slated stepping-stones led to the lovers, made of Staffordshire pottery and about five inches in height.

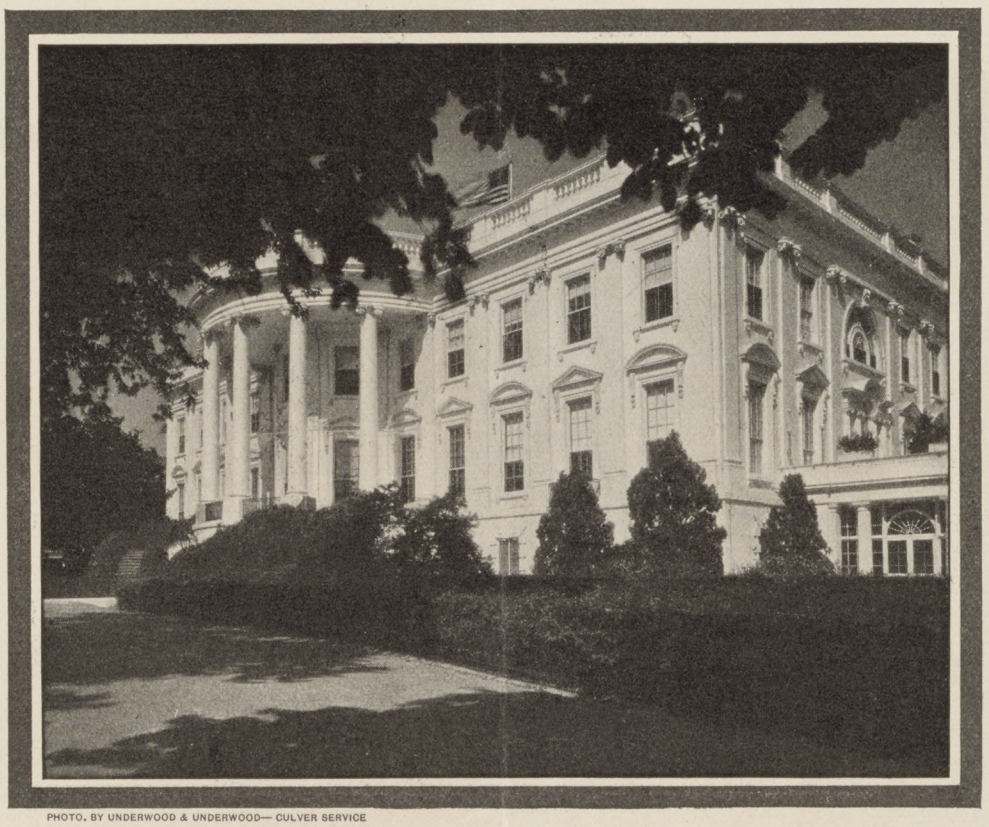


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD— CULVER SERVICE

in generosity, in an outpouring of friendship, in an unwearying thoughtfulness, an unfailing consideration of others. She has an unusually developed sense of doing things for other people. Wherever she has been she has left a trail of kind things, of friendly things, done. To such a degree has she carried her passionate art of sharing that a friend said to me once in the S Street house in Washington, "Haven't you the strange feeling here of our having to defend the Hoovers against our sense of possession?"

Before we analyze further this blessed quality of vitality, let us look for a moment at its simplest manifestation in the First Lady's day. As mistress of the nation's home, it enables her, I repeat, to put enormously more personal thought and direction into her task than those with less energy could give. She begins where all true housekeepers begin, with the daily meals. She looks over the menus, knows what is going to be served. She gives orders as to certain ways which meats or fish or vegetables should be cooked, because "the President likes them that way"—does just what any wife would do to keep her husband happy. And how often she has thrilled a guest by remembering that he especially liked this or that. Only the other day—one of the busiest White House days—utter surprise and pleasure lighted up the face of one such visitor when a small apple tart topped with whipped white of egg and cream was set before him—his favorite birthday dessert; it *was* his birthday and she had remembered!

The Homemaker

SINCE so many gifts inundate the Executive Mansion, one might expect them to be accepted more or less casually. They are not. If they happen to be food, Mrs. Hoover interests herself in seeing that they are especially prepared. When they appear at the table they are commented on, and the comment is apt to be of this nature: "This marmalade came from the South. I wonder if Mrs. A made it herself."

PHOTO. BY P. & A. PHOTO

GIRL SCOUTS AND HORSEBACK RIDING ARE TWO ACTIVITIES THAT GREATLY INTEREST MRS. HOOVER

Or: "These chocolates from New England were made by Mrs. B. I must get her recipe." Such things mean something to her, and her interest concentrates not on their size or value, but on the personal contribution in the offering. One remembers, as one listens, a saying of the President's, "The time will come when people will not ask who paid for a thing, but who built it."

And then one remembers this something more: that invariably the Hoovers' pleasure in such gifts is rooted in their joy in sharing them. At breakfast beside a silvery, starry Christmas tree, after the distracting last Christmas Eve fire, with smoke still in the air, and when on the President's mind was the whole question of where the nation's business was going to be conducted on that and succeeding days, he suddenly set down his coffee cup to say across the table, "Mother, there are all those men downstairs who expected to have Christmas Eve and morning with their children and their own trees, and instead have been tied up here hard at work all night rearranging telegraph and telephone lines—and there's that big box of fruits and candies just arrived from the West. Can't we have someone pull the top off it and tell those men to dive in? Tell them to take all they want for their families, and there'll be plenty left for us too." Ah, there was the characteristic note; this was not merely giving, it was sharing.

PHOTO. BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The menus and table arrangements having been considered, there comes the general review of the Mansion itself. In so large an establishment the housekeeping is, of course, well systematized; a competent, cheerful staff see that each morning the nation's house is ready for the arduous day's demands upon it. One might think that if its mistress did not add to her heavily charged program time for especial thought of the arrangement of the rooms for the day those going in and out would not be conscious of something missing. But just here lies the difference—they would be!

Is tea to be served in the Red Room, and for a dozen? Then, "Wouldn't it be more cozy to have the table here and the chairs grouped in this or that way? Those pink roses there, perhaps, and the new photographs of the grandchildren, Peggy Ann and Peter and Joan, here. Yes, the fire is properly laid, but that can hardly be, on the mantle above it—yes, it *is*"—laughingly, but firmly—"a speck of dust!" Will there be tea in the Blue Room for thirty, or in the dining room for several hundred, or out under the magnolia trees for more? Will breakfast or luncheon be served on the porch overlooking the south lawns and trees and fountain? Then, such and such arrangements of tables and chairs would be pleasant. It is just this intensely interested attention, which to some might seem superfluous, to details over and above the general housekeeping that gives the atmosphere of the White House its individual note of today. Its objective is comfort, lack of setness, warmth.

Mrs. Hoover has a quick eye, an almost uncanny awareness of atmosphere. Over the President's desk in the S Street house hung the engraving of Lincoln and his cabinet which now hangs in the study in the White House. Hundreds had looked at it literally hundreds of times, yet apparently only Mrs. Hoover had noticed that a chair at the right had four little clover-leaf openings carved near the top of the back. She had not been long in the White House when one day she saw tucked away in an unimportant corner a small chair with four clover-leaf openings carved on the back. "But surely, I've seen that chair before"—and in a flash she remembered the engraving. The chair was promoted to a place beneath it and a search was made through the house for others; today there are four in the President's study.

Other furniture and works of art that particularly interest this President and First Lady have been given new rank. The large portraits of George and Martha Washington now add welcoming meaning to the great East Room, and the Monroe settees and chairs have been brought up from the ground floor to make this apartment more comfortable.

But though she is constantly rearranging, all about the White House are evidences of strong attachment to old things and old ways. For decades the Mansion has had

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—CULVER SERVICE

THE STATE DINING ROOM, WHERE THE CHARMING INTIMATE MEALS WITH PREMIER MACDONALD AND ISHBEL WERE SERVED

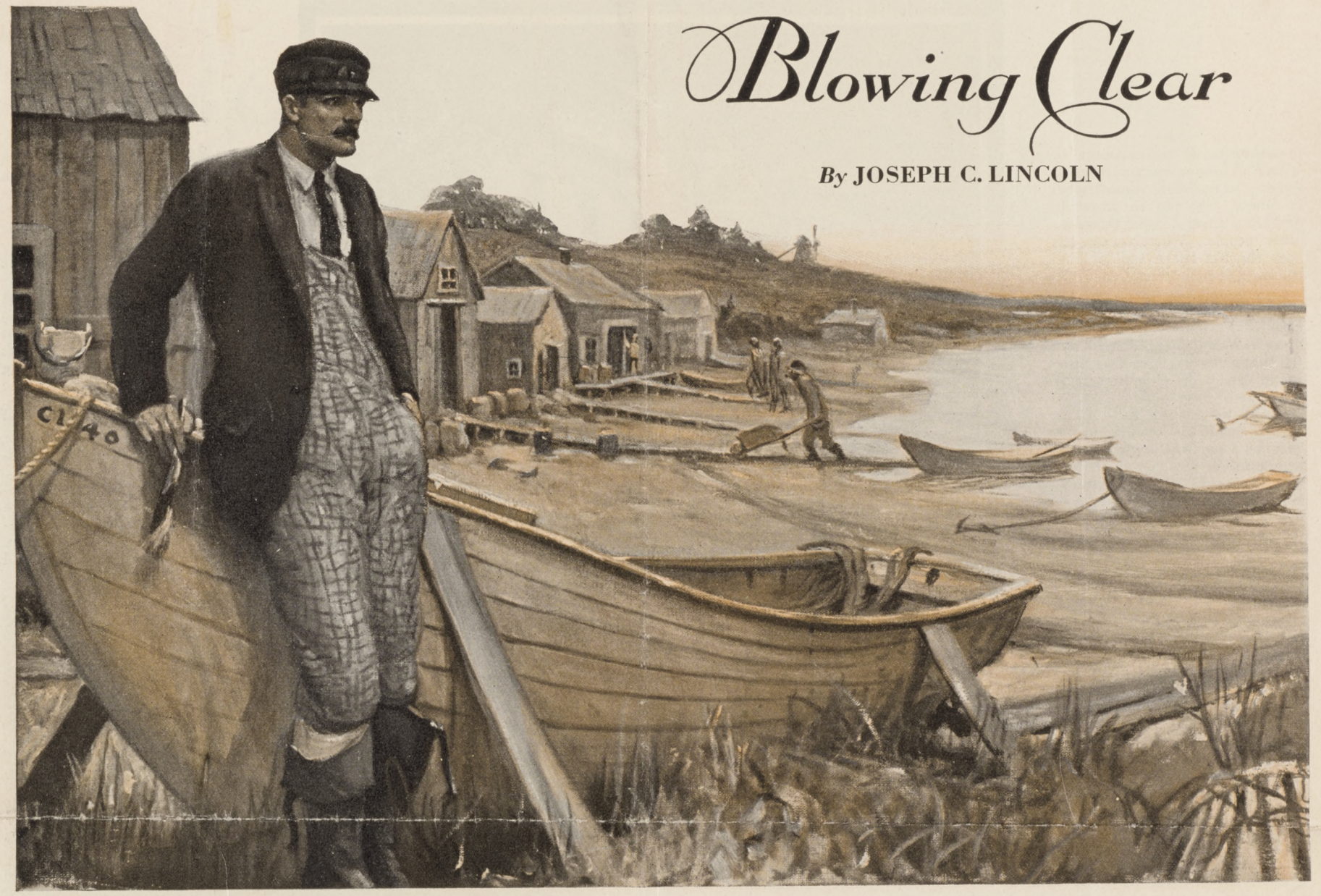
very few of the small accessories of beauty that give "atmosphere," so that each President's wife brings with her her own personal treasure. In the rose drawing-room upstairs are the Chinese screen and Chinese lamps of S Street, on the piano the photograph of Mrs. Coolidge—there was a true affection, there is a continuous friendship and interest, between Grace Coolidge and Lou Hoover. In the President's study is the picture which, ever since the war, has hung where he works, the picture of a Belgian woman painted against the background of her ruined village, in her face all of war's tragedy.

The First Lady

BOTH the President and Mrs. Hoover are interested in the history of the White House furnishings and have read all the books to be found on the subject. They ask what their previous uses have been, the inclination being to preserve the best of the old, while making the Mansion practical and homelike. Nor in this interest in furnishings have the servants' quarters been overlooked. There has been, since 1909, an inventory kept, but this has been primarily a mere listing for insurance purposes, the "one mahogany table, second floor" type of inventory. Mrs. Hoover is instituting a card-catalogue system, which will record the history and legend of each article and indicate its approximate location.

The table, the rooms—then some attention must be paid to the wardrobe. Again, though busy mistresses might leave selections and decisions largely to others, Mrs. Hoover prefers making them herself. In parenthesis, one may add that she seems always to be knitting a sweater for a grandchild, or a couch cover for a son, or a muffler for a friend. In her choice of clothes, determining criteria are simplicity and informality; she especially likes sports and outdoor garments. But though this is true, she does not neglect that part of the wardrobe important to a First Lady who represents her country before all the other countries of the world.

(Continued on Page 182)



Blowing Clear

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

WHEN his wife deserts him to run off with another man, life loses its savor for John Huyler Heath. Disillusioned and embittered, he forsakes his trade as a cabinetmaker, turns his back on the Maine town that has meant both happiness and misery, and after several years of alcoholic wandering finally finds a haven in the village of Nauticook on the Massachusetts coast.

Here he becomes a sober, industrious "codder," whose armor of reserve his fellow villagers have as yet failed to pierce. The little he says is clothed in a mild sarcasm, his pessimistic philosophy is embraced in two words, "All nothin'." His domestic arrangements are in the hands of Lorenzo Weeks, a man of all housework.

Suddenly, after eight years, the calm of John Heath's life is broken by the receipt of a letter from an Ohio clergyman. John Heath's wife has died, leaving an orphaned boy, eleven years old, and the boy, it seems, is Heath's own son, born in 1893, about eight months after the woman deserted her husband.

Much against his will Heath arranges a meeting with the minister and Raymond Condon in Boston, with the result that Raymond returns to Nauticook ostensibly to visit his new-found "Uncle John."

The boy's coming gives John Heath a new interest in life. Encouraged by a friendly summer resident he resumes cabinetmaking and builds up a paying business. He enlarges and modernizes his little home. He sends Raymond to college. All his thoughts and ambitions are for Raymond. His dreams are of a day when *his* boy can at last be permitted to know the secret of his paternity.

The days are lonely ones with Raymond away at college, and domestic arrangements at Seven-up, the Heath home, are anything but satisfactory, for Lo Weeks is having one of his periodical spells of religion. Lo neglects his duties and hints that he needs assistance. Heath does not want to discharge his factotum, and so he inserts an advertisement for a housekeeper in the local paper. He journeys to a neighboring town to interview Mrs. Susan Harwell. She impresses him mightily, but as she has another offer in Nauticook no definite arrangement is made. Heath returns to Seven-up and finds the supper table laid for three. Lo Weeks appears, garbed in his Sunday best, hems and haws, and then introduces Mrs. Hulda Bascom, one of the lights of the evangelical Society of the Pure in Heart, as his bride. Lo, it appears, has found a housekeeper of his own choosing.

IX.

THERE was a great deal of talk during supper. The newly wedded pair furnished almost all of it. They were far too excited to eat and they explained and narrated alternately or in chorus. John Heath said little and ate less. He was dimly conscious that the food was better cooked and served than any he had tasted at that table for a long time, but appetite was lacking. A person who has been sandbagged and whose brain is still bemused from shock is not likely to be greatly interested in food. As for talking—well, there was a sufficiency of that, and more would have been superfluous. With Mrs. Weeks speaking shrilly and continuously and Lorenzo—when he felt an interjection necessary—trying to outshout her, even listening with comprehension required more stability of mind than Heath possessed just then.

He gathered that the marriage was a sort of spur-of-the-moment affair. Of course, so Hulda explained, with an elephantine simper, there had been what you might call an understanding between her and Lorenzo for some time. They had realized that they were just suited for each other; both of them all sole alone in the world and both interested in the same things, as you might say. And she had seen from the very first that the poor dear soul—with a beaming smile across the table at her husband—"needed somebody to look after him and keep his feet in the straight and narrow path. . . ."

And so on. The Society of the Pure in Heart was about to lose its preacher, he had received a louder call from another congregation in New Hampshire, and, as Mrs. Weeks declared with the enthusiastic approval of her husband, he was a perfectly wonderful man and everybody thought *so* much of him. He, it seemed, had been let into the secret of the understanding between his two parishioners and had expressed his regret at not being permitted to remain long enough to join them in wedlock. And then one of the pair—Hulda said it was Lorenzo, but Lorenzo looked surprised when she said it—had been inspired to suggest that he do it that very day. After all, what was the use of waiting?

After the ceremony they had dined together at the Wayfarers' Rest and then, after a few hours of preparation on both sides—preparations for something evidently to be disclosed later—Hulda had hastened down to Seven-up to help prepare the supper they were now enjoying.

"Huldy, she done 'bout all the cookin'. Pretty good job, too, I call it; don't you, Hi?"

John Heath asked a question then, one which had been forcing itself upon his attention during the latter part of the touching love story.

"Well? And what's next on the program?" he inquired.

Bride and groom looked at each other. Hulda simpered and Lorenzo looked particularly foolish.

"You tell him, dearie," urged the lady.

"Well—er—well, I tell you, Hi. We hate to leave you all alone, but if you can get along by yourself for a couple of days we was cal'latin' to go up to Brockton on—on what you might call a weddin' trip. We're goin' over to Denboro tonight—Huldy's got cousins there, you know. We'll stay to their house till tomorrow mornin' and then we'll take the early train to Brockton. Be back Wednesday. Think you could spare me that long, Hi? 'Twould be kind of nice if you could."

Heath thought he could and said yes so promptly that Lorenzo seemed rather taken aback.

"I—that is, we realize it'll be kind of hard for you, but—well, you see how 'tis. Fellow don't get married every day in the week, now does he? We'll wash up dishes and the like of that afore we go. You needn't worry about that part."

So far as the dishwashing was concerned Heath was not in the least worried. He was, however, recovering slightly from the effects of his sandbagging and other matters were beginning to trouble him.

"You'll be back Wednesday," he repeated. "Um-hm. Then what?"

The couple again exchanged looks. Lorenzo spoke hastily. "Oh, we've got that all planned out," he declared. "Somethin' you said to me a spell ago give me the notion. You see ——"

"Dearie!"

"Eh? . . . Yes?"

"We agreed we wouldn't talk about that yet. Now you help me clear off; we'll have to start pretty soon."

Mrs. Hoover

(Continued from Page 25)

Preceding the state dinner for eighty-one given in honor of Prime Minister MacDonald, when the guests had assembled in the white East Room and the appearance of aides in gold-braided uniforms and the traditional fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Chief Executive, there was an eager leaning forward. And as the President entered, with Mrs. Hoover on his arm, in periwinkle-blue velvet with a long train, her lovely white hair waved youthfully back from her forehead, the blue of her eyes which radiated friendliness heightened by the velvet's blue, there was a moment of thrill and admiration.

But a brief article can no more than hint at activities such as those incident to housekeeping and wardrobe, whose place in the White House day, seen in its larger aspects, is, after all, so subordinate that we are apt to forget they exist. Therefore, I have referred to them here before further attempting to analyze that gift of mental and physical vitality which makes it possible for Mrs. Hoover to give as much thought as she does to "lesser" duties.

Vitality is inherited, though environment, what we call conditions of education, can develop and accentuate it, as they have in Mrs. Hoover. We have learned scientifically in the past fifteen years more about the influence of environment than in all time before, more about the positive reality of it, just as we have about the positive reality of heredity. In using this new knowledge in analysis of character, we turn a spotlight on its composition. Heredity determines the possibilities of an

(Continued on Page 185)

There is a terrifying and brutal element in the forced intimacy of married life that corrodes and destroys its fineness. Marriage is an art; it has its rules, its mode of procedure, its technic, and if a woman wants to deliver marriage from the well of stagnation it has fallen into, she must safeguard her premises by an elimination of the ugly familiarities of close living. This is the scissors that cuts and undermines its strength. I have seen few lastingly happy marriages; one of the rare exceptions is my own mother's and father's.

To love with greatness is to touch the heart of things. It can teach us more in one experience than all the events and circumstances of the world can teach us in a lifetime; but what I am contending is that love is not all of life. It is only a part of life, a magnificent part, one that makes the pageant of it, and the poetry and the beauty. It underscores it and emphasizes it; but when it becomes rapacious and controlling, women pay too heavy a price. I have never let any emotion dictate to me or make laws for me.

Once in my life I was called upon to prove that love was not the whole of life;

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might find it sufficiently taxing in this field of entertaining to do no more than receive the armies of school children—who come from as far away as Michigan and Illinois—which with each return of spring inundate the capital, and the groups of young people who follow them.

Mrs. Hoover's interest in our public schools—she insisted that her own two boys should graduate from them—is so keen that she welcomes any opening to keep in touch with them.

Added to the above multitudes are the ceaseless numbers of just individuals of this and other countries wishing to be presented. They are arranged for in smaller groups, customarily in the afternoon at teatime, but often, too, during the morning or early afternoon. Then, while these seemingly constant receptions progress, there are hospitals and homes, girl-scout headquarters, institutions and celebrations of every description to be visited and encouraged. And into the fleeting interstices of the fantastically filled day must be fitted supervision of several aids and three secretaries, and a correspondence so formidable that one wonders what courage is equal to approaching it. Of course it has been impossible from the first for Mrs. Hoover to attempt to read and give thought to every written communication addressed to her. She has not hours enough in the day to read them all, even had she nothing else to do. So one secretary opens and glances through the mail, distributing it according to its content to other secretaries for attention. Particularly, because she is so much moved by misfortune, did she try to have someone consider every appeal for help. But as the size of her task loomed, she was forced to concede that such philanthropic work must, after all, be relegated back to local organizations designed to perform it.

Does the importance of Mrs. Hoover's inherited physical and mental vitality begin to appear? Or of her good will? Her tolerance? Intelligence means tolerance, and she has it in broad measure. Not the shilly-shally kind, for, though respecting the opinions of others, she adheres firmly to her own standards. It is the kind that says, "I understand how you see it, and you have a right to your way of seeing it." All these things mean swift, direct approach, without wasted time.

The Outdoor Woman

SOMEONE has said that the joy of a soul, its capacity for play, is a measure of its force. Mrs. Hoover has always played, she likes to play today. She encourages children to play, is not afraid of what they will do. And she has nerve and calm if they appear to be in danger. At the close of the war, when part of the French army was returning to Lunéville, where she happened to be, she noticed that a crowd had gathered in the square in front of her hotel and that its attention was riveted on some point beyond her window. Looking out, she saw her small boy, Allan, tiptoeing along the narrow cornice across the front of the hotel! She remained silently and calmly at the window until he was within reach.

No load of official protocol will ever crush, in Mrs. Hoover, buoyancy and spontaneity. She will go through with her stupendous program without sparing herself and with vivid interest in each part of it; but at its end she must, as must the President, find somewhere, somehow, a quiet, informal hour with friends. Hence the number of intimate suppers and picnics that still manage to get squeezed into the month. They did not, when they moved from S Street to the White House, start an entirely new kind of life and entourage; they took their old friends with them to share their larger environment.

The President has never been dependent on exercise, and he now has the morning medicine-ball practice. Mrs. Hoover, who has always tramped and camped and bicycled and ridden horseback, has always been an active, bubbling woman of the West, a kind of personification of its buoyancy, now has but a most curtailed opportunity to do any of these things. Week-ends at the Rapidan Camp, which she loves, offer something, but they are infrequent.

Yet when she first drove a car out through the White House gates and down into the greenness of Virginia, some murmured disapproval. I like to remember what a leader of the Democratic opposition said to me at that time: "I haven't told her so, but I would like Mrs. Hoover to know with what gratification and admiration many of us watch the way she is conducting herself as First Lady. How we applaud her success in proving this position can be occupied naturally, unartificially, humanly, honestly. That people of all degrees can be received with simplest cordiality, without fluff and feathers, yet with appropriate dignity. That a woman can remain the fine woman she is despite office. How it did me good to see her drive her car! Why shouldn't she, if she wishes to? In this democracy are White House walls those of a medieval autocracy?" That was a genuine tribute, for being oneself in the White House is, after all, vastly different from being oneself in another house.

The Leader

WASHINGTON attracts preferment seekers from all quarters; here there is a concentration of wealth, the atmosphere is surcharged with false appraisals, with the "I go where my brother cannot" attitude. The Hoovers crash through all of this. For them the White House is a great mixing bowl; one always goes away from gatherings there realizing the mixed elements of our society.

With the conception of all our people as part of one fabric, with this sense of loyalty to the whole body, run strains of intense individual loyalties. We might make a whole group of Mrs. Hoover's loyalties—to connections, aids, servants, friends; to organizations, to schools she has attended, towns she has lived in, to her country. In selecting a helper, she would choose not a more attractive person, but rather would honor an old friend. In doing so her judgment might at times err, but on the right side. Once she said, "I have gone all round the world looking for the best place to bring up boys in, but I have never found a better one than the Stanford campus from which I started."

So brief a sketch as this must omit overtones—all the iridescence, the artistic play of a temperament sensitive to the most fugitive presence of beauty, all Mrs. Hoover's indefinable charm and graciousness, which are interestingly and happily the notes of the new decade we are entering. No one is better qualified than she to lead us in our return to a more cultivated expression of life than that characterizing what Mary Roberts Rinehart calls "the chaotic decade" from which we have just emerged. . . .

More than a year has passed since the lithe, blithe woman whom we had made the Lady of the Nation crossed the White House threshold. Today she looks out from it to the one hundred and twenty-five millions, her people, her family, with blue eyes in which the meaning has deepened. She has liked being in the White House even more, perhaps, than she expected to.

Good will, intelligence which squares to truth and reality but which holds always a favorable presumption; vitality, spontaneous, joyous, outflowing physical and mental vitality; loyalty, tenacious, expressing itself in what many would call superfluous remembering, loyalty that changes not—are not these precisely qualities to which we aspire for ourselves collectively, which we covet for the American people? How fortunate, then, that Mrs. Hoover, as she brings to the crowded hours of the White House day her loveliness, her buoyancy and eagerness, typifies them to us!

(Continued from Page 182)

individual, while environment makes of that individual, inside the limits of heredity, what he is. Heredity determined Lou Henry's possibilities; environment, how much they would get used. With her heredity she might, under a different environment, have turned out to be a woman distinguished for quite different activities.

If we attempted to chart in an extremely simplified way her make-up, we might set down something like this:

HEREDITY

Intelligence; physical and mental stamina.

ENVIRONMENT

Western out-of-doors, camping, sports; nomad, pioneering, widely varied experience.

QUALITIES

Good will, the presumption that things are right; vitality; loyalty.

I have not known the grandmothers to whom for a considerable time Lou Henry was only grandchild. But her father's brother, Uncle Will Henry, has talked to me of one of them, his adored mother, telling me that those who knew her best agree that Lou Henry draws straight from her in appearance, in her features, including her fine straight nose, and in many other characteristics. This was the grandmother who, when in the Middle West in '59 it became the burning fashion to remove tonsils, summoned the family doctor for Charles, but when the good medico insisted on doing a "family job" stood her ground firmly before Will's tonsils. "I cannot see," she said, "any benefit to be derived from taking out any boy's healthy tonsils." Today, at eighty-two, Uncle Will, with sound tonsils still, proudly justifies her!

The Wife

THIS grandmother, as Mrs. Hoover is today, was—while her husband was busy helping develop towns in Ohio—surrounded by young people and children. But she let it be known that her house was not, after all, a crèche for babies whose mothers might prefer neglecting them for something else. She had her own ideas and dignity.

She had three sons, Addis, Charles and William, all bankers. Charles, her father, Mrs. Hoover resembles in many ways. From him she acquired that habit of careful reserve essential to the banker custodian of the town's secrets, and which served her well when history began writing itself on her front doorstep. Lover of outdoors, he taught her to take complete, independent care of herself on mountains or by sea. When he was nearing eighty she had but to say to him, "Father, how would you like me to drive you up over the Sierras and on to Washington?" to have him get busy at once with his small traveling bag.

Yet in her natural, bubbling expressiveness and humor, she seems perhaps more strikingly like her uncle, Will Henry.

From her mother, too, Lou Henry inherited unusual vitality. This was, again, the Doctor Dluska type, pouring outward in work for schools, clubs, philanthropic organizations, expressing itself in many kinds of neighborhood and community effort. Her joyous interest in people she passed on to both her children; for Mrs. Hoover's younger sister, Jean Large, has a marked gift for observing and analyzing not only moods of Nature but also the character and temperament of human beings. Her laughter is as swift and infectious as her sister's.

Intelligence, vitality, natural joyousness—these gifts the stream of inheritance brought to Lou Henry. Nor would it be easy to imagine an environment better calculated to develop them than the one Fate assigned her.

Her university education has not bothered her; it has not got in her way. It was largely scientific and gave her breadth and a certain feel for realities. There is a kind of surgical honesty about everything the Hoovers do.

The pioneering existence following college and the chance to dominate pioneering conditions, which she seized, have given her additional strength and versatility. The whole world has come into her experience. And going into the White House has been just a broadening of this experience; to her not a burden, but meaning an increased horizon.

Our paramount interest, however, is not in the sources of Mrs. Hoover's striking characteristics—her good will, her physical and mental vitality, her loyalty—but in their exercise. Which takes us again to the White House, where over and above the housekeeping, there is a fixed, definite demand upon her which the country scarcely realizes. Not a few, I suppose, picture her as sitting with folded hands when she is not giving a few tea parties.

Her first duty, of course, is to the President. He says little about his dependence on her, but anyone who has seen him enter a room, look about and ask quickly, "Where's mother?" senses it. From the hour when, after breakfast—usually with guests—on the south porch, the First Lady accompanies her husband down the gracefully curved flight of steps and along the garden to the executive office wing, to about half-past ten at night, when, in the white reception room or the smaller blue or red or green one on the first floor, or in the rose room on the second floor, they take leave of their guests, the President depends in an altogether unusual way on the particular kind of cooperation his wife gives him. This is an instant, always-there kind of coöperation.

Mrs. Hoover's nonhesitancy is an enormous time-saver. Her habit of quick decision and action enables her to do even more than her exceptional vitality alone makes possible. If she were shipwrecked with a boatload of castaways on an uninhabited island, she would be the first to take the observations and make the decisions—to achieve living conditions. Then she would see that they all had a good time together. She would make of such a situation a lark and not a tragedy.

The Hostess

NOW, though Mrs. Hoover's first thought and constant thought is of the President, the greater part of her time seems to be taken up with doing things for the American public. During the first year of the present Administration there have been more than three thousand guests at meals and an average of nearly thirty house guests a month. Teas seem continuous. Looking at this social activity in its most formal expression we see, for instance, last January starting with the successive New Year's Day receptions, attended by 4471 persons. These were followed the ensuing week by the Judiciary Reception for 726, then by the Vice President's dinner for thirty-six and a musicale for eighty-one. Next came the dinner of thirty-eight for the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court, with ninety-four additional guests for music; then the reception to the members of the Senate, with 920 present. February began with the Speaker's dinner and musicale and the diplomatic dinner and musicale; and thus 1930 was under way.

And such occasions are merely the conspicuous pillars of a vast social structure. All through the week, often one after another during the day, come the representatives of organizations anxious to shake hands with the First Lady. Many

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Very sincerely yours,

Suda L. Bane

Suda L. Bane
Archivist of the Herbert Hoover Archives

I am especially pleased that the book is autographed.

HEALTH

FEET ON THE SHOWER ROOM FLOOR

The latest study of athlete's foot shows that the rule book on how to prevent the pesky fungus infection should be rewritten

THE time-honored rituals of curtailing athlete's foot by wading through antiseptic foot baths, dousing floors with disinfectants, sterilizing bath mats, towels, slippers and socks may be well and good for keeping areas in and around swimming pools, gymnasiums and shower rooms clean. But as far as killing off athlete's foot is concerned, they are as ineffective as sulphur and molasses.

This, at least, is one expert medical opinion. For the past 22 months, Dr. Rudolf L. Baer and his associates at New York University have been investigating ways to wipe out that pesky fungus that feasts on the toes. While their research, financed by the Army, is only partially completed, they have turned up some heartening —if not startling—news for feet on the shower room floor.

For many years most everyone has believed or been warned that athlete's foot is highly contagious. This idea that you "catch" the itching, burning infection directly from another person's infected feet is behind the maze of regulations which city and state health departments have set up to restrict the spread of the disease.

But Dr. Baer and a number of other dermatologists over the past 25 years have never gone along with this theory. In their opinion, flare-ups of athlete's foot rarely result from a new, outside infection. Almost everyone, they believe, picks up the fungus in childhood and, like the bacteria which causes boils, it lives harmlessly on the skin for years. Only when an individual's resistance becomes lowered can the fungus, already on the feet, get a toehold.

To prove the point, Dr. Baer's team ran a series of tests on more than 100 doctors, nurses and technicians who served as guinea pigs. In one experiment, they selected a group of volunteers known to be free of athlete's foot fungi, then deliberately tried to give them an acute infection. For 30 minutes at a time, once a week, the subjects bathed one of their feet in a pan of water containing 100,000 times the amount of fungi they could possibly pick up from a shower room floor. At the end of six weeks, the researchers found that while more than half of the exposed feet harbored fungi, not one had developed a single infection.

INEFFECTIVE AND HARMFUL

From all the evidence collected, concludes Dr. Baer, most of the measures commonly used today to prevent athlete's foot are not only ineffective but are potentially harmful and should be discarded.

• It is useless to douse areas around bathrooms, showers and swimming pools with fungicidal agents since there is no proof whatsoever that these are breeding grounds for the fungus.

• It is equally useless to attempt to sterilize shoes and socks. While they may contain fungi, sterilization does nothing to the feet, which continue to carry the microbes. In fact, it is likely to do more harm than good; chemicals used in sterilizing may irritate the skin to such an extent that dormant fungi can stage a full-scale invasion.

• It is naive to expect that wading for a few seconds through a basin of antiseptic solution will help ward off the disease. These stagnant, unhygienic puddles should be abandoned.

• There is no reason to exclude persons with athlete's foot from public facilities since the relatively small number of fungus particles they might drop is unlikely to cause trouble.

What then can be done to guard against athlete's foot? Dr. Baer answers with six suggestions:

1. Wear perforated shoes whenever possible, to allow perspiration to evaporate. Moisture makes the skin between the toes soggy and the chemical skin reaction, normally acid, becomes neutral or alkaline. Either of these conditions lowers resistance to the fungus.

2. Wear wool or cotton socks which will absorb moisture, rather than nylon, rayon or other nonabsorbing fabrics.

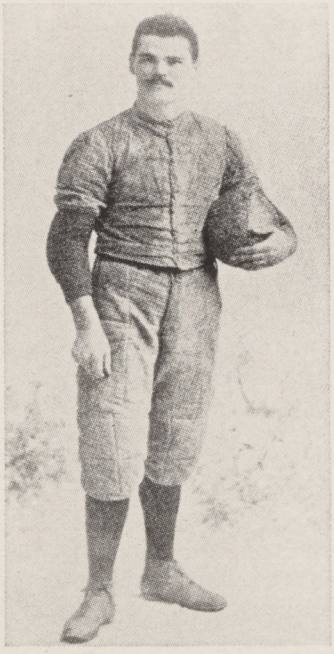
3. Regularly use a dry, *mild* foot powder that contains a fatty acid.

4. Insert lamb's wool between the toes if the web of skin tends to be soft and moist.

5. Carefully dry feet and toes after bathing and change footgear whenever the socks and shoes become wet.

6. Use nonalkaline soapless detergents when washing the feet rather than ordinary toilet or other soaps.

HOOVER'S GOLDEN GATE



LOREN HUNT, California fullback, played for the heavier and more experienced team—and lost.

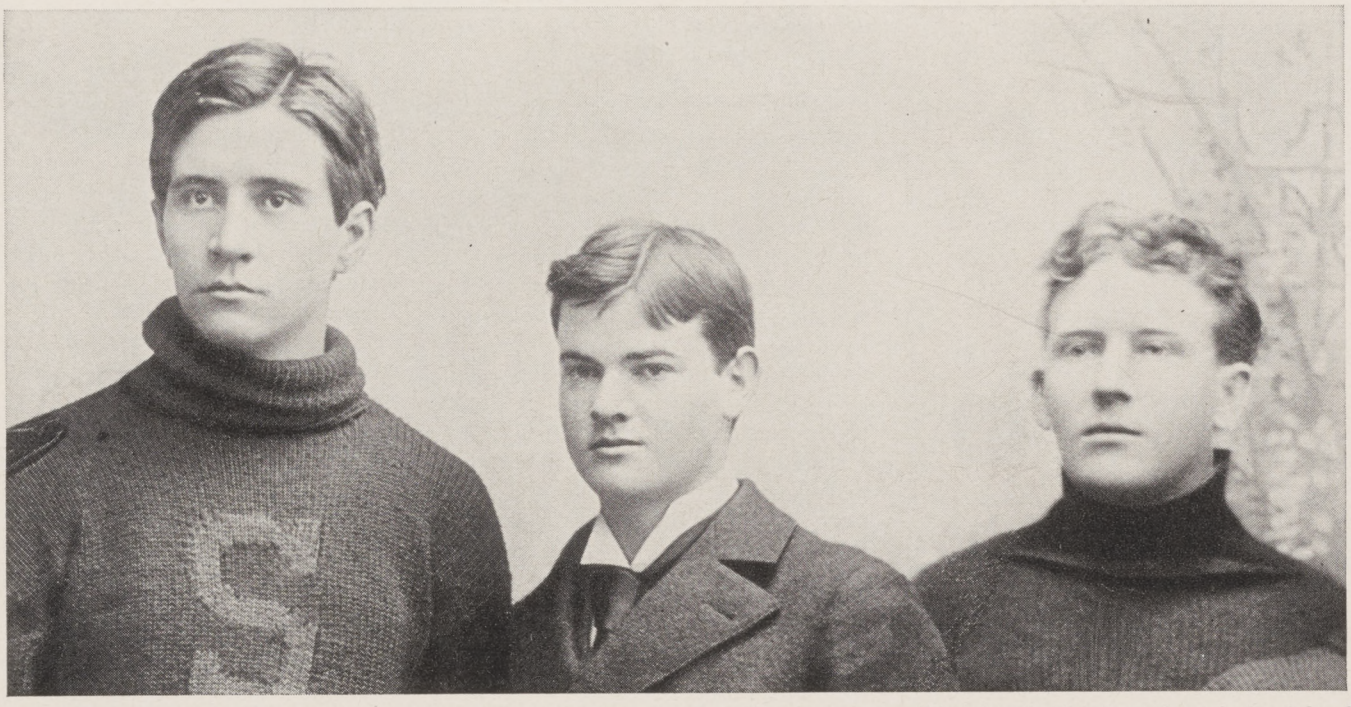
No one, including the teams and business manager Herbert Hoover, was prepared for the first frenzied Stanford-California football game

WHENEVER Stanford and California renew their football rivalry, as they did last week at Berkeley's Memorial Stadium, they rekindle a hot, old fire. More than 80,000 can gather comfortably around the conflagration at Berkeley today. But no well-planned event in this series is likely to provide such extravagant entertainment as the first game, which was played before less than 10,000 fans, half of whom were not expected.

In some ways Stanford and California did plan for their March 19, 1892 meeting. But if it had not been for a Stanford undergraduate named Herbert Hoover, who tried to extract sudden order from delirious chaos, the kick-off might never have taken place.

The quaintly fantastic adventure which has been recorded as the Far West's first intercollegiate football game began when California, which for 10 years had played high school and club teams, decided to go big time and challenged Stanford. The junior college was not precisely prepared for such an event. But the students—particularly one John Whittemore—would not admit the fact. Whittemore had come to Stanford from St. Louis University, where he had played a couple of seasons of football. Delegating himself the left halfback, he beseeched his friends to rally to the cause. The young men who turned out were neither massive nor experienced. But they were eager, and they called Whittemore "Coach."

Meanwhile students chose a young Hoover (class of 1895) to arrange the California game. Gambling on the gate, he approached Dave Goulcher, San Francisco sporting goods dealer, with an order for new uniforms—all on credit. Goulcher acceded. Hoover and



HERBERT HOOVER, undaunted by the trials of the first California game, still managed Stanford football in 1894–95. No wonder, for in his first game as manager he had proved himself eminently qualified for the job by taking in bagfuls of silver and gold coins from the huge crowd of almost 10,000 fans. Here he is flanked by players Arthur Burnett and William Soper.

FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM at Stanford posed for this picture about the time of the 1892 California game. The loungers in front may have been advertising the class of 1895. None of the players in the Far West's first intercollegiate game wore numbers. Stanford boys felt resplendent in new cardinal jerseys and moleskin vests and pants, procured on credit by Herbert Hoover.

his California counterpart, Herbert Lang, rented the Haight Street baseball grounds in San Francisco for $250. And, in a burst of optimism, Hoover ordered the printing of 5,000 tickets.

On the eve of the contest college students boiled through San Francisco streets. Flashing their school colors they banged, rattled and blew a variety of noisemakers in a concerted effort to draw attention to the mayhem of the morrow. The next day, while players started toward the field from downtown hotels in gaily bedecked tallyhos, Hoover was confronted with a curious problem at the scene of impending action. The 5,000 tickets (priced at $2) had been sold, and still drays and carriages arrived laden with fans. Gold and silver currency already was spilling from bags over the floor of the ticket booth. The frantic Hoover quickly sent assistants to scour the neighborhood for wash boilers, dishpans, bathtubs—anything to hold more coins. Hastily organizing a force of student police, he directed them to escort a customer to the gate in return for each cash payment. By game time 5,000 jammed the stands and several thousand more jostled in a driveway around the field.

BUT WHERE WAS THE FOOTBALL?

Between bets which made the heavier California team 10–1 favorites, the boisterous throng sounded off with fish horns, Chinese fiddles, conch shells, rattles, bazoos and bells. The noise continued after the players rolled up in their tallyhos and took the field. Soon, however, they quit the gridiron amid a mighty silence. There was no football!

Horrified, Hoover begged Goulcher, who had come to see his uniforms in use, to ride into town and get one. That unhappy man made the trip but could find no bladder for a football. Instead he put a punching bag bladder in the pigskin, creating a not-so-prolate spheroid. Over an hour passed before he returned to the field with his awkward invention.

Whittemore, who won the toss, quickly noticed that the ball was misshapen, and chose to kick off. When unsuspecting California fumbled a few plays later Stanford took over on the Bears' 45. They tried a great experiment which they had been practicing under Whittemore's direction. The ball was centered to Quarterback Tom Code, who gave it to Whittemore. While Code and Fullback Carl Clemans led him to the center of the line, the other halfback, Paul Downing, who had received the ball in a hand-off, ran unnoticed down the sideline. It was probably football's first reverse play. When the confused Californians finally turned around they saw Downing squatting on the ball between the goal posts. Almost an hour and three-quarters later the referee blew the final whistle. Stanford had won, 14–10.

Hoover, Lang and a squad of assistants spent the night counting receipts in a room at the California Hotel. By 3 a.m. Sunday morning nearly $20,000 had been stuffed into cloth bags. Hoover put the bags under the mattress of his hotel bed and told a group of Stanford students to sleep on it. Only then did the future President relax enough to reflect that he had been too busy to see the game.

in the APBA-sanctioned regatta at Lakeland, Fla. On Aug. 9 he set class B and C outboard hydro records under the APBA at Seattle, then followed by winning the nationals in the same classes at Pasco, and topped it all off by setting still another class C record in the NOA's speed trials at Knoxville. Tenney is not the only racer to compete under both associations. But NOA and APBA have carried on a three-year tug of war for boats and drivers, climaxed this September by an APBA black-list issued against 19 men who drove at Knoxville.

At the APBA meeting in New Orleans, a motion to rescind the black-list was brought up, but no action taken. During the further course of the meeting, some progress was made through peace feelers sent out by both organizations. To date, no concrete move toward cooperation or affiliation has been made by either party. But boatracers and enthusiasts all over the U.S. are hopeful that the next few years will bring a union of the major groups in the country. Then at year's end there will be one set of champions whose supremacy will be unquestioned, and who can be singled out as the true representatives of their classes for any international challenges that may be made in the upcoming seasons.

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Inboard Division

48 CU. IN. HYDRO: Gillette Smith, Sept. 6 at Long Beach, Calif.

91 CU. IN. HYDRO: Sam Crooks, Feb. 6 at St. Petersburg, Fla.

135 CU. IN. HYDRO: J. C. Townsend, Aug. 1 at Louisville, Ky.

136 CU. IN. HYDRO: Wallace Rowland, Sept. 6 at Millville, N.J.

225 CU. IN. HYDRO: Dr. W. P. Linss, Aug. 22 at Cincinnati, O.

266 CU. IN. HYDRO: Ray Gassner, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea, Calif.

7 LITER HYDRO: Ray Fageol, Aug. 15, at Buffalo, N.Y.

PACIFIC ONE DESIGN: Marion Beaver, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea, Calif.

44 CU. IN. RUNABOUT: William Ott, Sept. 6 at Millville, N.J.

*__CRACKER BOX RUNABOUT:__ Carl Maginn, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea.

CLASS B RACING RUNABOUT: Ernest Rose, July 18 at Merced, Calif.

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: Les Trafton, Feb. 7, St. Petersburg

CLASS E RACING RUNABOUT: Bob Willis, Aug. 15 at Buffalo, N.Y.

*__CLASS D SERVICE RUNABOUT:__ Harry Bickford, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS E SERVICE RUNABOUT: Bill Engle, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS F SERVICE RUNABOUT: H. G. Hibbert, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS I SERVICE RUNABOUT: C. Hickman, Sept. 14, Ocean City, N.J.

**Record-breakers*

Outboard Division

CLASS M OUTBOARD HYDRO: R. Frawley, Sept. 25–27, Pasco, Wash.

CLASS A OUTBOARD HYDRO: Orlando Torigiani, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS B OUTBOARD HYDRO: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS C OUTBOARD HYDRO: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS C SERVICE HYDRO: O. Dupuis, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS C SERVICE RUNABOUT: W. Rankin, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS F HYDRO: P. J. Owens, Sept. 25–27 at Pasco

CLASS F RACING RUNABOUT: W. Siemsen, Sept. 18, Vallejo, Calif.

Stock Outboard Division

CLASS JU RUNABOUT: Michael Helm, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS AU RUNABOUT: Richard O'Dea, Aug. 28–30 at DePere, Wis.

CLASS BU RUNABOUT: Eddie West, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS CU RUNABOUT: Ronald Loomis, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS DU RUNABOUT: John Jackson, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS A STOCK HYDRO: D. Baldaccini, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS B STOCK HYDRO: Bob Parish, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS D STOCK HYDRO: F. Huebner, Aug. 28–30 at De Pere, Wis.

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Heineken's

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Monterey Peninsula Herald
23. V. '55

Carmel Highlands Resident Presents Banquet Cloth to Hoover Library

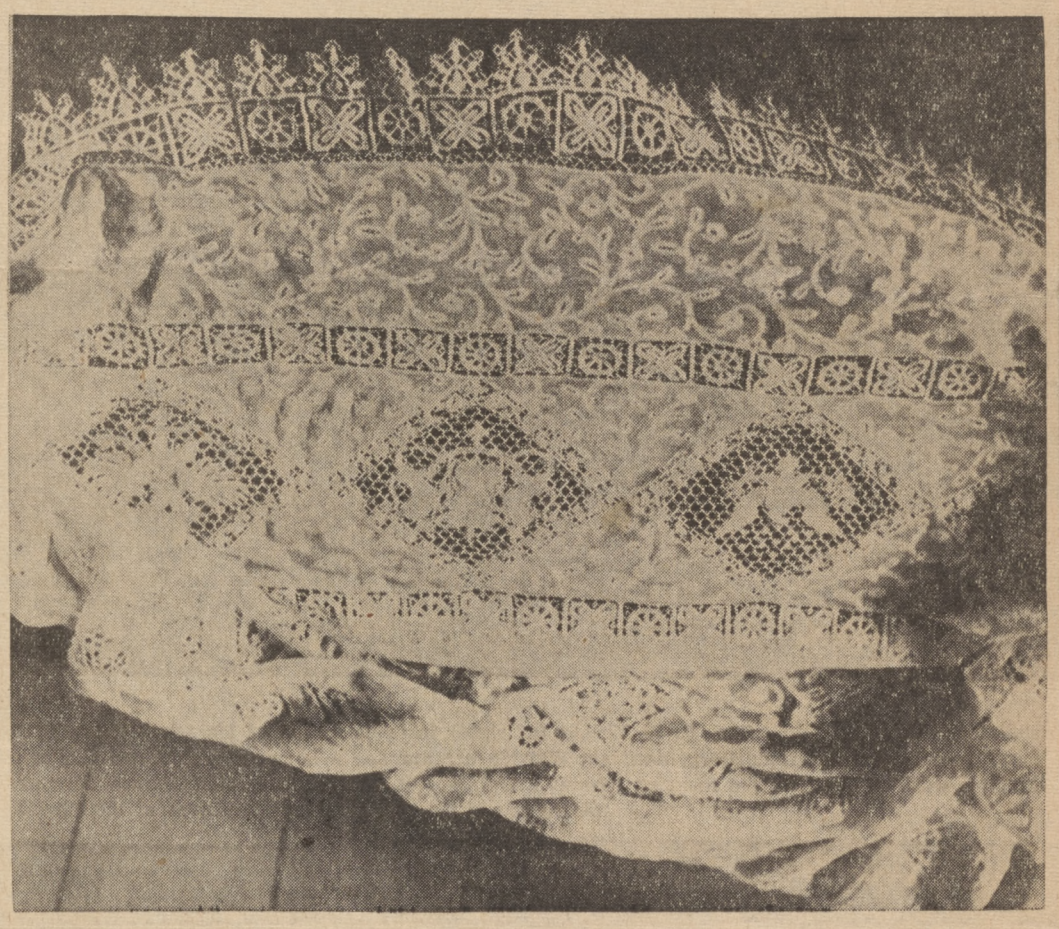
By IRENE ALEXANDER

Newest addition to the museum of the Herbert Hoover War Library at Stanford University is a beautiful Belgian lace banquet cloth presented this week by Mrs. Vernon Kellogg of Carmel Highlands.

The cloth was handwrought by the grateful women of Belgium as a special "thank you" to Mrs. Kellogg for her work as the only woman member of Hoover's Commission for the Relief of Belgium in the early years of World War I. The intricate needlework on the cloth, measuring six by eight feet represents the labor of several lacemakers for two or three months.

The ground is of Flandres bobbin lace; the border, insets, and 12 medallions bearing the Belgian and Allied arms, are in needlepoint Venise.

The letter which accompanied the gift, representative of approximately 45,000 lacemakers whose industry was kept alive during the war by the international agreement brought about by Hoover, was signed by various members of the Belgian nobility who headed the country's welfare organizations during the occupation. This document has also been presented to the museum by its recipient.



(Herald photo)

Border detail is shown above of the Belgian lace banquet cloth which is being presented this week by Mrs. Vernon Kellogg of Carmel Highland to the museum of the Herbert Hoover War Library at Stanford University.

Relief Commission

When World War I broke out, Hoover, then in London, began organizing his Commission for the Relief of Belgium. Vernon Kellogg, a professor at Stanford University and well known in Carmel, where he maintained his summer home, volunteered his services on the commission, obtained a leave of absence and reached Brussels early in 1915.

At that time only men were accepted on the commission, so Mrs. Kellogg continued to commute between Stanford and an office in San Francisco from which she was organizing the California Committee for Relief in Belgium and Northern France.

By the spring of 1916 she had practically given up hope that she would be allowed to enter occupied Belgium. She was on a brief holiday jaunt in Tuolumne Meadows with a group which included the late Prof. Joseph LeConte of Carmel (then at U.C.), when a telegram was delivered to her, bearing just two words, relayed via cable, "Come. Hoover."

She insisted upon making her way alone down the Tenaya trail to Yosemite, paused briefly in Carmel and set off for London and Brussels. There she was equipped with a car flying the CRB flag (a faded memento which she still treasures) and papers permitting her to travel and investigate relief work among the Belgian women in all parts of the country except that directly behind the firing line.

Only Woman

As the only woman on the commission (a graduate of the University of California with years of study in Europe behind her, and able to speak several languages including French, Italian and German) Mrs. Kellogg had been assigned a particular task by Hoover. He was disturbed by the way publicity about American aid overshadowed the valiant work of the Belgians themselves, and had delegated Mrs. Kellogg to familiarize herself with efforts being made by the women of the country and the conditions among them toward the end of publicizing them widely in articles and speeches.

Accordingly, she returned to this country at the end of 1916, and in the following year wrote "Women of Belgium," with an introduction by Herbert Hoover. It was published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. and at the close of the war was brought out in French translation in Brussels.

Mrs. Kellogg also became one of the most active public speakers on behalf of Belgian relief, throughout the United States and in Canada, appearing on platforms with such dignitaries as ex-Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Howard Taft, Gen. John Pershing and others. At one Philadelphia meeting alone, a total of more than $250,000 was raised, and the over-all total of response to her addresses reached around a million. Her typewriter was busy, meanwhile, turning out articles for the Atlantic Monthly and other publications.

Back to Europe

She returned to Europe in 1918, finding herself in Paris at the signing of the Armistice on Nov. 11. She learned that Belgium was not to be freed until Nov. 17, and her determination to be on hand for that liberation won her, finally, a permit to travel via Dunkirk to Bruges.

She started out alone, with napsack, and by a combination of intrepidity and good luck (on one occasion hitch-hiking a ride in a Belgian general's private car en route to fetch him from the front) she pushed as far as Brussels, in time for the dramatic liberty celebration with her Belgian friends.

During this stay in Belgium, Mrs. Kellogg began her intensive study of lace-making, later recorded in her "Bobbins of Belgium," published in 1920 by Funk & Wagnalls. In that same year D. Appleton & Co. published her book, "Mercier: The Fighting Cardinal."

In 1919, Hoover sent Vernon Kellogg to Poland as chief of his first relief mission to that country. After a short wait, Mrs. Kellogg also received her Polish visa and began her investigation of the amazing work of the Polish women and their "Big Four" organizations.

This led to further books and articles and a close friendship with the great scientist, Marie Curie, from which grew her English translation of "The Life of Pierre Curie," for McMillan publication, and such books as "Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen" and a juvenile, "The Girl Who Ruled a Kingdom."

Prolific Writer

Articles, stories and poetry by Mrs. Kellogg have been published in Atlantic Monthly, The North American Review, The Woman's Home Companion, The Ladies' Home Journal, Washington Post, The Saturday Evening Post, Christian Science Monitor and numerous other publications.

In 1920 she made a study of conditions in Austria and Yugoslavia, embarking for the latter country on the first flimsy craft to break the blockade on the Danube, a trip which narrowly escaped disaster when the boat struck a submerged object. Later she accompanied the U. S. Technical Mission under Col. William Atwood into Yugoslavia, getting material for an article for The Nation's Business.

On this occasion, when her special passport failed to get her through, the way was miraculously opened by a letter she carried from Hoover, requesting courtesy and assistance in her travels.

Back in the United States, Mrs. Kellogg was a speaker for the U. S. Food Administration, making as many as 432 addresses in one year. After her husband resigned from Stanford to administer The National Research Council, the couple made a home in Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Kellogg campaigned actively for Hoover when he became a presidential candidate. The Saturday Evening Post commissioned her to write the article on President Hoover for its inaugural edition.

World War II

Following her husband's death, Mrs. Kellogg returned for a time to Carmel, but at the outbreak of World War II went back to Washington to organize the National Commission for Polish Relief, at the request of the Polish Embassy. She directed this organization from New York offices from 1939 until illness forced her to resign her post in 1948.

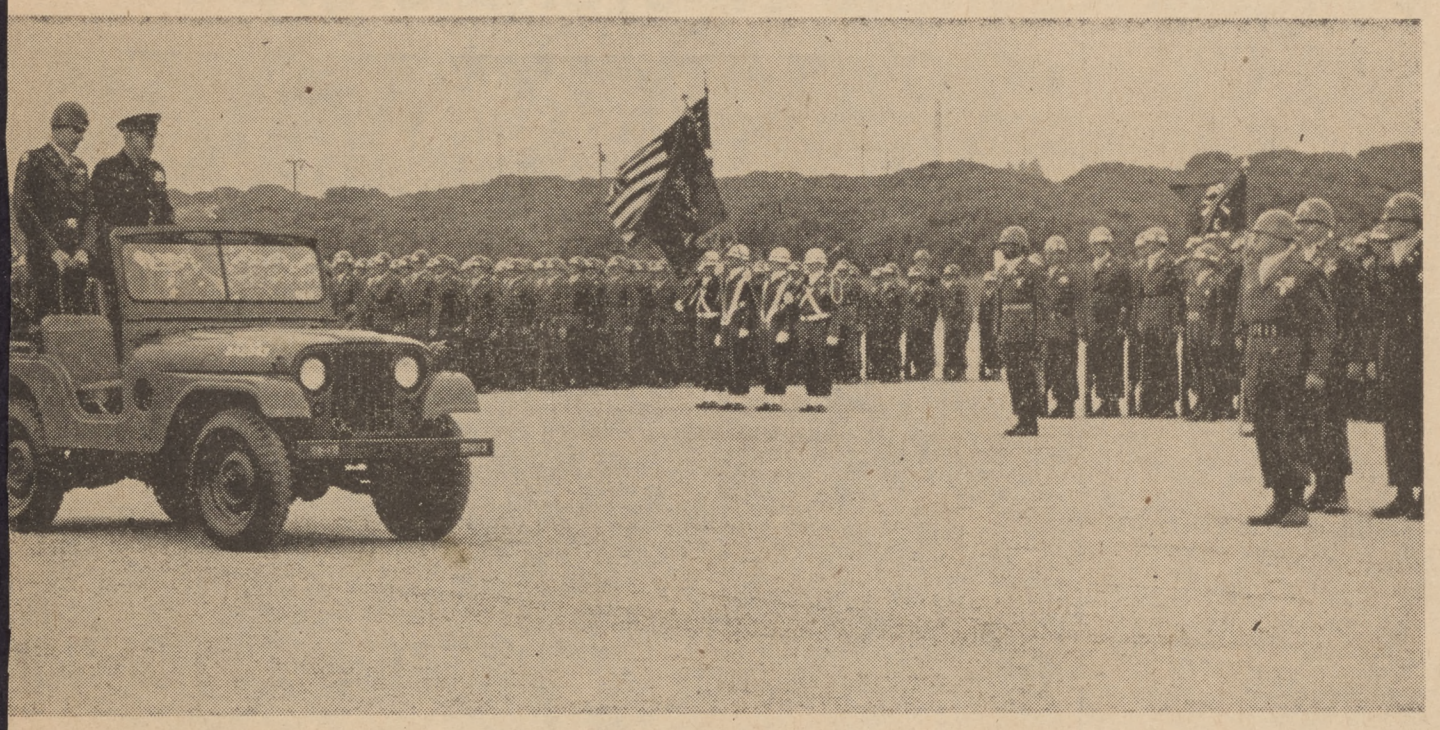
Since that time she has lived quietly at her home in Carmel Highlands, continuing her writing. The Viking Press plans to bring out next year her latest work, a biography of Ignace Paderewski, who became one of her many close friends during her work with Polish Relief.

Between them, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg were made recipients of an impressive list of decorations for their devoted humanitarian work. Vernon Kellogg was made Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, commander also of the Order of Leopold II and officer and commander of the Order of Polonia Restituta. His wife is Chevalier of the Belgian Order of the Crown and an Officer of the Order of Polonia Restituta.

Both were awarded the Medaille Commemorative du Comite National of Belgium. Mrs. Kellogg holds also the Medaille de la Reine Elizabeth of Belgium the Medaille: Reconnaisance Francaise from France, and a certificate from the President of the United States, commending her for "eminent service in humanitarian war relief during World War II."

Kellogg's decorations include the Gold Medal of Poland, the Cross of Gold of Poland and the ribbon of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

Out For Armed Forces Day



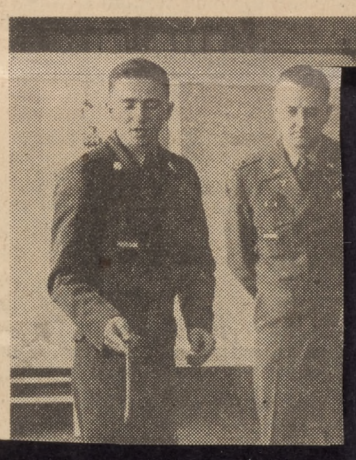
(Herald photos.)

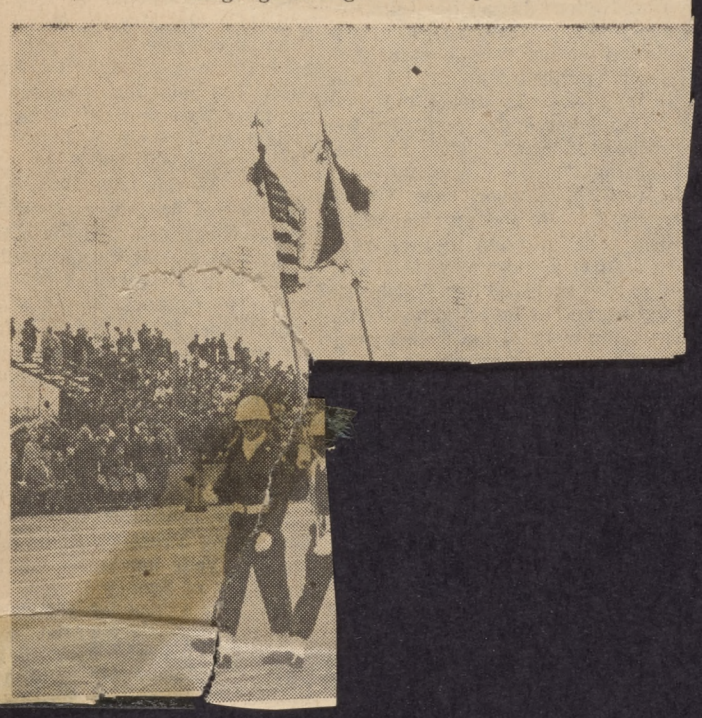
Standing in his jeep, Maj. Gen. E. K. Wright (at right) inspects troops of his 6th Division at Fort Ord Saturday. With Wright is Brig. Gen. Wilbur E. Dunkleberg, assistant division commander who served as commander of troops for the review. Thousands of civilians were on hand for the morning review, a highlight of Fort Ord's Armed Forces Day program Saturday. Troops inspected above are of the 20th Infantry Regiment of the 6th Division.

Kenneth D. Howe (left) has beginning students practicing sounds during a demonstration of instruction in Chinese at the Army Language School.

Costumes of all nations are displayed during a skit at the Army Language School program Friday. The Armed Forces Day event was for invited guests.

A Polish dance is performed by Army Language School students Friday. Dancing and singing are important features of instruction at the ALS since students study the culture as well as the language of a given country.





ver a modern tank display at Fort d in the 6th Division Review Satur- morning.

THE HOOVER INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE

Stanford University
Stanford, California

17 February 1956

Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

23 Feb. 56

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

For most of last year the Hoover Archives and the Treasure Collections were on a caretaker basis only, because the woman who had served a number of years as archivist died suddenly and it took some time to find her replacement. The new archivist joined the staff last quarter. He will be responsible for the Herbert Hoover Archives and for the treasures in the Hoover Collections. A rearrangement is being made of the three floors in use, and a treasure room is being set aside in the new arrangement where we can display many of the things of the C.R.B. period and later.

You may be sure that we do not consider your lovely cloth a "problem," beyond the always present problem of proper display of delicate things that require careful handling. I think the planning for the treasure room will solve this.

Here is the way the gift was reported for the Annual Report to the President: "Mrs. Vernon L. Kellogg of Carmel Highlands in July 1955 added to the Belgian treasures in the Hoover Collections a beautiful lace banquet cloth which was hand wrought by the grateful women of Belgium as a special 'thank you' to Mrs. Kellogg for her work as the only woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in the early years of World War I. The letter which accompanied the gift, representative of approximately 45,000 lace workers whose industry was kept alive during the war by the international agreement brought about by Mr. Hoover, was signed by various members of the Belgian nobility who headed the country's welfare organizations during the occupation. This letter was included in Mrs. Kellogg's gift." I hope this statement is satisfactory to you.

My best personal wishes to you and your daughter.

Sincerely yours,

Inez G. Richardson

Inez G. Richardson

THE HOOVER LIBRARY ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
STANFORD UNIVERSITY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

HERBERT HOOVER ARCHIVES

March 10, 1956

Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

Thank you for your letter of March 7th. I am very glad to know that all of Mr. Kellogg's papers are here.

Books sent to the Library are kept in the Hoover Library. When they duplicate volumes already on the shelves (and if they have a connection with Mr. Hoover or his work) the extra copies are sent to the Archives. I have copies of Herbert Hoover: The Man and His Work, Fighting Starvation in Belgium, Women of Belgium, and Bobbins of Belgium. Should you have extra copies of other books by Mr. Kellogg or yourself, I should like very much to have them for the reference shelves in the Archives.

Before leaving the subject of books, I'd like you to know that (in my opinion, at least) Vernon Kellog's biography of Mr. Hoover is the most readable and entertaining of them all. He wrote beautifully.

I am happy to hear you approve the idea of a treasure room. I had intended calling it the Museum. The name, Treasure Room, was Mrs. Richardson's idea; and after seeing your Belgian banquet cloth, I think the new name is much more appropriate. It may be some time before it is ready, however. The room is not large, so it is necessary to proceed carefully with the plans in order to utilize the available space to the best advantage. Eventually, we hope to install floor-to-ceiling display shelves (glassed) and wall-to-wall carpeting.

If you wish, you may send additional gifts for the Treasure Room at any time. They will be carefully stored until the Treasure Room is ready.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas T. Thalken

Thomas T. Thalken
Archivist

THE HOOVER LIBRARY ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
STANFORD UNIVERSITY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

HERBERT HOOVER ARCHIVES

March 20, 1956

Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

The following were received from you yesterday afternoon:

Vernon Kellogg, 1867-1937 (2 copies)
Germany In the War and After
Headquarters Nights (2 copies - French & English)
Mercier, The Fighting Cardinal of Belgium
Jadwiga, Queen of Poland
12 magazine articles by Vernon Kellogg
20 " " " Charlotte Kellogg
La Libre Belgique, July-1916 (French and English)
Histoire des origens de la "Libre Belgique"
Galley proof of article re Queen Elizabeth, 1919
Broadside - message of Queen Elizabeth
Broadsides (2) re Popular Science Award
Folder re Belgian Lace
Program of Belgian Mission, San Francisco, 1917
"Pencil Rubbing [relief]" of Gold Medal awarded to Vernon Kellogg by Polish Govt., 1919
Pictures (2) re League of Nations Committee on International Intellectual Cooperation
Photograph - Staff Luncheon, U. S. Food Adm. July 3, 1918
Pledge card - Calif. Committee for Relief in Belgium and France
C.R.B. Pennant

The above-listed items will be retained as a permanent part of the Herbert Hoover Archives.

I have also received your letter of March 16th. The bibliography of your writings will be very helpful, and I am pleased to find you were so thorough in dating your articles.

While on the subject of your writings, did you retain the original manuscripts of your published books?

Sincerely yours

Thomas T. Thalken

Thomas T. Thalken
Archivist

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THE COMMISSION FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM

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CHAIRMAN

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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

TELEPHONE MURRAY HILL 3-1496

March 23,1956

Mrs.Vernon Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel,Calif.

Dear Charlotte:

Your card of March 20th is here with its fine news about your gifts to the Hoover Library and that treasure from Jean also. I know the Chief and the people there will be pleased.

Yours sincerely,

PERRIN C. GALPIN
President

PCG:M

THE HOOVER INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
Stanford University, Stanford, California

30 March, 1956

Mrs. Charlotte Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

I have just seen the lovely treasure which you sent us.

We are grateful to you and your daughter for being willing to share with many this beautiful necklace which was a gift of special significance for you both.

As Mr. Thalken and Mrs. Richardson have told you, we have set aside space for a treasure room in which can be displayed some of the presentation pieces which were given years ago as expressions of the deep-felt gratitude of the people with and for whom you and others worked so effectively. The room is smaller than we should like for the purpose, but with careful planning we think it can be attractive and certainly interesting.

You may be sure that this lovely miniature will have a featured place. When the room is ready we shall want you and Miss Kellogg to pay us a visit. In the meantime, our sincere appreciation for placing this beautiful piece in our keeping.

Faithfully yours,

C. Easton Rothwell

C. Easton Rothwell
Director

THE HOOVER INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE

Stanford University
Stanford, California

March 22, 1956

Miss Jean Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Miss Kellogg:

The Portrait of the child princess, Marie José, of Belgium arrived this morning. It has been placed in a safe and will remain there until the Treasure Room, and a suitable display case, are ready.

The great interest in the Treasure Room, shown by you and your mother, is very pleasing to us; and your gifts are deeply appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas T. Thalken

Thomas T. Thalken
Archivist

THE HOOVER INSTITUTE AND LIBRARY
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
Stanford University, Stanford, California

30 March, 1956

Miss Jean Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Miss Kellogg:

You are most unselfish to part with that exquisite miniature of the little Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, for it represents appreciation expressed in a very personal way to you for the service that your mother gave so freely to the mothers and children of Belgium.

We sincerely appreciate the gift, and you may be sure it will have a special place with the treasures of the Hoover Collections.

Faithfully yours,

C. Easton Rothwell

C. Easton Rothwell
Director

Citizens Committee For The Hoover Report

(CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR REORGANIZATION OF THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT, INC.)

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April 22, 1957

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg
Route 1
Box 141
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Kellogg:

Thanks very much for the delightful anecdote about Mr. Hoover and your daughter. It is just the kind of thing we need to show what a kind, human person Mr. Hoover is and we are glad to add it to our collection. As you know, it will end up in the Hoover Library at Stanford.

Sincerely yours,

Neil MacNeil

Neil MacNeil

A VOLUNTARY BIPARTISAN ORGANIZATION FOR PUBLIC EDUCATION IN SUPPORT OF FEDERAL REORGANIZATION

Contributions are deductible for federal income tax purposes

On the Stanford Campus hill when Herbert and Lou Hoover lived next to Vernon and Charlotte Kellogg, Herbert saw a little girl scampering across the rough open fields after a long-eared white Rabbit. He quickly transferred the name 'Rabbit' to Jean. He calls her 'Rabbit' today.

Jean was at Yale 1929-31 Art School

In the fall of 1938 the New York Ferargil Galleries announced a one-man exhibition of oils and water-colors by Jean Kellogg. She had prepared for college in Washington D.C. where she lived again practically next door to the Hoovers. During the World War Vernon Kellogg worked almost continuously with Herbert Hoover and then followed closely his years as President of the United States.

Vernon died in 1937.

Ferargil announced the exhibition during a depression period that had threatened to end all sales for paintings. But when Mrs. Bayard Cutting came as friend and hostess, to preside, she brought with her all the éclat of New York's golden days. There were masses of flowers, vases and helpers, to make sure that arrangements were perfect.

On the opening day I was standing not far from the entrance. Suddenly a group of men entered, one, in the lead. He moved directly toward Jean. "I've come to see the pictures Rabbit- you show them to me.!"

Amidst the stir and excitement Jean and her friend went from canvas to canvas, then stopped longer before a large marine- a grey sea off Point Lobos. The group that had accompanied Mr. Hoover stepped forward, snapped their photographs. It appeared the next morning in the New York Times above the caption,

" Two Californians Looking at a Picture."

No personal publicity. But Herbert Hoover understood fully the value of this personal presentation.

The very next day the Director of a neighboring gallery hurried in to thank Ferargil for a great "Success"; for having broken through their gloom.

How many stories have been told to explain the never-failing rememberance, the unceasing effort, the generosity, of Hoover friendship?

But who could tell more than 'Rabbit'?

Charlotte Kellogg

Christmas Message

by

FORMER PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER

We approach this Christmas day with the tide of atheism rising to more violence than at any time since the Sermon on the Mount.

This Christmas should be a rally of all the religious faiths to preserve the minds of mankind from degradation. All faiths are in danger — Christian, Jewish, the teachings of Buddha and Mohammed. Now is the Armageddon between faith in a Supreme Being and materialistic agnosticism.

At Christmas time, those of us of the Christian faiths will renew our courage and determination that moral victory can yet come to mankind. This is the season, too, when we renew the pledges of our charity to the helpless and needy. We assemble our children in happy meetings, with the traditions of the Star of Bethlehem, the Christmas tree and Santa Claus. Families are reunited, friendships are renewed.

The hunger for peace lies deep in the human heart, and we can hope and pray that the mandate of Christ will not be denied to mankind by the forces of evil.

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Tinsel

A Proposal For Greater Safety For America

The Assurance That We Are Not in the Decline and Fall of the American Way of Life

Address by

HERBERT HOOVER

Dedication of the
Herbert Hoover Presidential Library
West Branch, Iowa
August 10, 1962

When the members of the Congress created these Presidential Libraries they did a great public service. They made available for research the records of vital periods in American history — and they planted these records in the countryside instead of allowing their concentration on the seaboard.

Already the three libraries of President Roosevelt, President Truman, and President Eisenhower, by their unique documentation, serve this purpose, and today we dedicate a fourth—my own.

Within them are thrilling records of supreme action by the American people, their devotion and sacrifice to their ideals.

Santayana rightly said: "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it." These institutions are the repositories of such experience—hot off the griddle.

In these records there are, no doubt, unfavorable remarks made by our political opponents, as well as expressions

of appreciation and affection by our friends.

We may hope that future students will rely upon our friends. In any event, when they become sleepy they may be awakened by the lightning flashes of American political humor.

A Proposal for Greater Safety for America

It is exactly 88 years since I first came to Iowa. Since that visit, I have seen much of peoples, of governments, of their institutions, and of human woes. I can count fifty nations with which I had something to do. I was not a tourist; I worked with their people. In my professional years I brought to them American technology with its train of greater productivity and better living. In two wars I served amidst famine. And in the war-shattered aftermath, I directed reconstruction in many nations. I have worked with great spiritual leaders and with great statesmen. I have lived under governments of free men,

of kings and dictators, and under Fascism and Communism.

Uppermost in the minds and prayers of the plain people everywhere was that war should cease and that peace would come to the world. They treasured a confidence that America would maintain freedom and that we would cooperate to bring peace to all mankind.

During my long years, I have participated in many world negotiations, which we hoped would promote peace. Today we have no peace.

From all this experience and now as the shadows gather around me, I may be permitted to make an observation and to offer a course of action.

Leaders of mankind have for centuries sought some form of organization which would assure lasting peace. The last of many efforts is the United Nations.

The time has come in our national life when we must make a new appraisal of this organization.

But first, let me say that I have, in all my official life

believed in a world organization for peace. I supported the League of Nations when it was unpopular. I went down to defeat when, as President, I urged the Senate to join the World Court. I urged the ratification of the United Nations Charter by the Senate. But I stated at that time, "The American people should be under no illusions that the Charter assures lasting peace."

But now we must realize that the United Nations has failed to give us even a remote hope of lasting peace. Instead, it adds to the dangers of wars which now surround us.

The disintegrating forces in the United Nations are the Communist nations in its membership.

The Communist leaders, for forty years, have repeatedly asserted that no peace can come to the world until they have overcome the free nations. One of their fundamental methods of expanding Communism over the earth is to provoke conflict, hostility and

hate among other nations. One of the proofs that they have never departed from these ideas is that they have, about one hundred times, vetoed proposals in the Security Council which would have lessened international conflict. They daily threaten free nations with war and destruction.

In sum, they have destroyed the usefulness of the United Nations to preserve peace.

When Woodrow Wilson launched the League of Nations, he said:

> "A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants."

More unity among free nations has been urged by President Truman, President Eisenhower, and President Kennedy. In cooperation with far-seeing statesmen in other free nations, five regional

treaties or pacts have been set up for mutual defense. And there are bilateral agreements among other free nations to give military support to each other in case of attack. Within these agreements are more than forty free nations who have pledged themselves to fight against aggression.

Today, the menace of Communism has become world-wide.

The time is here when, if the free nations are to survive, they must have a new and stronger world-wide organization. For purposes of this discussion I may call it the "Council of Free Nations." It should include only those who are willing to stand up and fight for their freedom.

The foundations for this organization have already been laid by the forty nations who have taken pledges in the five regional pacts to support each other against aggression. And there are others who should join.

I do not suggest that the Council of Free Nations re-

place the United Nations. When the United Nations is prevented from taking action, or if it fails to act to preserve peace, then the Council of Free Nations should step in.

Some may inquire where the offices of such an organization should be. Fortunately, there are ample buildings in the world's most accepted neutral nation. Geneva has been the scene of great accomplishments in peace until poisoned by the Communists and the Fascists.

Although the analogy of the Concert of Europe formed in 1814 is not perfect, yet, with much less unity and authority, it fended off world war for a hundred years.

Some organized Council of Free Nations is the remaining hope for peace in the world.

The Assurance That We Are Not in the Decline and Fall of the American Way of Life

Another subject lies heavily on American minds today. Our people are deeply troubled, not only about the turbulent world around us but also with internal

problems which haunt our days and nights. There are many despairing voices. There are many undertones of discouragement. The press headlines imply that corruption, crime, divorce, youthful delinquency and Hollywood love trysts are our national occupations.

And amid all these voices there is a cry that the American way of life is on its way to decline and fall.

I do not believe it.

Perhaps amid this din of voices and headlines of gloom, I may say something about the inner forces from which come the strengths of America. They assure its future and its continued service to mankind.

The mightiest assurances of our future are the intangible spiritual and intellectual forces in our people, which we express, not by the words *The United States,* but by the word *America.* That word *America* carries meanings which lie deep in the soul of our people. It reaches far beyond the size of cities and factories. It springs from our religious faith, our ideals of

individual freedom and equal opportunity, which have come in the centuries since we landed on these shores. It rises from our pride in great accomplishments of our nation and from the sacrifices and devotion of those who have passed on. It lifts us above the ugliness of the day. It has guided us through even greater crises in our past. And from these forces, solutions will come again.

This representative government, with its 186 years of life, has lasted longer than any other great republic in history.

If you look about, you will see the steeples of tens of thousands of places of worship. Each week a hundred million people come to reaffirm their faith.

If you will look, you will find that the Bill of Rights is an enforced law of the land; that the dignity of man and equality of opportunity more nearly survive in this land than in any other on earth.

If you look, you will also find that from our educational

system there comes every year a host of stimulated minds. They bring new scientific discoveries, new inventions, and new ideas. It is true that they revolutionize our daily lives. But we can readily adjust ourselves and our government to them without the assistance of Karl Marx.

I could go on and on reciting the mighty forces in American life which assure its progress and its durability.

Perhaps on this occasion it would not be immodest or inappropriate for me to cite my own life as proof of what America brings to her children.

As a boy of ten, I was taken from this village to the Far West seventy-eight years ago. My only material assets were two dimes in my pocket, the suit of clothes I wore. I had some extra underpinnings provided by loving aunts.

But I carried from here something more precious.

I had a certificate of the fourth or fifth grade of higher learning.

I had a stern grounding of religious faith.

I carried with me recollections of a joyous childhood, where the winter snows and the growing crops of Iowa were an especial provision for kids.

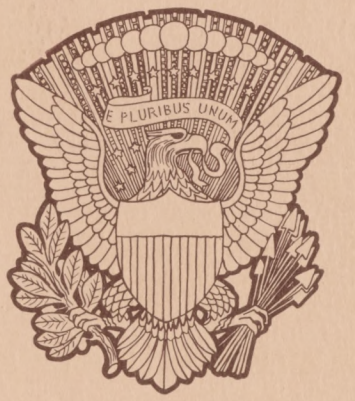
And I carried with me the family disciplines of hard work. That included picking potato bugs at ten cents a hundred. Incidentally, that money was used for the serious purpose of buying firecrackers to applaud the Founding Fathers on each Fourth of July.

And in conclusion, may I say to the boys and girls of America that the doors of opportunity are still open to you. Today the durability of freedom is more secure in America than in any place in the world.

May God bring you even more great blessings.

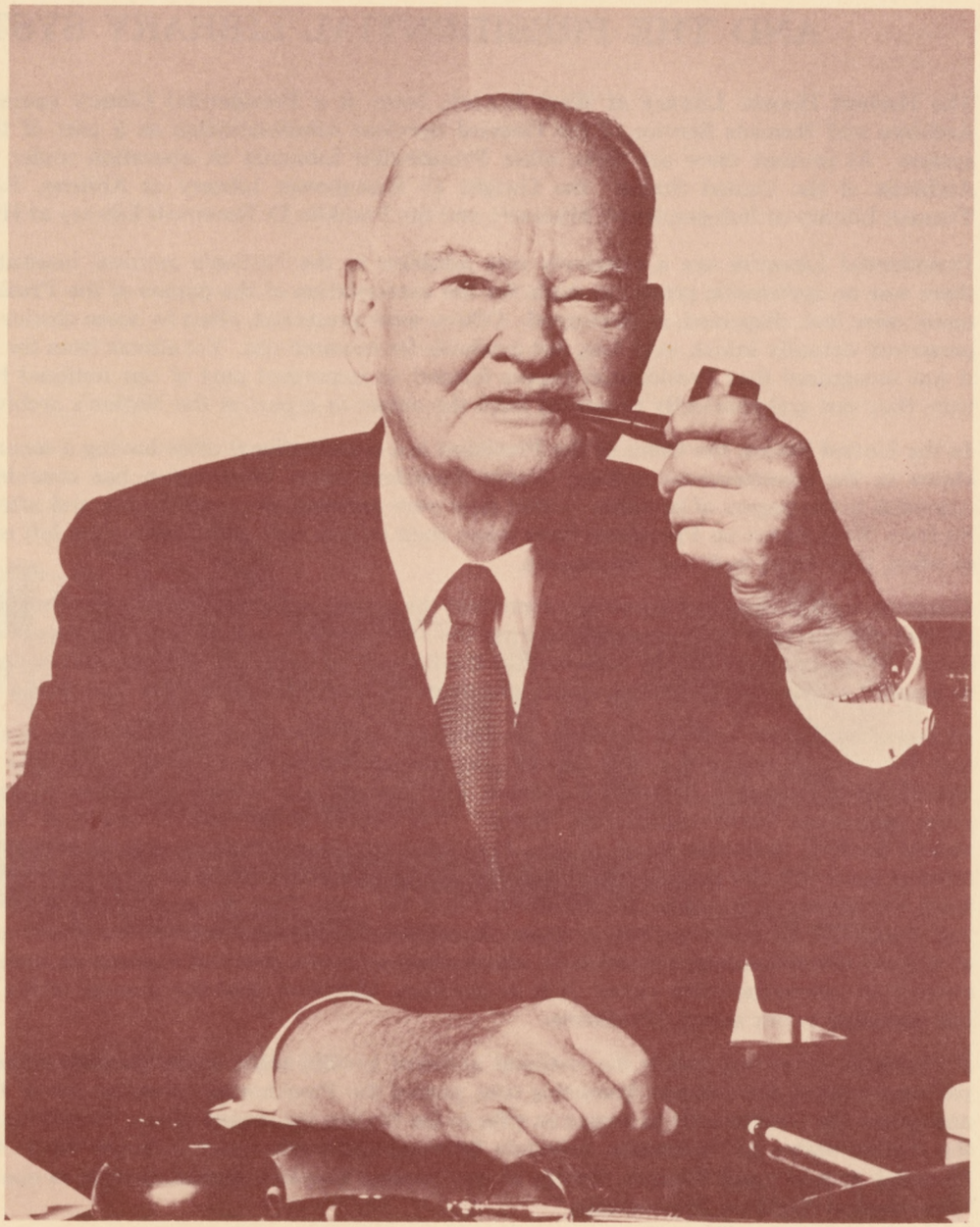
HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY

WEST BRANCH, IOWA



THE COVER

The cover depicts the Presidential Seal as it appears above the entrance of the Presidential Library Building. This Seal existed between 1880 and 1945, including the Administration of President Hoover, and shows the eagle facing the war weapons in its talons. In 1945, the eagle's head was turned to face over its right shoulder toward the olive branch of peace.



HERBERT HOOVER, 88

Photo by Philippe Halsman

THE HERBERT HOOVER LIBRARY AND THE PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY SYSTEM

The Herbert Hoover Library at West Branch, Iowa, is a Presidential Library operated by the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration as a part of the national archives system. At present there are three other Presidential Libraries in operation under the direction of the Archivist of the United States: the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas; the Harry S. Truman Library at Independence, Missouri; and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York.

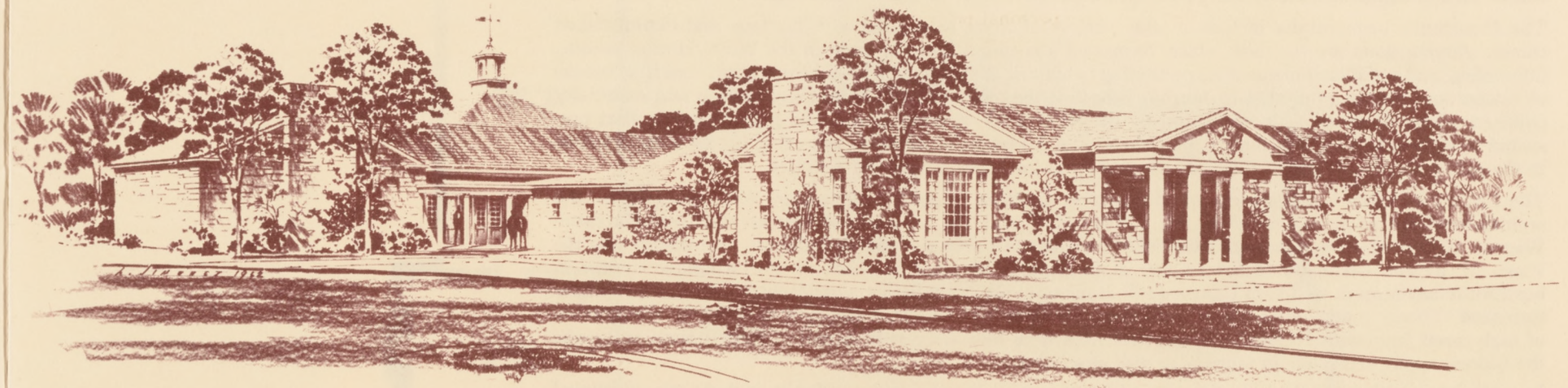
Presidential Libraries are a relatively new addition to the Nation's archival institutions. For 166 years there was no systematic provision made for the preservation of the papers of the Presidents. Consequently many were lost, dispersed, or destroyed. Others were preserved, often by mere chance, and some, although preserved virtually intact, were long not available for research use. Yet almost from the birth of the Republic it was recognized that Presidential papers formed an important part of our national heritage. Why, then, were they not systematically preserved from the outset as a part of the Nation's archives?

In the United States, the Office of the President is a constitutional office having a separate and independent status in the governmental system. Every President since Washington has considered that this status extended to the papers of his office — that they were personal property during and after his administration. So from Washington on Presidents have taken their papers with them when they left office—or, if they died in office, their heirs took over the papers.

Congress, recognizing that the Government and the people had a vital interest in Presidential papers, appropriated considerable sums of money during the 19th Century to purchase the papers of our earliest Presidents. These were eventually deposited in the Library of Congress, which by gift or purchase, also managed to acquire substantial quantities of the papers of 19 later Presidents from Van Buren to Coolidge.

In recent times, the volume of papers accumulated by a President while in office has increased so greatly that the space required for their safekeeping has multiplied many times over. The combined papers of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe now in the Library of Congress, for example, comprise only about 75,000 manuscript "items." The papers of the Adams family in the Massachusetts Historical Society, including those of two Presidents and spanning a period of two and one-half centuries, number some 275,000 manuscript pages—the equivalent of about 75 modern file cabinet drawers. In contrast, the papers of Franklin D. Roosevelt would fill some 2500 drawers; Harry S. Truman, 1600 drawers; and Dwight D. Eisenhower, 2000 or more. In addition to papers, modern Presidents accumulate thousands of printed items—personal libraries, in effect—and countless gifts and mementoes, many of which have great cultural or commemorative value. It is no accident, therefore, that the concept of the Presidential Library has appealed to our recent Presidents.

Presidential Libraries within the national archives system were made possible when Congress, with bipartisan support and without dissenting vote, passed the Presidential Libraries Act of 1955. This legislation authorizes the Government to accept as gifts to the Nation the papers of any President or former President of the United States and buildings, privately financed and constructed, to house them. It also designates the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration to operate such libraries as "Presidential Archival Depositories."



THE COMPLETED PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY

President Hoover offered his public papers and related historical materials to the United States as a gift in December 1960. On the same date, the Herbert Hoover Birthplace Foundation, Inc., which had raised funds for and supervised the construction of a Hoover Library at West Branch, offered the building, equipment, and grounds to the Federal Government as a gift. The Hoover birthplace cottage and other structures in the 28-acre Hoover Park were included in the gift. Congress authorized the acceptance of the gifts in March, 1962.

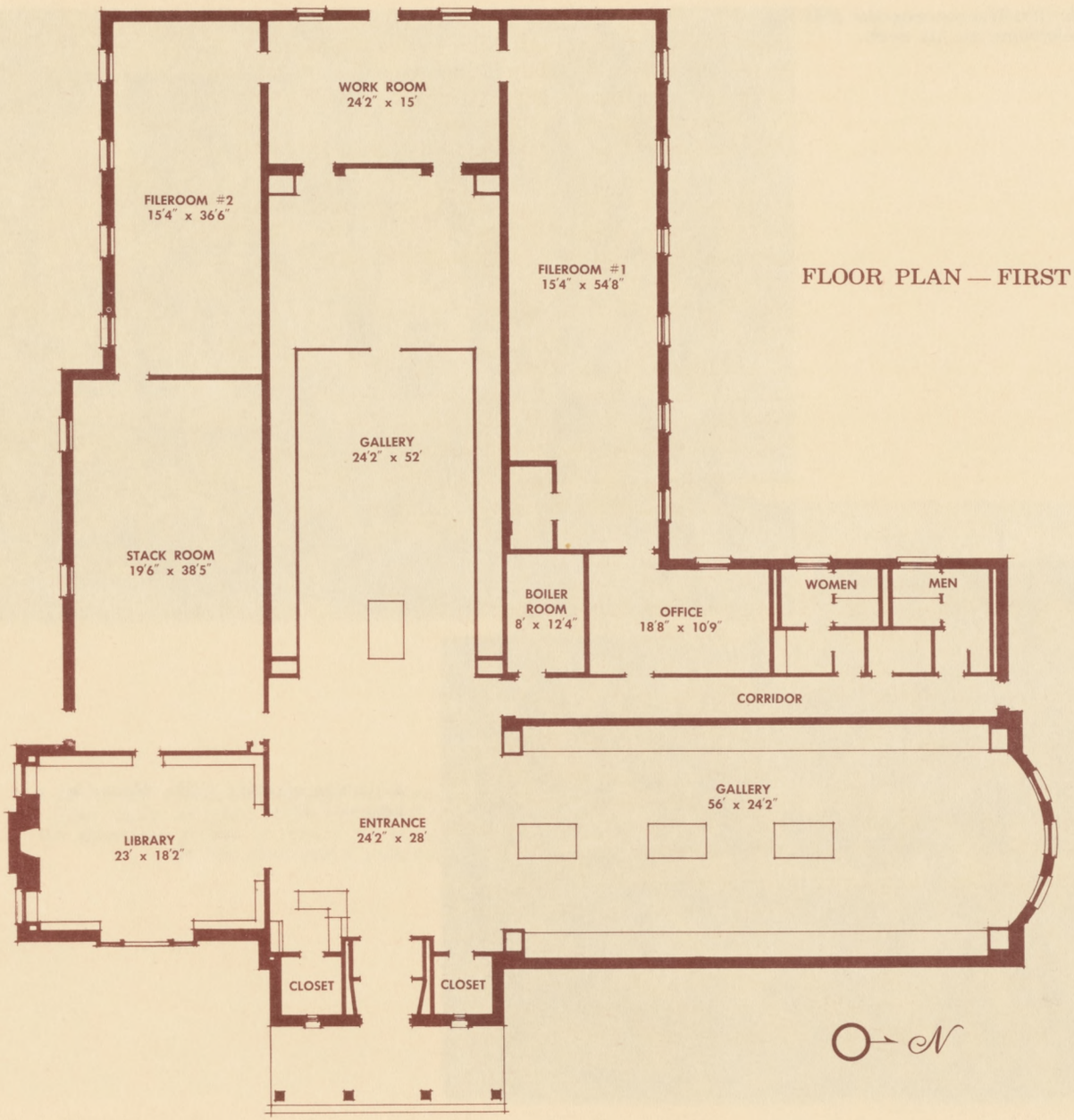
The nucleus of the Hoover Library's holdings is, of course, the large collection of papers accumulated by Mr. Hoover during his long years of public service—especially while he was Secretary of Commerce, President of the United States, and later, as Chairman of the First and Second Commissions on the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government (the Hoover Commissions). They do not include, however, the President's notable collection of "war and peace" documents which he earlier gave to Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California.

It is anticipated that the Hoover papers will be supplemented to the extent possible by gifts of personal papers deposited by leading associates and contemporaries or by the acquisition of microfilm copies of such papers when not available to the Library in original manuscript form. The Hoover and related papers will be further supplemented by the President's collection of books and memorabilia.

The President's memorabilia include a wide variety of items associated with his long and distinguished career. Among them are the desk, chair, flags, and associated items he used in the White House; unique, interesting, and significant mementoes pertaining to historic events in which he participated; countless tokens of esteem and thanks presented to him on behalf of the millions of grateful men, women and especially children, whom he saved from starvation by his relief work in years of war and peace; objects d'art presented to or acquired by him during his travels; and evidences of all kinds reflecting his life-long devotion to the public service. Many of these are on display in the Library's exhibit galleries.

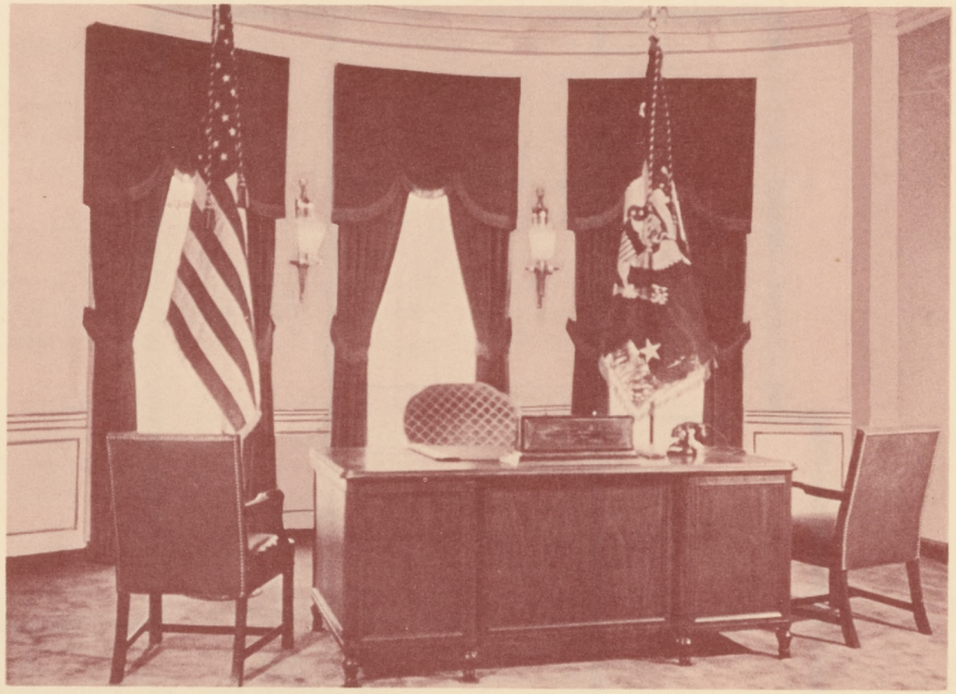
The Library building is a compact, one-story stone structure of some 6,000 square feet, designed by the architectural firm of Eggers and Higgins of New York and the associate architects Wetherell-Harrison-Wagner of Des Moines in consultation with President Hoover and the Foundation. Contractor was the Viggo M. Jensen Company of Iowa City. Appropriately situated adjacent to the birthplace cottage in beautifully landscaped, well-kept Hoover Park, it includes exhibit galleries, a handsomely-paneled but simply furnished "library room," staff offices, and stacks for storage of papers, books, and mementoes. Completion of high-speed Interstate Highway 80 east and west from Iowa City, with its exit at West Branch, will make the Library easily accessible to tourists, as well as scholars.

In accordance with current plans, the present building will shortly be expanded to include two additional tiers of stacks, a commodious research room, a small auditorium, a photographic laboratory, and several more staff and work areas. This addition will be to the West of the building now standing, and will be of 9,000 square feet. The Foundation, in consultation with President Hoover, Eggers and Higgins, and Wetherell-Harrison-Wagner, will supervise construction of the addition which, upon completion, will operate with the help of the National Archives and Records Service as an integral part of the properties given to the Government by the Foundation in 1960. The original structure will then be devoted almost exclusively to museum displays.



FLOOR PLAN — FIRST SECTION

The Presidential desk. Mr. Hoover was the first President to have a telephone on his desk.



A display of some of Mr. Hoover's personal items.

The book sent to Mr. Hoover in 192
of grateful children in Lodz, Polan
fed by one of the Hoover Food

r. Hoover in 1921, bearing the names
en in Lodz, Poland, who had been
the Hoover Food Commissions.

The "library-room" set up for a conference.

A few of the many embroidered and painted flour sacks that Mr. Hoover received from the European people in thanks for his work on the American Commissions.

Photos on these pages courtesy of the Des Moines REGISTER

THE PARK

The Herbert Hoover Birthplace Park is located in West Branch, Iowa, a small town of some 800 population ten miles east of Iowa City, site of the State University, 25 miles south of Cedar Rapids, and 135 miles east of Des Moines, the State Capital.

Development of the Park by the people of West Branch began in the 1930's, after Mr. Hoover had visited West Branch as a candidate for the Presidency in 1928, and after he had visited there several times after he left the White House. The two-room cottage, which had been converted into a kitchen for a local home, and in which the future President was born on August 10, 1874, was acquired. A small tract of land was then obtained for the statue of Isis, the Egyptian Goddess of plenty, which was given to Mr. Hoover in the early 1920's by the people of Belgium in appreciation of his relief work for them during the First World War. In the decade that followed, additional land was acquired; trees planted; a caretaker's home established; a shelter-house was built by contributions from the Boy Scouts of the area; the restored blacksmith shop, operated by Jesse Hoover, Mr. Hoover's father, was constructed in 1957 from material taken from a nearby barn, built at about the time of the shop, 1871; and the Presidential Library was completed in 1962.

The Park has two main entrances, one for automobiles leading to the back space of the Park; the other leading to the cottage and blacksmith shop. The gate of the latter entrance is of pergola design, and within it is the large bronze plaque given to Mr. Hoover in 1951 as an especially-created "Iowa Award."

The Park itself is of 28 acres, rectangular in shape, and is cut diagonally by the west branch of the Wapsinonoc Creek, hence the name "West Branch." The area is level along the little stream, with a swell toward the south and west as the ground rises to a hill. Willow trees grow beside the creek, and several hundred trees, set out as the Park was developed, lend their beauty to the rest of the Park.

In the extreme northeast corner of the Park, on location almost exactly that of the original structures, stand the cottage and blacksmith shop. The interior of the cottage mirrors the time of the President's birth, and thousands of visitors go through the cottage each year to see the household items of a time gone by. The blacksmith shop is filled with old-time objects and tools, making it a small museum for the middle west. Nestled in a bower of evergreens on the bank of the creek, across a small mall, facing the cottage, sits the statue of Isis. The Presidential Library, situated in the eastern portion of the Park, and the Boy Scout shelter-house in the northern part of the Park complete its grounds.

* * * * *

The Park was acquired by the Birthplace Society, a local and regional organization formed in 1939. This society made the birthplace cottage available to the public.

The Foundation was formed in 1954, and it and the Society co-operated in handling the Park, notably in restoring the blacksmith shop of Mr. Hoover's father.

In the late 1950's the two organizations merged, and now operate as the Herbert Hoover Birthplace Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation with nearly 100 trustees in various parts of the United States, of whom Chairman is Admiral Lewis L. Strauss of Washington, D.C., former Secretary to Mr. Hoover, and President is William B. Anderson of West Branch.

The Herbert Hoover Birthplace Cottage as seen through the door of the Blacksmith Shop.

The replica of the Blacksmith Shop operated by Jesse Hoover.

The Park, showing the small footbridge across the Wapsinonoc Creek, and Isis, Goddess of Plenty.

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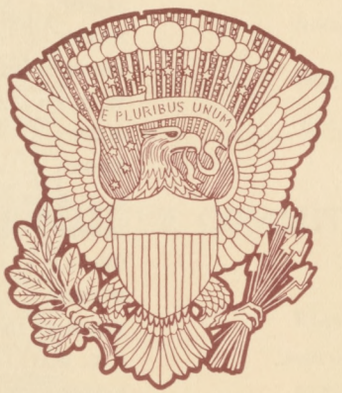
ROBERT TAFT, JR.
603 Dixie Terminal Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
LOWELL THOMAS
Pawling, N. Y.
JOHN THOMPSON
West Branch, Iowa
WILLIAM HALLAM TUCK
Perrywood, Upper Marlborough, Maryland
WILLIAM J. WAGNER
500 Hubbell Building, Des Moines, Iowa
DE WITT WALLACE
Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.
GENERAL A. C. WEDEMEYER
Rheem Manufacturing Company, 477 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
CHARLES WHITE
Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. GILES WHITING
740 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
HEDO M. ZACHERLE
715 Locust Street, Des Moines, Iowa


E PLURIBUS UNUM

This brochure was prepared by the Herbert Hoover Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
Stanford University, Stanford, California

HERBERT HOOVER ARCHIVES

January 22, 1962

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
Route 1, Box 101
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

We have been informed by Mr. Perrin C. Galpin that upon completion of the inventory of papers and files of your parents you intend to send to the Hoover Institution at Stanford any items which would be of interest to the Hoover Institution.

This letter is to assure you that the Hoover Archives, where the Vernon and Charlotte Kellogg Collections are kept, are most anxious to receive any additions to these collections. As you undoubtedly know Charlotte Kellogg sent, in words of a letter of hers dated March 4, 1956 "all of Vernon's papers which might prove useful" and also, several very valuable memorabilia. Because of Mr. Kellogg's work with Mr. Hoover and the high quality of his writings about his own and Mr. Hoover's work, we especially appreciate being entrusted with the care of the Vernon and Charlotte Kellogg papers and memorabilia.

Sincerely yours,

Rita R. Campbell

Dr. Rita R. Campbell
Archivist

RRC:aa

OPINION PAGE

Background and Interpretation of the News

Monterey Peninsula Herald

Monterey, California, Friday, October 23, 1964. 34

ALLEN GRIFFIN
President

F. K. ARTHUR Jr.
Editor and Publisher

TED DUREIN
Managing Editor

R. B. GIFFORD
Business Manager

There Goes That Great Samaritan

WORLD
HOOVER NEVER TOOK A DIME FOR ANY PUBLIC SERVICE - INCLUDING PRESIDENT
HOOVER THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN
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Liberal and Magnanimous

Hoover In Retrospect

By WALTER LIPPMANN

It is hard to recapture for those who did not know Herbert Hoover during the first World War the brilliance of his reputation and the personal fascination of the man.

The nation had entered the war reluctantly and resentfully. The American people were predominantly isolationist, believing that our ramparts were the two oceans, and there were pacifists and they hated war.

Hoover, though he was a Quaker and at heart a conscientious objector to war, had in fact intervened spectacularly long before Woodrow Wilson felt himself forced to ask Congress for a declaration of war.

Hoover had intervened by the gallant enterprise of saving the Belgian people during the German occupation. This struck a deep response in a nation which realized that neutrality was inglorious and probably impossible, but yet recoiled at the butchery.

* * *

When this country entered the war, Hoover was already a legendary figure. He was also an entrancing talker. Many felt, as I did, that they had never met a more interesting man, anyone who knew so much of the world and could expound so clearly what to almost all Americans in 1917 were the inscrutable mysteries of European politics.

When the war ended in 1918 and the presidential election of 1920 began to take shape, Hoover was the first choice of nearly all the Wilsonian idealists, of the progressives and liberals in both parties. Destiny had marked him, I have always thought, to be the natural heir of Woodrow Wilson, and in fact he was launched into national politics by men who belonged to Wilson's following.

He chose, however, to declare himself a Republican, and this decision, which brought him to the presidency eight years later, opened up a breach with the progressives and liberals. It was deepened and envenomed by the 1932 campaign, and it was not until much later in his life that the breach was healed, thanks to the initiative of President Harry Truman.

At a time like this it would be foolish to attempt to anticipate the verdict of history. But those of us who knew Hoover during his public career may, perhaps, allow ourselves a few reflections. I would venture to say that for the disaster which engulfed him in the White House Hoover was in no way responsible.

In the 1920s when the great repression was brewing, there was no one, no politician or financier, who had any clear idea as to how the world should be reconstructed after a devastating war. It was then normal, though almost no one remembered it, that in modern history a great war is followed by a great crash.

We avoided such a crash after the second World War because we had so well learned the lessons of the first World War. So far as I know, Hoover himself never accepted the tenets of the modern school of monetary and fiscal management which are applied in all advanced countries today.

* * *

But it is an interesting historical fact that as president he adopted pragmatically virtually all the main principles of the early years of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. The reader will find the basic test for this assertion in Hoover's speech accepting the Republican nomination on Aug. 11, 1932.

Writing three years later in the light of the unfolding New Deal program, I ventured to say that Hoover's "historic position as a radical innovator has been greatly-underestimated and . . . Mr. Roosevelt's pioneering has been greatly exaggerated.

It was Mr. Hoover who abandoned the principles of laissez-faire in relation to the business cycle, established the conviction that prosperity and depression can be publicly controlled by political action and drove out of the public consciousness the old idea that depressions must be overcome by "private adjustment."

In the 1932 speech of acceptance, Mr. Hoover said that "the function of the federal government in these times is to use its reserve powers and its strength for the protection of citizens and local governments by support to our institutions against forces beyond their control."

Hoover's recovery program included a deliberate policy of inflating the base of credit, the use of government credit to supplement the deficiency of private credit, reduction of the normal expenses of government but an increase of the extraordinary expenditures—the expansion of public works in order to create employment; the assumption by the federal government of the ultimate responsiblity for relief of destitution where local or private resources were inadequate. This increase was not to be covered by taxation, but by deficit financing.

* * *

While Hoover is remembered now as a great objector to the course of affairs since 1932, this was, I believe, the effect of his disastrous accident in 1929 — his being run over by the Great Depression. His negativism was not in harmony with his generous, liberal and magnanimous nature.

In the field of war and peace, however, Herbert Hoover remained true to his original nature, that of the bold and brilliant philantrophist who binds up wounds and avoids inflicting them. Hoover fed the defeated Germans, and though he hated communism he fed the Bolsheviks.

Yet in spite of all of it he never believed in America as a global power with military and political commitments in every continent. He was an isolationist and, insofar as his beliefs could be reconciled with his duties as president and commander-in-chief, he was a conscientious objector.

I remember him affectionately. Thus, in 1928 when he was nominated for president, I sent him congratulations and good wishes. He replied to me at my office in the New York World, which was supporting Gov. Al Smith, that "I do not expect you to love me publicly until after November."

By Hank Ketcham

Monterey Peninsula Herald

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1964.

Television Logs, Specials

FOURTH SECTION — 33

California Hospital Assn. Elects Tonkin

Service Office Helps Veterans

(Herald photo)

Navy Day Tactics

Rear Adm. Charles K. Bergin, superintendent of the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, demonstrates to Navy League members J. O. Tostevin (center), and John Clancy, chairman of Navy Day program, Navy precision in lining up the setting for the Oct. 29 dinner. The public is invited to the Navy Day observance at which Vice Adm. P. D. Stroop, commander of U.S. Naval Forces Air, Pacific, will be featured speaker. Reservations at $4.50 per person may be made through the Navy League office, 375-3141, or tickets may be purchased at the door. The dinner will be held in the Bali Room at NPGS.

Pleads Guilty to Carrying Loaded Gun

Terrance B. Heath of 70 Hitchcock Rd., Carmel Valley, yesterday pleaded guilty in Monterey Municipal Court to a charge of having a loaded firearm in his car.

Monterey police said that they found a loaded shotgun in the rear of Heath's car which was parked at 1261 9th St.

New Donner Highway

DONNER SUMMIT (UPI) — A new four-lane highway over Donner Summit in the Sierra will be dedicated Nov. 1.

Monterey Police Harassed By a String of Burglaries

A rash of burglaries was reported to Monterey police Wednesday and yesterday.

At 3 a.m. yesterday, James C. Fox of Jacksonville, Fla. said that $750 in cash had been stolen from his room at the Serra Hotel, Tyler and Del Monte.

Wednesday, police were told that someone had entered the St. John's Chapel at Fremont and Sylvan road and taken $7.50.

Three burglaries of automobiles parked at Munras avenue motels were reported Wednesday.

Victims were William T. Archer of Santa Fe Springs and Guy C. Martin of Las Vegas, Nev., staying at the Reef Motel and Russell H. Kane of St. Paul, Minn. staying at the Cypress Garden Motel.

Archer reported the loss of a $2 pair of sunglasses. Martin lost $300 worth of clothing and a revolver while Kane reported the theft of an $80 movie projector.

REMINDER

Standard Time returns October 25th at 2 A.M.

don't forget to set your watch back one hour

Ω OMEGA

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Presidency of Hoover Gains New Stature

BY STEVE NEAL
Knight News Service

PHILADELPHIA—Herbert Clark Hoover was perhaps the unluckiest man ever to be elected President of the United States. It was his misfortune to enter the White House just seven months before the Wall Street crash of 1929, the beginning of America's worst economic depression.

Rightly or wrongly, Hoover bore the blame for the Great Depression. He was mocked and scorned by millions of his countrymen. His name and disaster became synonymous. The shantytowns in which thousands of jobless persons lived were called "Hoovervilles." And, for a generation, Democratic presidential candidates exploited this unpopularity by campaigning more against him than against their actual opponents. Republicans never mentioned him.

Times have changed.

Last month marked the beginning of the Hoover centennial.

The late President was born on Aug. 10, 1874, in West Branch, Iowa. And, as is often the case with centennial celebrations, there has been a resurgence of interest in Herbert Hoover.

No longer a fallen hero, Hoover is, at last, getting recognition as one of the most activist Presidents in our history, an immensely capable, honest, hard-working administrator.

Rexford G. Tugwell, a member of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's brain trust and the leading proponent of the New Deal, said, "We didn't admit it at the time. But practically the whole New Deal was extrapolated from programs that Hoover started.

"When the depression began, Hoover had already set up a man to work out a program for public works. As far as unemployment was concerned, Hoover lent money to the states. And to help banks and businesses, he set up a reconstruction finance administration."

Hoover was responsible, Tugwell said, for seminal studies of America's business cycle and its social consequences. As secretary of Commerce, Hoover asked some of the nation's leading economists to help prepare these reports. So Hoover was uniquely prepared to cope with the depression.

He moved boldly and forcefully.

By bringing the banks, railroads, insurance companies, farmers and the unemployed into federal economic programs, Hoover was making a radical departure from the American tradition of local responsibility.

These actions, however necessary, were painful steps for this champion of American individualism. Hoover's gloomy predictions about massive federal intervention undermined his popular support. In speech after speech, Hoover warned, "The moment responsibilities of any community, particularly in economic and social questions, are shifted from any part of the nation to Washington, then that community has subjected itself to a remote bureaucracy. It has lost a large part of its voice in the control of its own destiny."

Hoover probably could have enlisted more popular support for his programs if he had not made relief a moral issue. "Roosevelt and Hoover didn't disagree," Tugwell said. "Hoover just had a lot more principles. He was afraid of injuring the free enterprise system, afraid of ruining people's character. Roosevelt thought feeding hungry people was more important than principles."

"More than any other 20th century American's, Hoover's reputation is the product of misinformation and distortion," said revisionist historian William Appleman Williams, author of "The Contours of American History.

"Before his defeat in 1932, Hoover had pulled out every antidepression tool the progressives ever owned."

Hoover was, in many ways, an enlightened progressive. He was one of President Woodrow T. Wilson's closest advisors and a strong supporter of the League of Nations. As secretary of commerce, he was considered the most liberal member of the Harding-Coolidge cabinets. And with good reason. Secretary Hoover worked for the prohibition of child labor, bluntly told the steel industry that the 12-hour day and 84-hour week were barbaric, fought the oil companies on environmental issues, and pushed for development of water resources

Wall Street and Republican power brokers wanted no part of Hoover when President Calvin Coolidge announced his retirement, but the GOP had no other choice but to nominate him. In the public mind, Hoover was the only man big enough for the Presidency.

He was swept into office by a landslide, carrying 40 states. Then came the crash.

Hoover was swept out of office four years later by an even greater landslide, barely managing to win six states. Deeply wounded by this rejection, Hoover later wrote: "I knew from the bitter experience of all public men from George Washington down that democracies are fickle and heartless. When the ultimate bump came, I was well fortified to accept it philosophically and, in fact, to welcome it, for democracy is a harsh employer."

President Harry S Truman helped restore Hoover's reputation by appointing him chairman of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch. This group, which became known as the Hoover Commission, issued authoritative reports on streamlining and creating economies in government.

By the time he died, at the age of 90, Hoover had won vindication.

In 1923, shortly before his death, President Warren G. Harding asked Hoover "If you knew of a great scandal in our administration, would you for the good of the country and party expose it or would you bury it?"

Hoover quickly replied, "Blow it out at once! The blowing will prove the integrity of the administration."

TIL 6 P.M.
wntown L.A. closed Sunday)

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MEMORANDUM

October 16, 1964

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

I am enclosing a pamphlet Herbert Hoover Public Positions and Honors. I thought you might enjoy having it.

With every good wish,

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Dempsey

Elizabeth Dempsey
Secretary to Mr. Hoover

November 27, 1964

Miss Elizabeth Dempsey
Secretary to Mr. Hoover
Waldorf Astoria Towers
Park Avenue
New York 22, New York

Dear Miss Dempsey:

It was so good of you to send the last Hoover book as well as the beautiful pamphlet of the Public Positions and Honors. I was touched that you found time to do this so promptly amidst all the pressure of these last weeks.

I cannot tell you what a great experience it was for me to go to West Branch for the burial services. It was an extraordinary occasion on that glorious Iowa autumn afternoon to see family and friends gathered there and all the thousands of farmers and citizens in the green fields of the Presidential Park. There was an atmosphere of completion and peace which I feel Mr. Hoover's own life and effort brought about.

My husband and I have moved to a new address -

Ford and Story Roads
Carmel Valley, California 93924

It is not far from Carmel, and if you ever come this way please do come and see us.

Again with thanks for your thought of us,

With warm remembrances,

It's a Regular White House Tradition

Carter's Not the First to Sell Off the Yacht

WASHINGTON (AP) — The selling-of-the-presidential-yacht in the name of taxpayer savings has become another White House tradition.

Like President Carter's recent decision to put the 104-foot wooden yacht Sequoia up for auction, a number of past presidents have done the same thing — and then ended up cruising down the Potomac anyway.

President Herbert Hoover did it. So did Dwight D. Eisenhower. And Lyndon B. Johnson. And Richard M. Nixon.

The procedure is usually to decommission one yacht, often denouncing it as a waste of taxpayers' money, and then gradually take over another boat from the Navy's fleet.

The Navy has maintained and operated presidential yachts since the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes, a Navy spokesman, Bill Harlow, said Tuesday.

In 1929, Hoover ordered the USS Mayflower to be decommissioned as a presidential yacht in the interest of economy, Harlow said. That yacht had been used by Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge and Warren Harding.

A year after Hoover decommissioned the Mayflower, he began using the Sequoia, according to a White House spokesman.

Harlow said that Nixon brought the Sequoia, also used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, back into presidential use in January 1969, right after his inauguration.

That was just before Nixon ordered the selling of two other yachts used by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson to save the yearly maintenance costs.

In 1953, after his inauguration, Eisenhower announced he was retiring the Williamsburg, President Harry Truman's yacht, because he considered it a "symbol of needless luxury."

But Eisenhower then acquired two other Navy yachts and renamed them after his two granddaughters, Barbara Anne and Susie E.

During the Kennedy administration, the Barbara Anne became the Honey Fitz and the Susie E. became the Patrick J., the names of President Kennedy's grandfathers.

When Johnson became president, he announced he had no use for the two yachts, but newspaper clips indicate that he used the Honey Fitz from time to time.

Though Carter has ordered that the Navy auction off the Sequoia, the Navy is not sure exactly what the procedure will be.

"It's unlikely that it will be auctioned off in the traditional sense," Harlow said. "Usually what happens is that it's given to the defense logistics agency to see if it's needed anywhere else in government ... If not, we may accept bids from the public."

And what if on a sticky August evening President Carter decides he wants to cruise down the Potomac?

"He's commander in chief," Harlow said. "I guess he can have any naval vessel he wants."

For example, Harlow added, the commander of the Naval District of Washington has a little 40-foot cabin cruiser that Carter might borrow.

Yacht Sequoia - Launched 1925 4-6-77
First used by Hoover - 1930 Monterey Herald

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week.

Officials sought warrants for the searches after Hanafi leader Hamaas Abdul Khaalis' personal recognizance bond was revoked and he was jailed last Thursday.

A judge ordered the jailing after testimony that Khaalis was overheard making threats on a telephone line tapped by police.

charged with armed kidnaping in the seizure of 134 hostages in three Washington buildings March 9-11. All members of the group are in jail, awaiting action by a grand jury.

In addition, Abdul Aziz, Khaalis' son-in-law, was jailed last week on a charge of buying weapons after a prior felony conviction.

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Hoover Institution Is 'Think Tank' For Conservatives

Palo Alto Scholars Work Among Nation's Largest Private Archives

By Mike Feinsilber

PALO ALTO (AP) — Herbert Hoover got a bargain in 1919 with a $50,000 gift. He founded an institution that preserves his name — and the kind of conservative thinking he'd be comfortable with.

That institution, established "to demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx," now provides the intellectual underpinnings for Ronald Reagan's conservatism.

In running for the presidency, Reagan has tapped into some of the thinking that goes on at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace.

If elected president, he could be expected to surround himself with some of the thinkers.

'Think Tank'

The Hoover, one of the nation's first "think tanks," could serve Reagan the way the Brookings Institution in Washington has served Democratic presidents — as a pool of talent and a school of thought.

That prospect stimulates the Hoover scholars, too. Instead of just urging on policymakers with words on paper, they can visualize standing up to the Russians at the conference table and unshackling the economy.

"Reagan comes here occasionally to meet with our people," says Hoover historian Peter Duignan. "When he does, it's like a faculty seminar. He has no difficulty with our free enterprise economists. In fact, with them, he's always on the left: he winds up wanting to protect the steelworkers, the auto industry, from foreign competition, and our economists say let the free enterprise system work."

Honorary Fellow

Reagan feels so much at home at the Hoover and the Hoover is so comfortable with him that the institution made him an honorary Hoover fellow.

At the Hoover, scholars are paid not to teach, but to think — and to write and testify and make speeches.

The Hoover is housed in and around a 285-foot tower, which juts up like a thumb on the landscape of Stanford's flat campus. It is the university's architectural trademark.

When John Anderson came to Stanford to campaign for the presidency recently, he could not resist making a wisecrack, one bearded with age: He said he had seen the Leaning Tower of Pisa in Italy and now, at Stanford, he had seen a tower that leans to the right.

Leans to the right?

With detente disputed and Keynesian economics in disrepute, the Hooverites think their ideas are on the cutting edge of the 1980s.

Mainstream Moved

Says Hoover Institution director W. Glenn Campbell: "The mainstream has moved toward the Hoover Institution more than the Hoover Institution has moved toward the mainstream."

It started with Herbert Hoover's penchant for collecting the raw materials of history.

Hoover, who later became the 31st president of the United States, was America's young relief coordinator in Europe in World War I.

Unwilling to see the raw materials of history going to waste, he gave his alma mater, Stanford University, $50,000 to establish a library.

Stanford persuaded Gen. John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, to release young scholars from military service so they could go on collecting expeditions. Soon crates of materials about the upheaval in Europe were crossing the Atlantic and winding up at Stanford.

Added Funds

Hoover made another $100,000 available and by 1921 the Hoover War Collection had 80,000 items in it. And it is still growing.

"Hoover is the greatest packrat of all time," Stanford University president Ray Lyman Wilbur remarked. "Whenever he leaves a ton of food, he picks up a pound of history."

Today, the Hoover houses the largest private archives in the country. It is separate from the Hoover library at his birthplace, West Branch, Iowa, which holds papers and memorabilia connected with his presidency.

Even the Russians had to come to Stanford to look at — and ask for a microfilm copy of — the first edition of Pravda.

On three miles of Hoover shelves are the boyhood diary of Nazi Heinrich Himmler, and snapshots of Mao Tse-tung taken in the 1930s during the famous "long march."

Gestapo Book

For the price of a carton of cigarettes, a Stanford-educated G.I. in occupation Germany bought from a Gestapo member a grisly document for the Hoover collection — the only existing complete copy of a 1940 Gestapo book listing (in alphabetical order, with blanks left to add more names) residents of Britain who were to be rounded up for execution when the Nazis invaded.

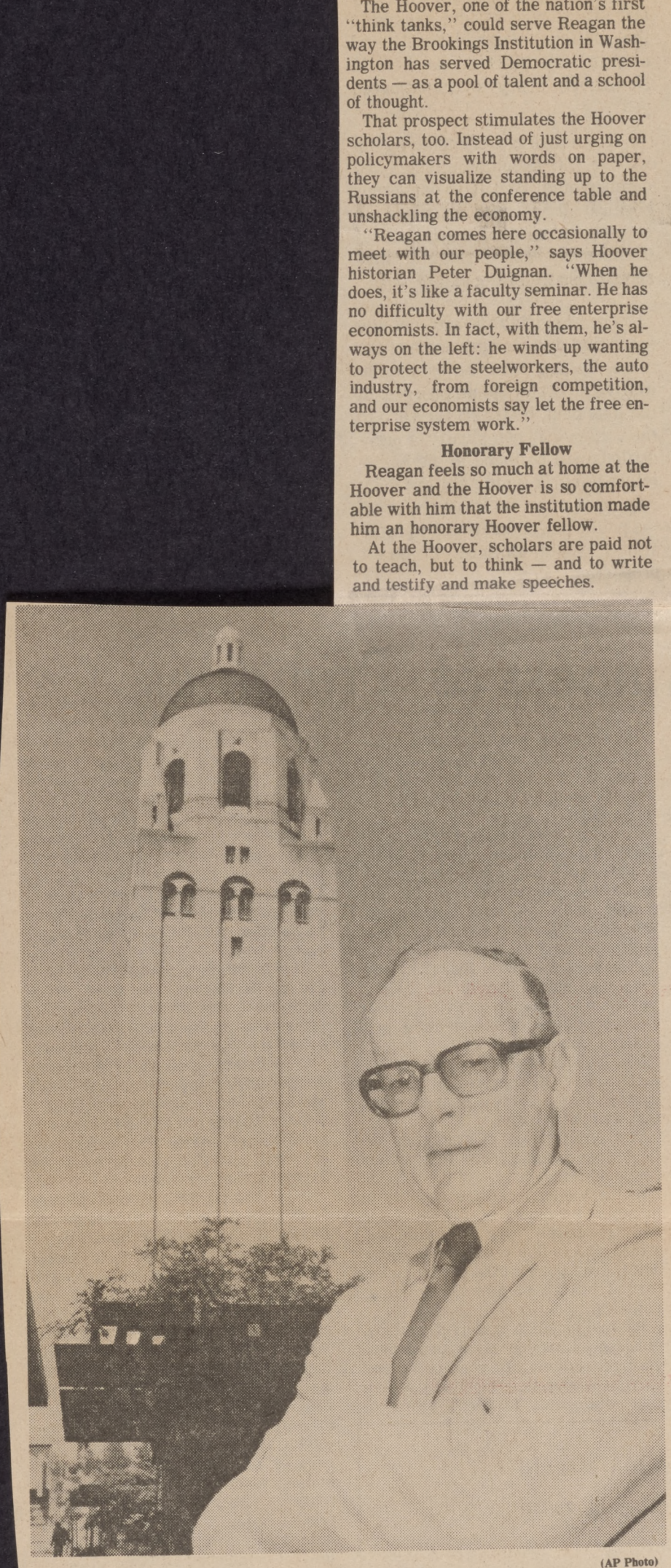
Among those on Hitler's enemies list were: Winston Churchill and his cabinet; Sigmund Freud; pianist Ignace Paderewski, Poland's premier in exile; and Eduard Benes, exiled president of Czechoslovakia.

For a time after World War II, the Hoover tower served as a sanctuary where Eastern European intellectual emigres gathered to research their memoirs.

Even today, the chief archivist is Milrad Drachkovitch, whose father, minister of the interior in Yugoslavia's first post-World War II government, was assassinated by the communists. And Vasili Romanov, nephew of Czar Nicholas II and prince of Russia, is honorary curator of the Imperial Russian collection — the most significant accumulation of material on pre-1917 Russia anywhere outside the Soviet Union.

Says San Francisco-born Duignan, with a grin, "I got my job here 20 years ago because the director wanted someone on the staff who spoke English as his native tongue."

(Continued on page 4C)



(AP Photo)

LANDMARK — W. Glenn Campbell poses in front of the main tower of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Palo Alto, of which he is the director. The Hoover Institution, one of the nation's first "think tanks," was founded by Herbert Hoover in 1919. It now provides the intellectual underpinnings for Ronald Reagan's conservatism — its founder's purpose was to "demonstrate the evils of the doctrines of Karl Marx." The tower has been described as one that leans to the right.

IT IS A TRIBUTE to the perspicacity of California voters that they were able to see through the murk of misleading advertising in behalf of Propositions 9, 10 and 11 this year and voted down these initiative and referendum frauds in last Tuesday's primary election.

But once again faced with a bewildering array of ballot issues, citizens of this state probably could think of 11 more reasons why there must be a better way of translating popular will into public laws. Added to local issues, the state propositions in many communities resulted in dizzyingly lengthy and complicated ballots.

And not helping voters in the least in clarifying matters was the sheer volume of partisan information on the state ballot issues. It seemed to be particularly overwhelming in volume this year and mind-boggling in its complexity.

Obviously a great deal of it was self-serving, written by the very special interests that the California initiative and referendum procedure was devised to guard against. Far too much of the voter education process this year also was calculated distortion intended only to deceive.

In the past 10 years there have been no less than 145 state issues submitted to California voters, in most election years in double-digit numbers. It is no wonder that ballot excesses of 1980 have added to the growing reaction against the initiative and referendum process.

Undoubtedly both can be improved. The Herald believes that the requirements for putting an initiative before the voters should be toughened. At the same time, some very basic rights must be protected.

For instance, the state constitution requires that all bond issues and amendments to it must be voted upon by the people. Californians surely would not want to deny themselves this essential protection against temporal whims of the Legislature.

Nor, do we believe, would the citizens of this state want to deprive themselves entirely of the right to initiate laws or constitutional amendments themselves. But things obviously are getting out of hand.

When it comes to reform of the initiative and referendum procedure, the lines are narrow. The right to petition must remain intact. Likewise, while there are frequent advertising and petition gathering abuses, California should not want to limit legitimate freedom of speech.

But initiatives often are drawn up by narrow interest groups — such as the landlords' sponsorship of Proposition 13 two years ago and Proposition 10 this year. Once passed, self-serving initiatives like these cannot be modified by the Legislature unless the original initiative allows for such changes.

Although the initiative process probably is here to stay in California, it should be the means of last resort to bring about change after the legislative machinery has failed beyond hope. What is needed is reform of the initiative law.

For example, the fee of only $200 required to circulate a petition in support of an initiative is far too low. It does not even begin to cover the cost of a fiscal impact statement from the attorney general, plus a title, summary and other paperwork provided by the secretary of state.

The number of signatures required to qualify an initiative for a vote — 8 percent of the number of votes cast in the previous gubernatorial election for constitutional amendments, 5 percent for a change in state law — should be increased.

The traditionally low turnout in primary elections, as evidenced by last Tuesday's results, suggests that initiatives should be allowed only in general elections, held in November every even-numbered year.

Town hall government by initiative is uncompromising and cumbersome. And it is dangerous because it permits excesses of caprice and simplistic solutions. If Californians wish to retain it, they should insist on reform.

The Legislature undoubtedly could find ways to curb some of the more blatant misuses of the initiative and referendum process. In the long haul, however, the cure to the volume and complexity of propositions will be found in the Legislature itself. If it did a better job by keeping a more sensitive finger on the public pulse, the need for propositions would diminish in direct proportion.

David S. Broder

The Usefulness of Primaries

LOS ANGELES — Defenders of the presidential primary system point out that without it, John F. Kennedy could not have demonstrated that Protestants would vote for a Catholic, and Jimmy Carter could not have proved that Northerners and blacks would support a Southern white man.

Broder

The usefulness of primaries is that they give lesser-known candidates, and those fighting regional, religious or other bias, a way to compete for the presidency.

But Kennedy in 1960 ran in only four contested primaries, while Carter in 1976 competed in 26 — and that is a world of difference.

After Kennedy had won key primaries in Wisconsin and West Virginia, he still had to convince party leaders and elected officials in the non-primary states that he was fit to carry the party banner. Without them, he would not have had the votes to be the nominee.

That process forced Kennedy to build alliances with other leading Democrats — alliances which served him well as President. Carter, by contrast, gained virtually all the votes he needed from the primaries and entered the presidency without the allies who might have helped him succeed in the job.

Between 1960 and 1976, there was a revolution in the nominating process — a revolution which continued in 1980 when the number of primaries reached three dozen.

The revolution had its origins in the 1968 Democratic Convention, when the "insiders" rejected Eugene J. McCarthy, the survivor of the primaries, and chose Hubert H. Humphrey instead. The perceived injustice of that outcome was probably more the result of the murder of Robert F. Kennedy than any failure of the system. But it led to a complete revision of the Democratic delegate-selection procedures. And those new rules, in turn, led to a doubling of the number of primaries. By 1976, 80 percent of the delegates came out of the primaries — and that was the ball game.

The proliferation of primaries reflected the instinct for self-expression dominant in the culture of the '60s and also the Vietnam period's hostility to institutions and leaders. The belief was that "the people," not the politicians, should choose the presidential candidates, even though "the people" often turned out to be mainly political activists.

But that judgment was irrelevant in a presidential nominating system where your reputation with your peers and your leadership skills counted less than your willingness to spend years ingratiating yourself with small groups of voters in the presidential primary states — especially those early in the calendar.

With more primaries, and less money to spend under new federal laws, candidates learned that the biggest rewards came in winning early contests and letting the mass-media magnification of those narrow plurality victories build momentum for the later and larger states.

The result is perpetual candidacy. George McGovern, the first non-incumbent to test this new system, announced an unprecedented 18 months before the 1972 convention — and won.

Carter started just as far in advance of the 1976 convention. But while McGovern was burdened with being a senator, Carter had no public responsibilities after leaving the Georgia governership and was able to spend 260 days campaigning in 1975.

Observing Carter's success, George Bush applied the same time-table and tactics to the 1980 Republican nomination. He would have won, too, except that he had an opponent in Reagan who has had no other full-time occupation for the last six years (six years!) than running for the Republican nomination.

In the present nominating system, the determinants of success are the size of the candidate's ambitions, the extent of his leisure time, and the tolerance of his family, his budget and his job for almost unlimited travel.

Those characteristics have almost nothing to do with the qualities that make an effective President — as the results show. It is a recklessly haphazard way to choose the candidates for that demanding office.

It is too late to go back to 1960, when four primaries were sufficient for Kennedy, but there are practical remedies available for the excesses of the present system. And the parties have the power to put them into effect themselves.

The Monterey Peninsula Herald

P.O. Box 271, Monterey, California 93940
Telephone 372-3311

R. B. Gifford
General Manager

C. W. Gilmore
Editorial Director

Albert Cross
Executive Editor

Hoover Institution Is Top 'Think Tank' For Conservatives

(Continued from page 1C)

For a time, Hoover research was considered suspect, tinged by ideology. As proof that that reputation is out of date and that Hoover finds places for a spectrum of thought, not just laissez-faire economics or hard-boiled anti-communism, they point to two present staff members: Democrat Seymour Martin Lipset, a sociologist who is an expert on the drifts of public opinion, and philosopher Sidney Hook, who calls himself a sociologist of the Norman Thomas stripe.

"Sidney is my favorite Marxist," says director Campbell.

Hook, 77, taught for 42 years at New York University, and still seems out of place in an open-neck polo shirt and a California suntan.

Give-and-Take

While he finds libertarian economics peculiar, he likes the Hoover. "I find more intellectual give-and-take here than at NYU, where almost everyone agreed with me on everything," he says.

In 1960, with the institution nearly bankrupt, Herbert Hoover, then in his 80s, went to work to restore the institution's fortunes and reputation.

He selected Campbell, who had been an economist with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the director of the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, to rejuvenate the tower.

Campbell and Hoover teamed up to raise money. Campbell tripled the budget, tripled the number of research scholars to about 100, brought scholars to Hoover from around the world for conferences and seminars and established the institution as a major publisher of scholarly works.

Few Federal Ties

Campbell is pleased that the Hoover draws only 7 percent of its revenue from the federal government and does little contract research for the government.

Staff researchers draw salaries comparable to those paid to college faculties. They don't have tenure but they are virtually assured of continued employment as long as they keep working productively.

Under another Hoover program, young, postdoctoral scholars are given an office, a phone, clerical help and a year's pay. In exchange, they are expected to publish something.

It's worked. In 10 years, 125 fellows have produced a shelf of 75 books on subjects ranging from "Civil War in South Russia 1919-20" to "Problems of Sea Power as We Approach the 21st Century."

Working Conditions

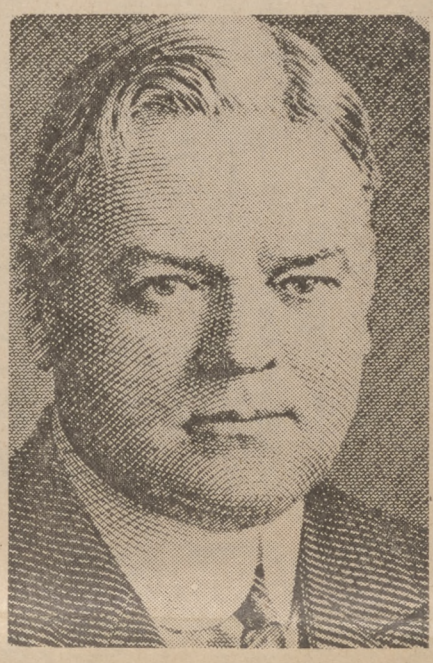
Working conditions, in the tower and two associate buildings — one of them the official federal monument to the former president — could hardly be better. Duignan keeps a bucket of tennis balls in his office. The courts are nearby. Some scholars bicycle to their office. There is no time clock to punch, plenty of time to think about the issues of the times.

By tradition, Hoover scholars drop everything at 3 p.m. for an hour's interdisciplinary chatter over coffee and cookies.

Jokes one junior fellow: "We work in enforced isolation until 3 o'clock, when we get together for one hour of enforced conviviality."

In revitalizing the institution, Campbell persuaded prominent business people to serve on the board of overseers and induced some of the academic world's heaviest thinkers to California.

Three Nobel prize-winners are associated with the Hoover — economist Milton Friedman, who along with his wife, Rose, is the author of the best-selling "Free to Choose," which spells out their economic theories; economic theoretician Friedrich A. Hayek; and Russian writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn, an honorary fellow and an institution favorite.



FOUNDER — In 1919 Herbert Hoover, then U.S. food administrator, gave $50,000 to fund an organization to demonstrate the evils of Marxism and that group has become the prestigious Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace on the Stanford University campus. In his travels around the world as mining engineer, businessman, lecturer and relief director, Hoover collected documents that were the raw material of history, and these became the basic library of the institution. This engraving of Hoover was made in 1928, the year he was elected president of the United States.

Solzhenitsyn's portrait pops up everywhere — almost as often as Herbert Hoover's. Or Ronald Reagan's.

Others stars on the Hoover staff are nuclear physicist Edward Teller, "the father of the H-bomb"; tax expert Dan Throop Smith; welfare expert Martin Anderson; economist Thomas Gale Moore; and Richard Staar, a Russian-speaking chronicler of Soviet affairs.

All could go to Washington in a Reagan administration.

UC Regent

Campbell took a leave of absence to work in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign and Reagan, as governor, appointed him to a 16-year term as a University of California regent.

But Campbell feels that the Hoover is needed more by Washington for its ideas than the manpower it could provide. He sees the Hoover's role as grappling with the broad policy questions of the times "rather than the crisis of the day." For that purpose, being 3,000 miles from Washington can be beneficial.

Campbell says he's not concerned about the Hoover's conservative reputation as long as it is known, too, for solid scholarship.

"Compared to Harvard, Yale or Berkeley, we are conservative, but we're closer to the mainstream than they are," Campbell says.

"What would bother me would be a reputation for low quality research. But I think you'll find widespread acceptance of the work that's done at this place."

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March 18,1970

Dr. Franz G. Lassner
Director of Archives
Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace
Stanford, California 94305

Dear Dr. Lassner:

Thank you for your kind letter of March 13. Since you are engaged in reorganizing the Archives Department at the Hoover Institution, I think I owe you a brief summary of the events starting January 1968 regarding my offer of Mother's remaining papers to that Institution- an offer first welcomed, then totally ignored in the following manner.

My husband and I agreed on the necessity of proper disposition of these papers.It was a personal debt on my part, the papers themselves being of decided historical interest. At the suggestion of Dr. Raymond Henle,who came here to interview me for the Herbert Hoover Oral History Program, I wrote Dr. Campbell who extended us a luncheon invitation which was accepted. Dr. and Mrs. Campbell made us welcome and gave us a tour of the premises. It seemed logical to offer the papers which, at that time, included rare and valuable letters to my Mother from Madame Marie Curie, a rarity in the United States.I did not feel that Dr. Campbell quite understood nor appreciated the weight of such an offer which included letters and data covering Madame Curie's two visits to the U. S. to receive the grams of radium presented to her by the women of the United States. I had previously asked the Koscziusko Foundation, of which Mother was a Life Member, to print some summary of Mother's contributions to modern Poland in return for which I would give them all the papers pertaining to Poland. The vice- president,Mr Kusielewicz,said he was going to Poland int that summer of 1964 and would have reproductions made of any Kellogg correspondence in the Paderewski Papers. He said there would be similar items in the House Papers, in the Hoover Papers, at Stanford, in the Wilson Papers, in the National Archives and in the Library of Congress. He said he would like to visit with us here, but never did so. Not hearing further I felt free to offer the papers to the Hoover Institution.

Dr. Campbell said he knew a scholar at San Francisco State who would research the material, and that he and Mrs. Campbell would personally come to Carmel that summer to transport the papers and memorabilia which my husband and I had offered to bring to them. Mrs. Campbell expressed interest in the untold history of the Paderewski Fund.

I must say I had doubts about impartiality in the Polish Dept. under Mr. Sworakowski. Mother's efforts were on the liberal side. She sent the Quakers in to occupied Poland. But the Paderewski Hospital itself was constructed in Edinburgh to serve soldiers

and the Poles in exile. At the end Motherc resigned from her own Fund rather than give in to ugly pressures within.The correspondence of this period- 1939-1949- constitutes a small but vital missing link in the history of the times, and may properly be called Archives.

Since the Campbells never came nor communicated with us as they had promised, I asked Dr. Henle to make an enquiry, on the informal side.Mrs. Campbell said she(or they) had decided the pa papers were not valuable enough. (She had never seen them!) If by value one means money, the Curie letters were an oversight. If on the other hand it was as "Archives" , then the papers were underestimated. I was personally hurt, and my husband indignant.

A year later Dr. Glazier of the Stanford University Library was sent by Dr. Campbell to get some photostats of a few of the letters.Dr. Glazier was totally ignorant of what had gone before. Upon hearing this tale and glancing at some of the files, which he pronounced "valuable" he proposed the idea of a special Charlotte Kellogg Collection at the Stanford library and independent of the Institution. I agreed, asking only that some of the material be used or published in some pertinent historical format. I demanded nothing. Perhaps he misunderstood, for he failed to return as he said he would, the following July. Nor was there any word of explanation,

This second experience determined me to look elsewhere. I had no further desire to deal with nor trust in Stanford as repository. Yale is my AlmaMater. I was there three years in the Arts when Dr. Angell was President. They already possess papers and books of mine .I have recently been led to believe they would be very happy to receive and use my Mother's papers. I await final resolution of this long delayed matter.

If this letter seems long and tedious, the affair has been just that. I only hope that in your new efforts you will not be handicapped by other experiences such as mine.

I appreciate your sentiments and thank you for them.

Sincerely yours

Jean Kellogg Dickie

ALLAN HOOVER
60 EAST 42nd STREET
SUITE 1650
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10165

(212) 370-0958

February 9, 1983

Mrs. James Dickie
428 Monroe
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

My father, President Herbert Hoover, long pondered the question, "How can we keep America strong and insure that the basic principles of democracy shall continue to guide the nation?" One of his most significant answers was that we must both preserve and disseminate the best in our heritage -- those economic, political, and spiritual ideals which have made ours the strongest, freest nation on earth. The Hoover Presidential Library Association has embraced this answer as its primary mission.

More specifically, the Association -- through the dedicated work of public-minded citizens -- acquired the land, built the Hoover Presidential Library and Historic Site, and donated the whole to the American people in 1962. Today the Association's activity involves encouragement of the broad use of this primary national resource and support of educational programs that relate my father's thought to current policy debate.

That you may learn more about this vital work, I have asked Dr. Malcolm Peel, Director of The Herbert Hoover Endowment, to visit with you when he is in California February 20 - March 5, 1983. When he telephones for an apointment, I shall appreciate your making every effort to see him.

Please know that you have my personal thanks in advance for your response to this request.

Sincerely,

Allan Hoover

AH/lh

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE
Stanford University, Stanford, California

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

December 15, 1967

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Your letter of December 12 arrived during Dr. Campbell's absence from the Institution. I talked to him on the telephone today and he suggested that you and Mr. Dickie come up Thursday, January 4 and be his guests for luncheon.

Sincerely yours,

Edith Fabinyi

(Mrs.)E. S. Fabinyi
Secretary to the Director

answered yes. Dec. 20.

HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE Stanford, California 94305 • (415) 321-2300

March 13, 1970

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

I certainly was pleased to have been able to talk with you on the telephone yesterday about the papers of your parents, and may I take this opportunity to assure you of my continuing interest in these materials. As I mentioned, should the negotiations with Yale not be entirely to your satisfaction, perhaps we could discuss this matter further.

I think in the near future we shall try to prepare an index to your father's materials here at Stanford, including those that form part of the American Relief Administration and the Commission for Relief in Belgium collections. If possible, I also should like to look into the matter of papers that may be available in Warsaw or elsewhere, and I certainly shall keep you posted on any developments.

With best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

Franz G. Lassner
Director of Archives

FGL:sr

Dr. Raymond Henle

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. Suite 840
Washington, D. C. 20005 *202/296-3971*

May 19 '70

Dear Jean Dickie!

I'm delighted to hear your mother's papers have found such a distinguished repository even though I'm so sorry it wasn't to Hoover Library.

Thanks for letting me know.

Good wishes

Ray Henle

Raymond Henle, Director

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

May 13, 1959

Dear Mrs. Kellogg and Miss Kellogg:

I should like to invite you to attend a reception in honor of King Baudouin of Belgium at 10:10 a.m. Friday, May 22, in the Lou Henry Hoover Room of the Hoover Institution.

Other local residents affiliated with the Commission for Relief in Belgium have been invited. I am sure that the King will be pleased to meet people who did so much to help his country.

The reception is expected to last until 11 a.m.

I am sorry that we were unable to reach you by telephone with advance information about this reception, which I hope very much that you both can attend.

Sincerely yours,

J. E. Wallace Sterling

J. E. Wallace Sterling

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg
Miss Jean Kellogg
Route 1, Box 141
Carmel, California

Marie José Cocket now in the Hoover Institution -

Miss Kellogg represented Mrs. Kellogg who was too ill - Miss Kellogg wore the

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Marco Island, Florida
February 26, 1969

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thank you for your letter of the 20th.

Perhaps the change of direction at Stanford will yet result in something agreeable to you. Let us hope so.

You were kind to send the books for my personal library and I dare say that in due course they will find their way to West Branch. Meanwhile they will be of much interest to me in my work.

Mrs. Henle joins in every good wish to you and your husband.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ck

Suite 807, 1200 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 • 202-296-3971

HHOHP

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Dictated from Marco Island, Florida
April 26, 1968

I can later save these documents to Yale on the advice of Perrin Galpin

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

No letter I have received has given me such pleasure as yours in which you tell of your decision to give those valuable papers to The Hoover Institution, and that Dr. Rita Campbell is sending a team to examine your holdings.

This is something that occupied the "worrying section" of my mind ever since I saw you. The documents will be so ideally suited to the purpose of the Institution, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I feel a good deal of pride in thinking that our oral history program and my visit with you in pursuance of it helped this wonderful thing to happen.

I know you yourself must be delighted with the oustanding cooperation and planning which Dr. Campbell is giving to make your collection the important adjunct to the Institution which it surely will be.

Your transcript is on its way to you. You did an outstanding job for us.

I hope we shall meet again when I return to California in July.

Good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ck
cc: Dr. Rita Campbell

15

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1/27/70

Dear Mrs. Dickie -

Your letter, undated but I presume after Jan 1, has just caught up with me here. I have been loaded with 30 interviews in the West, and now am heading ~~home~~ to my D.C. Office prior to going on home to Marco Island, Fl.

Give me another week or so to see if I can make some sound suggestions to you. Meanwhile - the Hoover Institution has a new Chief of Archives (Dr Franz Lassner) - he formerly was at West Branch - and, two, Dr. Sworakowski has retired and no longer has any active control over the Polish section as I understand it.

I am meeting some of my colleagues in Washington Thursday. Perhaps I can send you constructive word. At any rate you will hear from me. Good wishes

Raymond Merle

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West Branch

H. P. L. A

R.S.V.P.

Regretted June 10. 1974

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HERBERT HOOVER ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

(Third Report)

A Project of the

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on behalf of the

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West Branch, Iowa

and the

HOOVER INSTITUTION ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE
Stanford, California

THIS third report to the participants and grantors in the Herbert Hoover Oral History Program brings up to date the progress made since our report of August 1968.

The work has increased substantially in volume and tempo and it has forged ahead at a pace consistent with our financial resources and a small staff.

During our past fiscal year our agreed-upon period of sponsorship by The Institute for Social Science Research ended. On November 1, 1969 sponsorship was transferred to the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library Association. The Association then matched a new foundation grant which, together with generous individual contributions, enables us to carry forward the work of the Program which has expanded substantially beyond what was contemplated as necessary at its beginning.

As of April 1, 1970 interviews with 332 persons had been recorded. Those interviewed since our last report include President Johnson, who not only gave a notable statement of recollection and opinion, but also provided documents from his personal papers and the tape-recording section of his own Presidential Library.

Still on our lists and scheduled for interviewing—hopefully during our current fiscal year—are some 70 persons in the United States and about 30 in England, Belgium, France, Finland, Germany and Switzerland.

While the period between an interview and submission of the transcript runs three months or more, we are closing the gap. As of this date, 47 interviews are in the backlog of tapes awaiting transcription and dispatch to respondents for their perusal, correction, additions and final approval. This is the lowest number in some time. We ask those who have not yet received their transcriptions to bear with us.

All transcriptions returned to us as approved are in various stages of work on research, checking of names, dates and places, preparation of footnotes where advisable and compilation of appendixes (in many cases in themselves voluminous collections of letters, memorabilia, documents, etc.) and then to be completely retyped in final library form and bound between hard covers.

As soon as the work on a group of interviews is completed, the bound copies are deposited in the two Hoover libraries, thus becoming the property of the libraries and ready for such public use as the libraries may determine. Only a few of the respondents have specified restrictions as to time and nature of use, which gives the libraries suitable latitude in making the information available.

The bulk of the interviewing has been done by the Director of the Program. During the past year it became evident that more personnel should be employed to speed up the interviewing if our commitments were to be fulfilled, and the services of two interviewers were obtained on a fee basis. Charles T. Morrissey, Director of the Vermont Historical Society, an experienced Presidential oral history interrogator, consented to undertake a limited number of interviews in New England. Robert Cubbedge, who is an associate of Lowell Thomas, has chief responsibility to complete our interviewing in the greater New York area. The Program is indebted to them for their outstanding work.

The duty of preparing the interviews in a form most efficient for use by historians and other authorized researchers falls upon the Assistant Director, Catherine J. Kenny. The original transcribing from raw tape is by Mary F. Hurley. The typing of the final library copies is by Patricia C. Seis. The Director finds it difficult to adequately commend their dedicated services. Their work has received generous praise from many respondents.

This report also gratefully acknowledges the helping hands of the Director of the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library at West Branch, the Director and Chief Archivist of the Hoover Institution at Stanford and the Archivist of the United States. The Hoover Institution consistently has made a sizeable annual contribution to our payroll account. And we gratefully record the assistance of The Institute for Social Science Research during its sponsorship of the Program. This agency's generous grants of office space, use of secretarial equipment and quantities of office supplies released basic foundation and individual gifts of money for travel, research and library preparation work.

After all interviews have been deposited in the Hoover libraries, a comprehensive index of the entire collection will be prepared. It is hoped that, inasmuch as the collection then will be in the public domain, the Archivist of the United States will be successful in obtaining funds from Congress for the indexing. The collection could not hope to provide maximum value and convenience to students and researchers without an adequate index.

The Director has no hesitancy in saying to all who have contributed recollections, time and funds to this Program that, when its full results are deposited in the Hoover libraries at West Branch and Stanford, there will be avail-

able a monumental collection of significant personal reminiscences which otherwise largely might have been lost to posterity. He is moved to observe that no future attempt to delineate the life and times of Herbert Hoover would be adequate without reference to this oral history collection.

RAYMOND HENLE
Director

NEW ADDRESS:

1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.,
Suite 840
Washington, D. C. 20005
May 1, 1970

HERBERT HOOVER ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

(Third Report)

A Project of the

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on behalf of the

HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY
West Branch, Iowa

and the

HOOVER INSTITUTION ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE
Stanford, California

HERBERT HOOVER
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

A Project of

THE INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH

on behalf of

HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY

and

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION ON WAR,
REVOLUTION AND PEACE

THE Herbert Hoover Oral History Program was initiated twenty months after the death of Mr. Hoover. Preliminary work commenced in August 1966 and the first interviews were recorded in late September of that year.

As of this date sixty-five interviews have been recorded and nearly one hundred cartridges of one-hour tape have been used. It is anticipated that over a projected three-year period more than three hundred persons may be interviewed if funds suffice.

The Program initially was financed by an anonymous foundation grant of $30,000 in installments of $10,000 in each of three years. This grant is being matched by contributions from individuals, other foundations and organizations, thus providing $20,000 in each of three years.

The grants and contributions are made to The Institute for Social Science Research, a wholly tax-free organization which is sponsoring the program for the benefit of The Herbert Hoover Presidential Library, West Branch, Iowa and The Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Stanford, California.

Raymond Henle, a former Washington newspaper correspondent and radio news editor of long experience, a friend of Mr. Hoover and a member of the Advisory Board of The Hoover Institution, was designated Director of the Program. Mr. Henle serves without compensation.

The purpose of the Program is to record the recollections of persons who knew Mr. Hoover in any of the various stages of his public life, so that there may be deposited in the two Hoover libraries information which may not be available in written or published works and records already in those libraries, or which will significantly enrich or supplement the written or published documents.

The Program seeks, among other things, to inquire into the human side of Mr. Hoover's operations and into the humanity of Mr. Hoover himself, as this often was obscured by his personal predilection and by political machination.

The Program also seeks unknown facets of his family life and welcomes recollections of Mrs. Hoover, herself a person of intellectual attainment whose influence on the life of her husband is indicated but not adequately understood.

While the number of persons who have first-hand information of Mr. Hoover's relief operations during and after World War I, and of the Cabinet and Presidential years, is diminishing, there are many who knew him in his post-Presidential years and his Elder Statesman years.

There also are many with rich memories of his work as Chairman of the two Hoover Commissions which investigated organization in the United States Government during the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, and of his monumental efforts to relieve misery after World War II as a relief emissary of President Truman.

Mr. Hoover's interests were widespread and his life touched those of literally millions of persons of every race and creed. His impulses to improve the physical well-being of his fellowmen were so strong that it is obvious there still are living many scores of persons who remember the objectives and methods of these operations.

At present, because of the relatively modest funds available for the Program, all interviewing is by Mr. Henle only. The procedure is to take a tape recorder of unique design and capabilities into the office or home of a respondent, after correspondence, phone calls and even warm-up sessions have established a groundwork.

A valid transcript is made from the tape and sent to the respondent with a copy for his files. In due course his corrected original is used to make a final copy for each of the Hoover libraries for use by authorized historians and students.

The Program itself has no plan to use the material for any literary or other undertaking.

All respondents are asked to give a release which insures ownership of tape and library copies by the Hoover libraries, except that respondents may make any stipulations on their use as they may deem advisable. Thus far very few such stipulations have been made, but any such conditions will be honored scrupulously by the Program, the libraries and their staffs.

The tapes are being preserved subject to a future decision on their ultimate disposition, and subject to the wishes of the persons giving the interviews.

Beyond the broadest generalizations in which the Director of the Program occasionally may indulge for purposes of acquainting interested persons with the methods and purpose of the Program, the confidential character of every interview is zealously protected, and the security of all the materials collected carefully is maintained.

The Director presently has two aides, Catherine J. Kenny, Assistant to the Director, and Mary F. Hurley, Transcriber. These three, together eventually with officials of the Hoover libraries, are the only persons familiar with the recorded material.

As of this date not a single portion of the recorded material has been discarded as useless or meaningless or of any other doubtful value. This, with the very limited personnel engaged

in the Program, greatly enhances the prospect of economical operation and the collecting of valuable information. Indeed, the material already recorded enlivens the prospect that recollections still to be obtained will comprise a mass of significant political, social and economic information which will enrich and flavor the work of historians who in the years to come will seek an appraisal of the works of Herbert Hoover and of Herbert Hoover, the man.

August 1967

HERBERT HOOVER ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

A Project of

THE INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH

on behalf of

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and

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE

PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARIES

THE careful preservation of papers, records, and documents has always been a distinguishing characteristic of great nations, for the archives of any country are among its most valuable cultural resources. Without them history cannot be written. When we preserve such materials we prove our commitment to the values on which our society has been built, and it is from these materials that posterity will make its judgments of our lives and times.

These were the factors that led the Congress, in 1934, to create the institution it called the National Archives, which has since become the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration. This Service administers a nation-wide system of depositories where there are preserved and made available all classes of papers and documents that are important for the study of American history. This system includes the four Presidential Libraries now in operation and the two that are in process of creation.

The Presidential Libraries Act of 1955 gave statutory recognition to the special importance attached to the preservation of papers and other historical materials of the Presidents of the United States, together with the papers of their associates and contemporaries. Bringing into the National Archives system the papers of the Presidents, and of the men and women who helped them shape national policies, makes the study and understanding of a particular Presidential era easier. As part of the National Archives system these papers are administered by the same agency that has responsibility for the preservation of the official records of our Federal Government, which show how the decisions and policies of a President and his advisors were carried out.

The four Presidential Libraries now in operation are:

Herbert Hoover Library, West Branch, Iowa

Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, N. Y.

Harry S. Truman Library, Independence, Mo.

Dwight D. Eisenhower Library, Abilene, Kans.

When completed, the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library at Cambridge, Mass., and the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library at Austin, Tex., will also become a part of the National Archives system.

The four existing Libraries, which are, in effect, branches of the National Archives, have proved to be important centers of research and educational activity both for the geographical areas in which they are situated and for the entire country. They contain not only the papers and files of four Presidents of the United States, but scores of collections of the personal correspondence, diaries, and other historical materials of the men and women who served with them or who played important public roles. The Libraries also have large collections of books and printed materials as well as still pictures, motion pictures, and memorabilia that bear on the historical periods with which the Presidents are associated.

Presidential Libraries offer many advantages to persons confronted with the problem of how best to preserve their personal papers. Papers deposited in them are kept intact as separate, named collections. They are safe from the physical hazards that often beset manuscripts in private hands, for they are housed in buildings scientifically designed and equipped to insure their preservation. They are in the care of a professional staff specifically trained in the techniques of preservation, arrangement, and indexing and fully conversant with recent American history, so that intelligent help or guidance can be given to all who use them.

Presidential Libraries are specialized depositories whose holdings relate to clearly defined eras and fields of study. The archivists in charge of them can give a higher degree of expert attention to the papers under their care than can be given in a depository whose holdings range over a long span of time and widely different fields of interest. And the right of donors to place limitations on the use of their papers is specifically recognized by act of Congress. Such restrictions, stipulations, and conditions as donors choose to place on the use of their papers are scrupulously observed.

Because Presidential Libraries are a part of the National Archives system, persons who wish to have their papers

near at hand for a time before depositing them in the library of their choice may place them temporarily in the National Archives in Washington or in one of the several Federal Records Centers located throughout the United States. In either case, donors will be given facilities for personal use of their papers as well as professional reference service on them and reproductions of particular documents among them.

PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARIES

HHOH

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute of Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

September 14, 1967

Mr. and Mrs. James Dickie
Route 1, Box 101
Carmel, California

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dickie:

The enclosed brochures fully explain our program.

Mr. Henle now is in California on an extended interviewing trip and will be there until the 14th of October. He would like very much to see you.

As he will have a complicated traveling schedule throughout the state, he would greatly appreciate it if you would use the enclosed stamped and addressed envelope to let him know your preference of a date and time best suited for you to see him.

Sept. 25.

Mr. Henle will recheck with you the day before the interview is scheduled.

He looks forward to seeing you.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine J. Kenny

Catherine J. Kenny
Assistant to the Director

Suite 807, 1200 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 • 202-296-3971

To be read by JEAN KELLOGG DICKIE, corrected as may be necessary and returned to Mr. Henle. Any substantial additions or alterations may be typed or written on a separate sheet of paper and clipped or stapled at the desired place.

TAPE 130
SIDE "A"

JEAN KELLOGG DICKIE

Story Road
Carmel Valley, Calif.
October 14, 1967

MR. HENLE: Mrs. Dickie, this is certainly nice to have this chance to talk to you about Mr. Hoover. By way of background, your father, Vernon Kellogg, was practically a lifelong friend of Mr. Hoover, was he not?

MRS. DICKIE: It was perhaps his most important personal friendship -- most significant and dearest -- and most faithful on the part of Mr. Hoover as well as my father.

MR. HENLE: Well, I think that's evident from all the information available -- yes.

MRS. DICKIE: Yes, from the records, which are considerable already in the Hoover Library and in other places; they're everywhere.

MR. HENLE: Would you give ~~just~~ for the record ~~itself~~ -- ~~while I'm~~ familiar with it myself -- ~~just for the record a little,~~ a brief account of your father?

MRS. DICKIE: Of how his friendship with Mr. Hoover began, and what field my father was in at the time?

MR. HENLE: Yes -- what his position was.

MRS. DICKIE: Well, Father was born in Emporia, Kansas. His father, Lyman Beecher Kellogg, was Attorney General of the State of Kansas and he had formerly come there from New England. I think originally the Kelloggs came from the border between England and Scotland; I'm not sure. Anyway, Father laid the foundations in Kansas, as a young man, for a scientific career. People didn't hitchhike then, and he learned as he walked the

miles to school every day and began his studies which brought him into his career of biology, entomology and evolution. He was an authority in a number of fields. He and William Allen White were very good friends, and there were other distinguished men in his class at Kansas University -- chemists and people in the scientific field. But he was drawn to the West Coast and especially to Stanford University, where David Starr Jordan was president.

MR. HENLE: Exactly -- a ~~very~~ distinguished professor.

MRS. DICKIE: Jordan was A very brilliant man and a great leader, too. Father ~~He~~ spent a brief time at the University of California before moving on to Stanford. In 1908 he was at Stanford. He met my mother here in Carmel -- they were both vacationing -- when there was no Carmel. They were really early hikers.

MR. HENLE: Well! just a wilderness.

MRS. DICKIE: Just a wilderness. But Father had an ~~ascetic~~ aesthetic side to his nature which was greatly affected by his first view of this country, and it was rather near Stanford so he got in the habit of coming down here. The first group ~~of men~~ who came here were chiefly writers: Jack London, George Sterling, Mary Austin and many others. Father was the only scientist, really, in the group. His base was Stanford University where, of course, he met Herbert Hoover -- and destiny is an interesting thing. At first his chief relationship was with David Starr Jordan and they went to the South Pacific together to study fishes, which was Jordan's specialty. Then Father began his extensive writing on insects. He had his laboratory at Stanford and he was an authority on bees. He had bee hives in his office and he had spider cages in his house, which was a bit of a trial to my mother. [laughter]

MR. HENLE: I dare say.

MRS. DICKIE: He was already becoming very well known in science and as a teacher, but I don't think at that time he envisaged leaving the professorial career at all. It was Mr. Hoover who played this key role in Father's life, and, looking back on it, I was thinking before you came, Mr. Henle, what out of all this I could select as our particular facet of Mr. Hoover's contribution in a person's ~~personal~~ individual development. And I think that it was especially important in both my parents' lives -- not just Father, but also as a consequence in Mother's life -- because both my parents had abilities which perhaps would not have been brought out by the strictly professorial environment, if that had been continued -- research writing and teaching. I don't know exactly the moment in which Mr. Hoover and Father became well-acquainted -- I haven't had time to look it up in our filing cabinet here where the records are -- but I do know that Mr. Hoover must have known Father's character and personality very well before America entered the World War, because Hoover, as you undoubtedly know or have in your records, made an agreement with the German High Command to take the food into Europe -- Belgium and France specifically -- before we actually entered the war.

MR. HENLE: Yes.

MRS. DICKIE: And in order to get permission to do that, he had to agree to put an American ~~in~~ at the German high command as a kind of hostage, literally, and for some reason he chose my father. This was the beginning. Father had studied in Leipzig ~~also~~ as a young man. He spoke German well and he understood the German mind fairly well -- he had a number of friends there -- so ~~they~~ The High Command accepted my father on those grounds. Hoover sent Father to the headquarters of the German Army where he met the Kaiser and von Falkenhayn and all of these people who were planning strategy of one kind or another, and Hoover began his massive work of feeding the starving

people in occupied territories in Europe. Then when we entered the war Father had to be withdrawn, of course, immediately, and the whole condition changed, but Hoover went on with his work, nevertheless.

MR. HENLE: Yes, ~~because~~ they required a neutral. Now, Mrs. Dickie, I would like to ask you -- this is a very interesting account that you're giving -- it's obvious that your father and your mother were what would be called, today, "intellectuals".

MRS. DICKIE: They were; yes, both of them.

MR. HENLE: It would be interesting if you could contribute anything as to why they and Mr. Hoover were drawn to each other.

MRS. DICKIE: Well, I would like to make a suggestion. I cannot tell you exactly why because I was too young to be aware of this moment in my parents' lives . . .

MR. HENLE: Yes, exactly. Your information would have to be something that was handed down to you.

MRS. DICKIE: Not only that, it would have to be my instinct, having grown up with my parents . . .

MR. HENLE: Precisely.

MRS. DICKIE: because, being a practicing artist, and my father having been a scientist but with a sense(r) of the unity of life wherein he felt the aesthetic and spiritual and scientific elements were one, and my mother being a poet but married to a scientist -- and who also had this great feeling for people -- I would like to say that they combined perhaps the two essential elements that maybe Mr. Hoover also had in even larger degree or in different degree, we'll say, because each person is distinctive in his contributions. But they all were intellectuals, and my father was accomplished and respected in his field, my mother had integrity in hers, and Mr. Hoover as an engineer, as he was at that time,

was a genius and, technically, absolutely competent in every way. But I feel that the thing that drew these three people together was the feeling for humanity -- was the feeling for service -- was the desire to integrate this intellectual development with active, human service. I think that combination made this thing work, because I know that even recently someone sent me a copy of The Saturday Review and I was surprised to see an article in there stating that my father had been one of the first men who ever popularized science without stepping it down. He believed in getting science to the people without diluting it, and in making it useful, and Hoover believed in getting competence in various fields down to where it worked. He even believed, as President, that one drop of dishonesty at the top filtered through the entire political structure -- downwards, I mean -- poisoning the whole thing.

MR. HENLE: Precisely.

MRS. DICKIE: Therefore I hazard a guess, coming to think of it now as you ask me this question, that those common attitudes, which were not bonds but attitudes, drew those three people together and made it possible -- for what happened was that Hoover selected Father as he did other men. He had a great genius for picking out the right man for the right job, and he had intense, personal loyalty to these intimate friends and they to him. Even through political weather which was difficult later on, and difficulties with groups of people, these personal affinities were sustained throughout my lifetime and they were a key to the personal integrity of the people involved. So because Hoover sent Father to Europe -- and then all things ~~that~~ flowed afterwards and flowed afterwards for Hoover also -- the bond was broken that had tied my father to a smaller stage. He immediately stepped out onto the world stage. All his abilities were then called into play and he went on to his really important contribution. The same could be said of Mr. Hoover, because when he came back and became

Secretary of Commerce and then went on to the presidency, he also stepped into an entirely new role. So I would say, to go back to this first question -- this seems rather wordy but it's not an easy thing to answer a question like that -- that it was because of the fact that these intellectuals, so-called, were not ivory-tower intellectuals, and that they both had the ability to touch people. They were urbane in a sense, and they had charm. Even despite Hoover's shyness he had a great personal magnetism, and my father had enormous charm -- and they both had openness and frankness and mobility which enabled them to meet with many different kinds of people and carry over their ideals beyond the national setting. So that's what I think made it work.

MR. HENLE: Yes. I think you've stated it most brilliantly, Mrs. Dickie, and I appreciate it. You mentioned the urbanity -- the personal charm of these men. Now Mr. Hoover we remember, of course, as a man who was quite inward in many ways . . .

MRS. DICKIE: Very.

MR. HENLE: perhaps as many people have described him, shy.

MRS. DICKIE: Yes.

MR. HENLE: Was your father of that type, or was he an outgoing type?

MRS. DICKIE: Well, he was only inward or shy for different reasons -- that is, he wasn't as robust, physically, as Mr. Hoover and he labored under handicaps all of his life. It caused him to withdraw a certain number of hours a day, and to even decline certain social commitments though he was a marvelous host in his home and much sought after in other people's halls. He found that when he served on all these boards -- Carnegie, Rockefeller, Brookings and others ~~and all~~ -- he wasn't shy -- he could do this job very well -- but he did have to protect himself. Mr. Hoover took a little nap every day, by the way, which kept him going.

MR. HENLE: Well, he was one of those men who slept only four hours a night, you know.

MRS. DICKIE: Yes. Mr. Hoover was that way, ~~but~~ He was also almost ~~extremely~~ impulsive in personal contacts. He was humorous -- suppressed humor many times but humorous nevertheless -- and had a warmth and immediacy where he felt at ease, and he felt at ease with his friends, of course, and with men who understood his mind and he theirs. And with me, because I was my parents' child, he was very much at ease and he promptly called me "Rabbit", I don't know why. He sustained these things throughout my life, and when I ~~became~~ married at a rather late time in life he congratulated me under the same name, "Rabbit", and wrote the letter to "Rabbit" and all of that, which was very touching, and my husband was deeply touched by this. And this skips to the end of my story, but in Mr. Hoover's last months and years when he was so ill, we were amazed that every single thing of this faithfulness carried over -- this human thing -- to the end. Every single publication of his and everything he thought of interest to us he sent and inscribed it, "To Rabbit and her husband," you see, and to my husband also he sent one in his own name. Well, Hoover was inward. I've known other very great, creative people, and I think it's almost a necessary condition of real creativity.

MR. HENLE: Do you think so?

MRS. DICKIE: Oh, I do. I think there are very few, like Wagner and others, you see, ~~to just~~ who seem to live in the world completely -- well, Mozart did. But the great men that I have known -- and women like Madame Curie -- and even Paderewski who was always out in the world -- in these people -- you see, there is this thing -- ~~this~~ tangency or contact with the creative source which is deep within, and they can't hear ~~that~~ the inner voice if they're outgoing all the time. I mean I think that's why they have to turn inward. And then, also, they're very sensitive really, personally too, more than ~~many~~ most so they protect themselves a little bit, perhaps.

MR. HENLE: How very interesting, Mrs. Dickie. I don't think I've ever had that theory advanced; certainly I haven't in this program.

MRS. DICKIE: Well, perhaps because I'm a practicing artist and I have a feeling that creativity is ~~some kin~~ basically similar in all the fields . . .

MR. HENLE: Have you said about as much on that as would apply to Mr. Hoover, or do you have some more? Anything that you can contribute in that respect . . .

MRS. DICKIE: Well, I have a little more to say, also, that would cast light on Mrs. Hoover, whom we loved very much, too. She was a remarkable woman who was an intimate friend of my mother. But to carry this on a bit, after Father came back from Europe, Hoover suggested to my father that we needed a National Research Council in America. He had seen in Europe that moneys for pure research were being liberally applied, and in this country which thought of itself as in the forefront of scientific achievement we had no such thing. And so Father remained in Washington after the war to help build up the National Research Council, of which he was Executive Secretary until he had to retire because of ill health, and that was his last great undertaking. Now that covered the years when Hoover was Secretary of Commerce and later President. ~~Then~~ I came out to the West in the meantime to pursue a painting career, and one thing or another, and I was out here a good deal, even though my parents were living in Washington in our home there. But I would like to mention this personal incident, because I think it's a key and it also underlines everything that we've been saying. It so happened that my father was stricken with Parkinson's Disease, for which there is still no cure. It's a very difficult and unhappy illness, and the care of my father also struck my mother to the point where she had a coronary occlusion. Being here on the Coast, I wasn't really aware, quite, of how serious the situation had become, because there are no other close relatives, and there was no one living in Washington, so Mrs. Hoover . . . as Mother's close friend, took the responsibility, in characteristic straightforward manner, of calling me East.

MR. HENLE: They were in Washington at the time?

MRS. DICKIE: ~~They~~ My parents were there. ~~He~~ Hoover was President, and I got this telegram which we still have among our papers, and I thought this would interest you, Mr. Henle.

MR. HENLE: Indeed so.

MRS. DICKIE: One day when I was going about my business here, a telegram came from the White House. It was from Mrs. Hoover, and it was short and very specific. She said, "Your father extremely ill. Your mother also ill. Both confined to the house. The President thinks that you would come if you knew the situation." Such a beautiful telegram involving them both -- so simple -- so evident what to do. So I was on an airplane within a day's time and I went to Washington.

MR. HENLE: Even in those days you got on an airplane?

MRS. DICKIE: Yes, it seems to me it must have been a plane at ~~that~~ -- oh, yes -- and I arrived to find this all too true. Then, as the weeks and months went by, as we came to grips with this situation, I would like to say that there wasn't a day that passed -- Mrs. Hoover received, as most First Ladies do, all kinds of gifts -- flowers and things -- it would be impossible, almost, to fill the White House with them -- but she had a way of picking out certain things that she thought my mother could enjoy, and my father. Every single day the White House car drove up to the door with some offering which I would then arrange and take to my mother. And the constant attention that both the President and Mrs. Hoover paid to the health of my parents.. . . The President took Father on his fishing trips down to the Keys and other places as long as Father was able to move. This went on to the end of our lives, ~~and then . . .~~

MR. HENLE: On that point, these attentions from the White House, Mrs. Dickie, roughly were in the latter part of their Administration? Could you roughly place them?

MRS. DICKIE: Yes, yes, they were, because my father died in '37 and these were about five years, or six, before.

MR. HENLE: So these attentions came in the midst of their Depression troubles?

MRS. DICKIE: When he was harassed with every other kind of thing and when Mrs. Hoover must have been inwardly suffering. And I'd like to say that in those days, of course, it was not the fashion to call First Ladies by their first names -- and on top of that Mrs. Hoover had a very natural dignity -- but I would like to point out that she also had a marvelous sense of humor. She was very warm in a personal way, and in this particular case of my own family, which is the one I know about, I cannot imagine a more outgoing and faithful friendship than this on the part of both of them. And I loved Mrs. Hoover very much. She was very sweet to me. So this went on then, and my mother got somewhat better; my father did not. Finally, my father died in Hartford, Connecticut in 1937. Immediately afterwards it was Mr. Hoover who suggested that the Belgian American Educational ~~his~~ Foundation underwrite and prepare a proper memorial volume to Dad . . .

MR. HENLE: ~~Whose Foundation?~~

MRS. DICKIE: ~~The CRB -- the educational foundation~~ . . .

MR. HENLE: ~~Oh, yes.~~

MRS. DICKIE: with the moneys left from the Belgian Relief. So many distinguished people contributed, and it turned out to be a very outstanding book -- the first one of its kind. ~~It's~~ The idea has been copied a number of times by other people. [1]

MR. HENLE: This was in the nature of a biographical memorial, would you say?

MRS. DICKIE: Yes, it was, and it included testimonial writings from many

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1/ The volume will be found in the Hoover Institution

distinguished personages, plus excerpts from my father's own writings. It presented him in a perfect light and it made our whole family very happy.

MR. HENLE: I see.

MRS. DICKIE: Mr. Hoover thought of this thing. In its particular form it had never been done before -- in that particular way -- and everyone who saw it afterwards thought it was a creation.

MR. HENLE: Mr. Hoover outlined the general form?

MRS. DICKIE: He did -- the whole purpose and form, and even the general appearance, I believe, of the book, which shows that he did have this creative ability in other ways.

MR. HENLE: Yes. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Dickie, this leads me. ~~I want~~ to ask you, ~~a question there~~, but first of all let me say, parenthetically, that it is quite similar to things that he did even of lesser import. For instance, he would personally supervise the selection, sometimes, of gifts for his secretaries, his nurses, and so on and so forth.

MRS. DICKIE: Well yes, that is part of the same point of view; well, not point of view -- it's the heart that he had.

MR. HENLE: ~~Let me interject at this point.~~ To return to my question: You have made a number of references to records and letters, and now you speak of this biographical memoriam volume that had been done.

MRS. DICKIE: Yes.

MR. HENLE: Where are your father's papers?

MRS. DICKIE: Well, my mother was a very orderly person and she gave most of what she thought was important, immediately after Father's death, to the Hoover War Library, where they are preserved.

MR. HENLE: I see -- yes.

MRS. DICKIE: And I suppose there are some in the National Research Council. Then I had a letter from Mr. Rickard immediately after my mother's death in 1960, asking that if there were any further papers or memorabilia, would I please see that they got to the Stanford collection. There are some rather important things, and other people -- the Polish groups in America -- have asked me to give them the letters from Madame Curie and Paderewski and all that. That relationship arose from the fact that Hoover sent Father to Poland, and Father played a big role there. Anyway, I have kept these papers temporarily because I want to sort them out again. I also am thinking of writing or seeing that some estimate of Mother's work is written, so I have held back temporarily, but I intend that all things that are relative and important shall be preserved, and naturally the Hoover War Library seems the logical place.

MR. HENLE: Since the beginning of your father's collection is there?

MRS. DICKIE: Most of it is there . . .

MR. HENLE: You think it should all be together?

MRS. DICKIE: plus objects, such as laces and books and things from Belgium and from Europe. But the Polish thing was important because it introduced Father to Paderewski. Hoover's sending him there started this whole train of events, and Wilson finally asked Father to take the message that made Paderewski Prime Minister of Poland. And then my mother got to know Madame Curie and brought her over here to get the gram of radium, and so on.

MR. HENLE: You still have these letters?

MRS. DICKIE: I have letters from these people which are very valuable, but I am keeping them.

MR. HENLE: Yes. Mrs. Dickie, many of the records that your mother had, the Poles -- that is, the Kosciusko Foundation in New York --

is making a real effort to get, and you have not yet decided?

MRS. DICKIE: I have not yet decided, because I feel that I want the records near me as material for a published account, which I think would be highly valuable, of those years of effort on behalf of Poland in which my mother played a key part, and I wish to keep these papers until I am sure what the best disposition is for the papers.

MR. HENLE: So that you really are keeping in the back of your mind the possibility of depositing them with the Hoover Library at Stanford?

MRS. DICKIE: I am definitely keeping that in mind, because it's all part of one larger picture. Even though there were specialized efforts along the way, they stem from the same beginning when my parents went to Europe with Mr. Hoover . . .

MR. HENLE: Exactly.

MRS. DICKIE: and that, as I said before, affected the life course of both of my parents.

MR. HENLE: And we have to remember that the Hoover Institution at Stanford now has become really an outstanding . . .

MRS. DICKIE: A world center.

MR. HENLE: a world center for study on these various topics.

MRS. DICKIE: Exactly -- and scholars from all these countries come here to find material relative to their particular nation at a certain time, so I realize that.

MR. HENLE: Well, that's fine. You say you went to the West Branch funeral?

MRS. DICKIE: Yes, I did. The family was kind enough to invite me to go, and I went there from here in Carmel and I have a very vivid memory or feeling about the completion -- the cyclic kind of thing --

Subsequent actions taken by J.K.D. - Sept. 1969

Relate

that there the sun was setting behind that low hill -- the corn field -- the one windmill going and then becoming still as the coffin was lowered into the ground itself -- and having witnessed, even though I was very young at the beginning, a great portion of this so-called Hoover cycle, I had a strong feeling that something was completed -- something terribly significant in this returning to the earth -- and that it had been allowed to be completed for a spiritual reason, and that Hoover's last years were almost the most important years of his life because he was given time to prove, and did prove, the great qualities of his character, which included his utter faithfulness to principles and to his friendships. And when I was there in Iowa I felt this ~~thing~~ had been done, and I said to my husband when I came back, "To some are given this chance; others are taken away." But you have to earn it, I feel, spiritually, and he had completed this phase of his destiny ~~round~~(?). And it's a very impressive thing in American History.

MR. HENLE: It is, indeed. Mrs. Dickie, do you subscribe any of Mr. Hoover's actions and inner being to his connection with the Quaker faith?

MRS. DICKIE: Oh yes, I do. I think, unlike some practitioners of faith, we'll say, this was an integral part of his character to which he was faithful until the time of his death. I think simplicity and directness, love of peace, hatred of dishonesty are other qualities which are prime in the Quaker faith -- and a sense of freedom. If they think a thing is right, they go to any length to do it, which has been proved even in recent days. I think these things were woven into his character, and I think in this case the faith and the man were one thing. There wasn't the mental division that there sometimes is.

MR. HENLE: Mr. Hoover, of course, was not a Quaker fundamentalist.

MRS. DICKIE: No, because he wouldn't be a fundamentalist about anything -- a man of his wide human experience and breadth of mind.

MR. HENLE: Yes. And there, of course, were some Quakers who were unhappy about some of his diversions -- say, for instance . . .

MRS. DICKIE: Well, that happens in any great religious faith. In Budhism and Catholicism and other faiths there always have been very enlightened free spirits who, nevertheless, have been within the confines of this particular belief because they felt that it was a way toward the truth and to ~~full human being.~~ fullness of understanding. He was one of those in the Quaker group because of his stature, and therefore I feel that sometimes they are the people who best exemplify the faith, because the founders of the faith are usually the freest spirits that ever exist in that faith. Other people who come after them are always a bit more ~~violent.~~ confined and dogmatic."

[END OF SIDE "A" OF TAPE 130]

TAPE 130
SIDE "B"

JEAN KELLOGG DICKIE (cont'd.)

MR. HENLE: I have never myself attended a Quaker meeting, ~~but~~ were you able to attend one?

MRS. DICKIE: Apparently I did -- I must have. I seem to see it in my mind, as though I did -- occasionally someone rising.

MR. HENLE: At any rate, you don't recollect that Mr. Hoover ever rose?

MRS. DICKIE: I can't tell you that I remember.

MR. HENLE: But regardless of that, because of your long association, you have carried away over the years the distinct feeling that Mr. Hoover's inner self was of the character that it was because of his connection with the Quaker faith?

MRS. DICKIE: I think so, and because, too, of the roots in the Middle West there and the kind of American life that he sprang from. I think his integrity and ruggedness and directness and his many

other qualities -- even qualities that made things more difficult for him in his presidential career . . .

MR. HENLE: Yes. A while back we were talking about a drop of dishonesty filtering down.

MRS. DICKIE: At top levels -- filtering down to all levels -- in this case he was thinking of Government -- and poisoning things -- poisoning the people, really. I think that was a fundamental principle ~~of~~ in him, and I think he adhered to it to a degree which interfered with political expediency, and even the art of politics as an art, because he was so direct and so definite about this principle. And in that regard, this too grew out of his having done humanitarian work. He was handling public moneys all the time -- great sums of public money -- and he wouldn't have dreamed of letting one cent of this not only be misused, but wasted. He couldn't stand that. My parents, who helped him and were on his relief group, were trained in how to handle public funds and how to run a relief office, and, as I remember, my mother told me that she was allowed one percent for the overhead. Now, of course, in these days, if you have to rent a building or something, that would be impossible, but at the time, generally speaking, you were allowed one percent for your overhead, so that all the rest of the money that even poor people were giving out of their pockets to help somebody whom they had never seen in their lives, and never would, would be properly handled and would get to those persons. The reason it comes to mind now is because my mother strictly adhered to this principle during her nine years of Polish relief work that she performed after my father's death, from about 1939 to 1948. She performed it in New York in an office which was given to her by a brother or a nephew of J. P. Morgan, and she performed it on a one percent overhead. I happen to have had a number of reminders recently that this kind of integrity doesn't exist any more. You have to have all kinds

of public relations people and you have to have expenditures of every kind. In my own little business, which happens to be running an art gallery in the Carmel Valley, I have had a recent reminder -- a sharp reminder -- of the great gulf that exists now between that ideal and the raising and distribution of money today. A very important sculptor in our region recently lost all his work and all his building and equipment in a tragic fire, and some people thought it would be well to have an auction of works of art donated by fellow-artists to rebuild the studio of this excellent artist who has done civic monuments all over California. In the paper the other evening I read that such an auction was going to be held and that the works of art that were to be donated were to be sold at very low prices, and ten percent of the proceeds was going to be given to the beneficiary -- to the artist.

MR. HENLE: Only ten percent?

MRS. DICKIE: Only ten percent, Mr. Henle. So it occurred to me and my husband to find out where the other ninety percent was going. I won't bore you with these details, but I just want to point out the difference between a one percent overhead in the handling of moneys that are given and this very small incident which has no practical relation to the other. It simply has a relation in principle. It's a kind of thinking -- and therefore I think that these things . . .

MR. HENLE: Well, would you mind saying where, roughly, the ninety percent is going?

MRS. DICKIE: Well, as far as I can see, it's going to the gallery house giving their space to the auction, and possibly to a man who's a self-appointed coordinator. I do not wish to say who these people or places are, but I'm merely stating that this is the kind of thing that is a foil for the sort of impersonal principle

that Mr. Hoover had. It happened just the other day . . .

MR. HENLE: That's a very good example -- a very good example.

MRS. DICKIE: So I did want to speak of this business of overhead in handling moneys that are given to you by the public for a cause.

MR. HENLE: ~~That's a very good example of a~~ Indeed, great changes ~~that has~~ have come over us. I'm afraid that we do live in a cultural and moral eclipse.

MRS. DICKIE: I am very much interested to hear you say this, because my husband and I discuss it now almost every day, it's so evident.

MR. HENLE: Well, let's hope there'll be a renaissance.

MRS. DICKIE: I certainly hope so. I feel that we are in a transition period, and I think that the things that Mr. Hoover stood for in the moral sphere will hopefully re-emerge in this country, because, if they don't, I think we will have a very hard road in the future. It has been a great pleasure to be able to tell you these things.

MR. HENLE: Well, it certainly has, and I want to thank you very much for this very inspiring interview, Mrs. Dickie. In closing, may I ask you if, after you have approved the transcript which will be made from this recording, it is your wish that the material you have given me, on being deposited in the Hoover Presidential Library, West Branch, and the Hoover Institution, Stanford, shall then become the property of those libraries to be used for authorized historical research?

MRS. DICKIE: Yes.

MR. HENLE: Thank you very much.---------/END OF INTERVIEW/

HHOHP

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

January 8, 1968

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Mr. Henle is wondering if you can give us the title of the book, pamphlet or other writing of your father in which he discussed the occasion when the Germans accused several men of the CRB staff of spying. Mr. Hoover forced the Germans to retract.

We are slowly coming out from under our overload of work which accumulated in California and are hoping to send you your transcript in not too long a time.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine J. Kenny

Catherine J. Kenny
Assistant to the Director

answered & copy of Headquarters Nights presented to Dr. Henle - Jan. 23, 1968 J.K.D.

Suite 807, 1200 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 • 202-296-3971

10/21

Hello Nina &

Happy there was no missing of the boat. Best wishes

RH

October 18, 1967

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt wrote Mr. Henle that you would like to see him the morning of October 21.

Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt's note arrived after Mr. Henle had departed for Washington and Oregon, and was received here today.

He will be sorry to have missed you and will be in touch with you at a later date.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine J. Kenny
Assistant to the Director

2-8-68

Dear Mrs. Dickie -

Thank you so much for
"Headquarters Nights." This
may be what I need.
Good wishes. Yours.

Jan Kemble

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley. Calif.
93924

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Dictated from Marco Island, Florida
May 27, 1968

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Your two cordial letters arrived while I was deep in recording and transcript reading work, and I am only now catching up.

Your cordial invitation was greatly appreciated and I most surely would like to drive down and talk with you and see the material you mentioned. Just when we will get to California remains uncertain, but I shall let you know by phone after we arrive.

The corrections you suggested in your May 15th note are fully justified and will be made according to your wishes to be reflected in the final copies.

Mrs. Henle joins in every good wish to you and Mr. Dickie.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ss

HOOH

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Dictated from Marco Island, Florida
May 28, 1968

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

On re-reading your letter of May 4, I find I should have been more specific in my reply.

Let me say I don't want you to alter your August NYC trip plans. I think if I can't make it to California in July, I'll wait until September or October.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ss

HERBERT HOOVER ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
Hyatt House
Palo Alto, California 94306

July 21, 1968

Dear Jean and Jim Dickie:

It was just splendid seeing you, and to have that fine visit and delightful luncheon. Our visit to Carmel Valley was the highlight of this trip.

I'll collect some thoughts and write you about the retarded children's art program from our West Virginia hide-away later in the month.

As to the Collection, why not hold all in abeyance until I consult a friend who I'll see on or about August 5. You can count of me to be in touch with you.

Good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Raymond Henle

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program
A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Marco Island, Fl. 33937
8/16/68

Dear Mrs Dickie:

I have dictated a letter to you to be sent to you from my Washington Office. This is to apologize for the delay and to say you'll hear by next mid-week.

Good wishes

Raymond Henle

Suite 807, 1200 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 · 202-296-3971

HHOHP

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Dictated from Marco Island, Florida
August 19, 1968

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

I have been delayed writing you, as complications arose in this part of the world and only now am I able to get down to neglected affairs.

First, on your husband's desire to interest someone in his drawing ideas:

As I stated in your home, I would be happy to write the Secretary of HEW, Mr. Cohen, if you think that course advisable. Otherwise you probably will end with the most satisfactory results by dealing with a publisher.

A publisher undoubtedly knows the ins and outs of government assistance and, while his arrangements with you probably would be less remunerative, you also could figure he actually is acting as an agent and therefore entitled to financial consideration.

Now as to your collection:

If you have decided against The Hoover Institution, then the place for it is in the Hoover Presidential Library, West Branch. They would welcome it enthusiastically.

You indicated that for personal reasons you would like to place one or two of Mme. Curie's letters up for sale. If you do, then do consider getting an evaluation on the remainder and sending it to West Branch.

My suggested course would be to send the residue to Mr. Allan Hoover so that he will know what the collection comprises. He would turn it over to the proper custodian.

If you have any reservations or further questions, please write me. I want to help.

As to an evaluator, you might want to consider phoning or writing Mrs. Ben S. Allen in Palo Alto. She recently told me she had a very good evaluator in San Francisco. After you get his name, you could discuss fees with him and, if you find it inexpedient to deal with him, you might want the evaluation made by Mr. Hoover's representatives.

I will be eager to hear from you.

My wife joins in sending every good wish to you and your husband. We did so enjoy our day with you in Carmel Valley.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ck

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

A Project of The Institute for Social Science Research

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

Marco Island, Florida
February 12, 1969

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, Cal. 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

How nice to hear from you and to receive your books, WOMEN OF BELGIUM and FIGHTING STARVATION IN BELGIUM.

You did not indicate if they were sent on loan or if I am to keep them for eventual deposit at West Branch. When you have a chance please give me your guidance on this.

My wife joins in sending every good wish to you and your husband.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ck

Suite 807, 1200 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 • 202-296-3971

Marco Isl. Fl. 33937
2/16/70

Dear Jean Dickie.

Did I write you a hand written letter in response to your recent letter to me or did I mentally plan a letter but not follow up by writing? I was so overloaded on my recent interviewing trip west I just have a blank spot. Let me know if you received anything or nothing and I'll handle from there.

Good wishes Jay Henle

P. O. Box 258
Marco Island
Florida 33937

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

New Address:
1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Suite 840
Washington, D. C. 20005

May 27, 1970

Mrs. James Dickie
P. O. Box 25
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

We are preparing the final copy of your interview for presentation to the Hoover libraries and will appreciate having two copies of your biography and two photographs to be bound with them.

These are of great interest to researchers and archivists.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine J. Kenny

Catherine J. Kenny
Assistant Director

CJK/ps

The Congress of the U.S. is housed in the Capitol.

Upper chamber of Congress

Senate

2 reps from each state

= Senate
House of Lords
In Britain

Lower Chamber of Congress

representatives from each state proportional to the population of each state

House of Representatives

House of Reps
= House of Commons
In Britain

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

FOR THE ARCHIVES OF HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

June 20, 1970

Mrs. James Dickie
PO Box 25
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

I am writing you because the question has arisen about protecting you and all the others who have so generously given their recorded interviews to the Herbert Hoover Oral History Program against any possible misuse of your material by persons who might wish to exploit it for commercial purposes.

May I emphasize that this appears to be indeed a remote possibility. However, we have been advised by legal counsel that it might be wise if each of our interviews were copyrighted in the name of the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library Association. This non-profit Association which now sponsors the Oral History Program was created specifically to encourage the study of Herbert Hoover and his times, and to advance the interests of the Presidential Library.

The Association will continue to deposit all our interviews in the Presidential Library, as well as in the library of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, and will encourage the use of the interviews without charge for historical research and other non-commercial purposes.

I enclose a letter prepared by our attorneys which when signed by you would give your consent to the copyright of your interview in the name of the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library Association. This would help provide effective and continuing protection of the material you gave the Oral History Program. A return envelope is enclosed for your convenience.

You have made yourself a contributor to an historic program and in asking you to return the enclosed letter I again express my gratitude for your participation.

Good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Henle

RH/ss
Encs.

A PROJECT OF THE HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, INC.

1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Suite 840, Washington, D. C. 20005 • 202-296-3971

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20005 *202/296-3971*

6/22/70

Hello J. K. D—

Did I tell you I soon shall see Mr Heller at Yale?

He may get to Calif. next month & will hope for at least a phone chat with you.

Good for her and thanks for all your help.

Raymond Henle, Director

HOOVER

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

FOR THE ARCHIVES OF HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

September 26, 1970

Mrs. James Dickie
(Jean Kellogg Dickie)
P.O.Box 25
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Jean Dickie:

Professor Deane Keller, whom I had a grand visit with not to long ago--perhaps I wrote you a note about it---has just reminded me that the portrait he made of Mr. Hoover and which hangs in the Boys Clubs of America in New York recently was used on the dust jacket of a book.

Will you kindly let me know the name of the book? I'd like it for our Lou Henry Hoover and Herbert Hoover portrait and statuary file and as a footnote in Professor Keller's interview.

Good wishes to you and your husband.

Yours sincerely,

Ray Henle

RH:sa
cc: DK

Oct. 2. '70 answered J.K.D. as follows.

Herbert Hoover
a Challenge for today
by Carol Green Wilson
foreword by Richard Nixon
The Evans Publishing Co. N.Y. 1968

HHOHP

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

FOR THE ARCHIVES OF HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE

RAYMOND HENLE
DIRECTOR

(At Marco Island, Fl. 33937)

December 12, 1970

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Jean Dickie:

Thanks for your letter of November 18 about the Elizabeth Gray Vining memo.

All of our interviews, or at least many, carry an appendix and there is much material therein which bears on that interview even though not actually the work of the respondent.

The Vining matter came naturally as you recall we discussed Mr. Hoover's position on Quaker faith. This also was discussed rather fully by Mrs. Huneke, daughter of the man who organized the Quaker church for attenddance by the Hoovers in the White House days. Her comment: "It gives a picture of a Mr. Hoover whom we never knew," has been incoporated in her appendix, in the interview already on deposit in the libraries.

It never occured to us that including the Vining memo in your appendix would compromise your view of this phase of Mr. Hoover's life. If you do by all means let me know and the Vining memo will be removed from your library copies.

Good wishes to you and Jim for the Holiday season.

Yours sincerely,

RH

RH:smi

answered 1/7/71 T.K.D.

HHOH

Herbert Hoover Oral History Program

FOR THE ARCHIVES OF HERBERT HOOVER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE

CATHERINE J. KENNY
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

January 20, 1971

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

We have requested the two Hoover libraries to remove the appendix material from your interview and to eliminate the footnote on page 16.

This does not affect the record at all, as the Vining memorandum is discussed in at least one other interview.

Sincerely yours,

Catherine J. Kenny

CJK/ss

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
National Archives and Records Service
Herbert Hoover Presidential Library
West Branch, Iowa 52358

22 April 1971

Mrs. James Dickie
Carmel Valley
California 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

The Herbert Hoover Presidential Library is compiling for publication a guide to the Library's historical materials which will include a descriptive list of the oral history transcripts. We are identifying each interviewee by his or her position relative to the contents of the interview. In your biographical sketch we would like to note the inclusive dates that your mother, Charlotte Hoffman Kellogg, was a Director of the Commission for Polish Relief. She assumed the position in 1939 when the group was organized. We hope that you can provide the year that she concluded the Polish Relief activities.

Thank you very much for any assistance that you can give us.

Sincerely,

Carole Sue Warmbrodt DeLaite

Carole Sue Warmbrodt DeLaite
Archivist

Answered April 28, 1971

Keep Freedom in Your Future With U.S. Savings Bonds

Hoover Presidential Library Association, Inc.
Telephone 319/643-5327 · P.O. Box 359 · West Branch, Iowa 52358

November 15, 1975

Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road - Box 25
Carmel Valley, Calif. 93924

Dear Friend:

The Herbert Hoover Library Association is now carrying forward the activities it began during and immediately after the Centennial, and is developing new projects appropriate to its charter. The success of these activities and projects will be due in large part to the continued support of the Associate Members and Trustees.

Our special Centennial publication, THE UNCOMMON MAN, is receiving wide distribution. It is being sold directly to the public at the sales desk of the Library and in the Visitors' Center of the National Park Service.

Distribution of the volume is also being made to the elementary and high schools through the EDUCATOR'S INDEX OF FREE MATERIALS, and requests are being received from schools in more than 40 states. Copies are being sent also to the 60 Herbert Hoover schools located in 16 States of the U.S.A.

The papers given at the four Centennial seminars are being edited for publication, and the winning essays in the contest on the Free Enterprise System, funded by the Garvey Foundation, will be published and distributed to 3,900 college and university libraries by the end of the year.

In our 1974 letter we informed you of the large-scale acquisitions project being conducted by the Library to locate and copy Hoover letters in other libraries and in private hands. Tom Thalken, the Library Director, visited the San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Washington, and New York areas during the past year, and the fruits of his searching are more than encouraging. The net result was 377 new Hoover letters which were not in the Library before the trip. Xerox copies of 369 Hoover letters were made, and an additional eight letters were donated. One Hoover letter was dated 1895, and another written from Australia was dated 1898. Tom is making another trip to the West Coast in October, and one to the East Coast in November.

We would like to take this opportunity to ask our friends to help us locate all Herbert Hoover letters that may come to their attention. In the not too distant future, the Association will initiate its most ambitious undertaking to date -- the editing and publishing of the The Private and Public Papers of Herbert Hoover. Before we can begin, however, we must locate and copy and bring into the Hoover Library a copy of every Hoover letter we can find.

Dr. George Nash, who received his PhD from Harvard University in 1973 and whose most recent study, "The Conservative Intellectual Movement, in America Since 1945", is being published by Basic Books, to appear in February has begun research on a multi-volume biography of Herbert Hoover. Dr. Nash's project is being funded by a grant from the J. M. Foundation in New York.

The success of these research and publication programs depends upon the continued support of the Association's members, and we invite the friends and admirers of Herbert Hoover to assist us in carrying out these projects. Your support and your contribution will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

John M. Henry

John M. Henry, Secretary
Hoover Presidential Library Assoc.

Aims and Purposes
of the Hoover Presidential Library Association
as set out in its Articles of Incorporation.

"To collect, preserve and utilize, for the purpose of public education, all historical material and data relating to the life and times of Herbert Hoover, thirty-first president of the United States.

"To assist and cooperate with the United States Government, the State of Iowa and governmental agencies in the maintenance and operation of the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library at West Branch, Iowa, and the Birthplace of Herbert Hoover at West Branch, Iowa.

"To assist and cooperate with other governmental institutions and other nonprofit institutions described in Section 501(c)(3) and exempt from taxation under Section 501(a) of the Internal Revenue Code that are depositories of materials relating to American history.

"To promote the acquisition, preservation and utilization for educational purposes of historical papers and other materials relating not only to Herbert Hoover and his times, but also to other contemporary statesmen and persons.

"To promote the acquisition and use for educational purposes of books, reference works, newspapers, photographs, films and other materials in the field of American tradition and history, politics, public law, foreign policy, economics, sociology, and related disciplines.

"To promote scholarly research and teaching in the above-mentioned fields by means of grants to scholars for investigation, conferences of scholars, and teachers, and other aids to historical research and teaching.

"To foster public education by the dissemination of the results of scholarly research by means of conferences, public lectures, publications, public exhibitions, documentary films and similar activities.

"To undertake such other charitable and educational activities as may be necessary and appropriate in order to accomplish the purposes herein stated.

— and —

"To use any part of the principal and income of the Corporation to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding by aiding schools, institutions of higher learning, individuals, scientific research and useful publications, and by such other agencies and means as shall from time to time be appropriate therefor, and to make awards, grant scholarships and create endowments for the purpose of promoting or carrying on any of the Corporation's objects or purposes."

Hoover Presidential Library Association, Inc.
Telephone 319/643-5327 · P.O. Box 359 · West Branch, Iowa 52358

December 22, 1975.

Mrs. Jean Kellogg Dickie,
Story Road,
Carmel Valleu, Calif., 93924

Dear Mrs. Dickie:

Thanks you for your good letter citing to us papers of interest to the Hoover Library here. I have given your letter to Tom Thalken, director of the Library and you will be hearing from him.

During the past few months we have received information about a lot of Hoover "papers" we had not realized were available. The result is an entrance into 1976 with a lot of enthusiam.

Wishing you the season's best, I am

Sincerely,

John M. Henry

John M. Henry, secretary,
Hoover Library Assoc.

jmhs-